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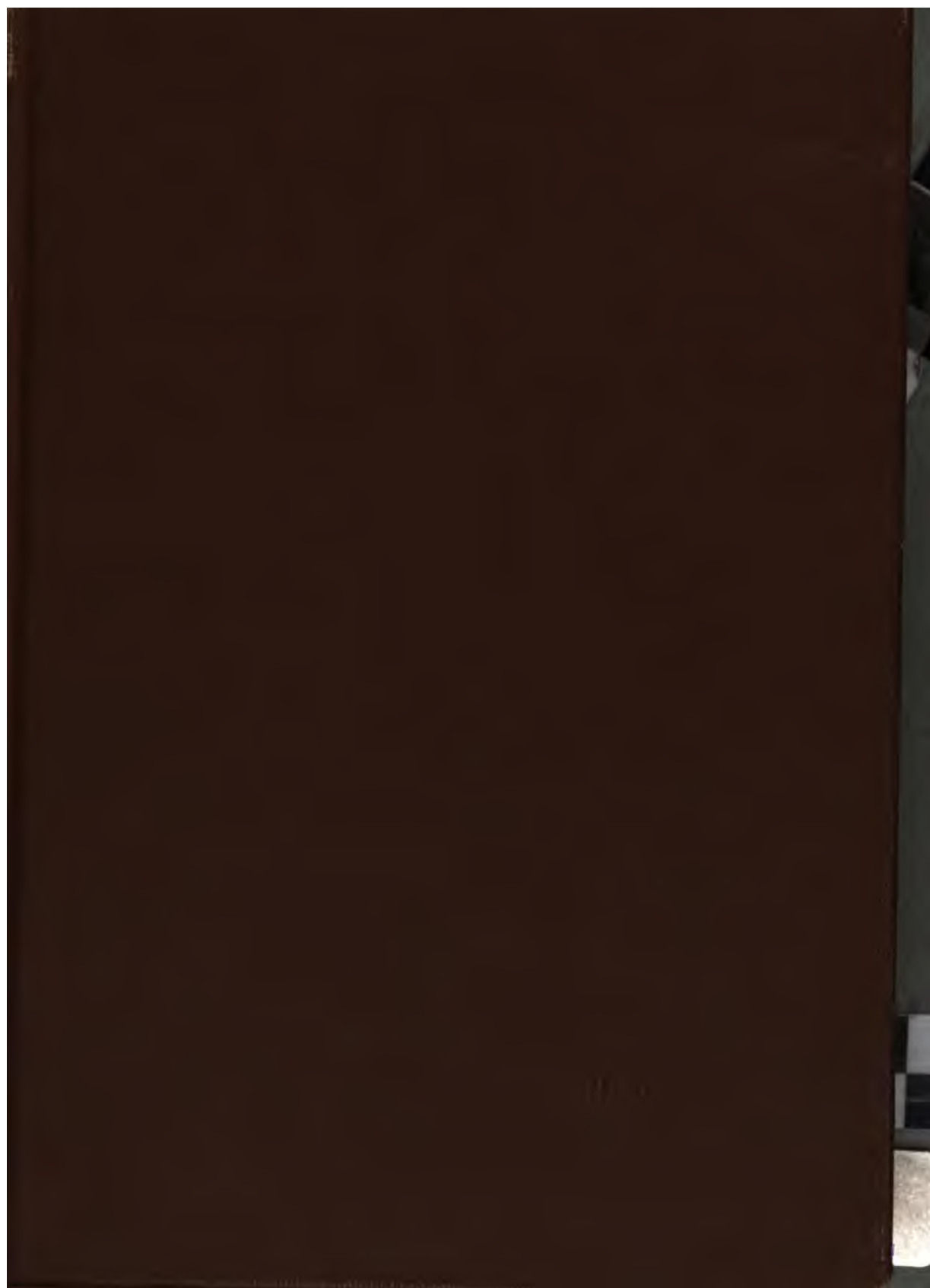
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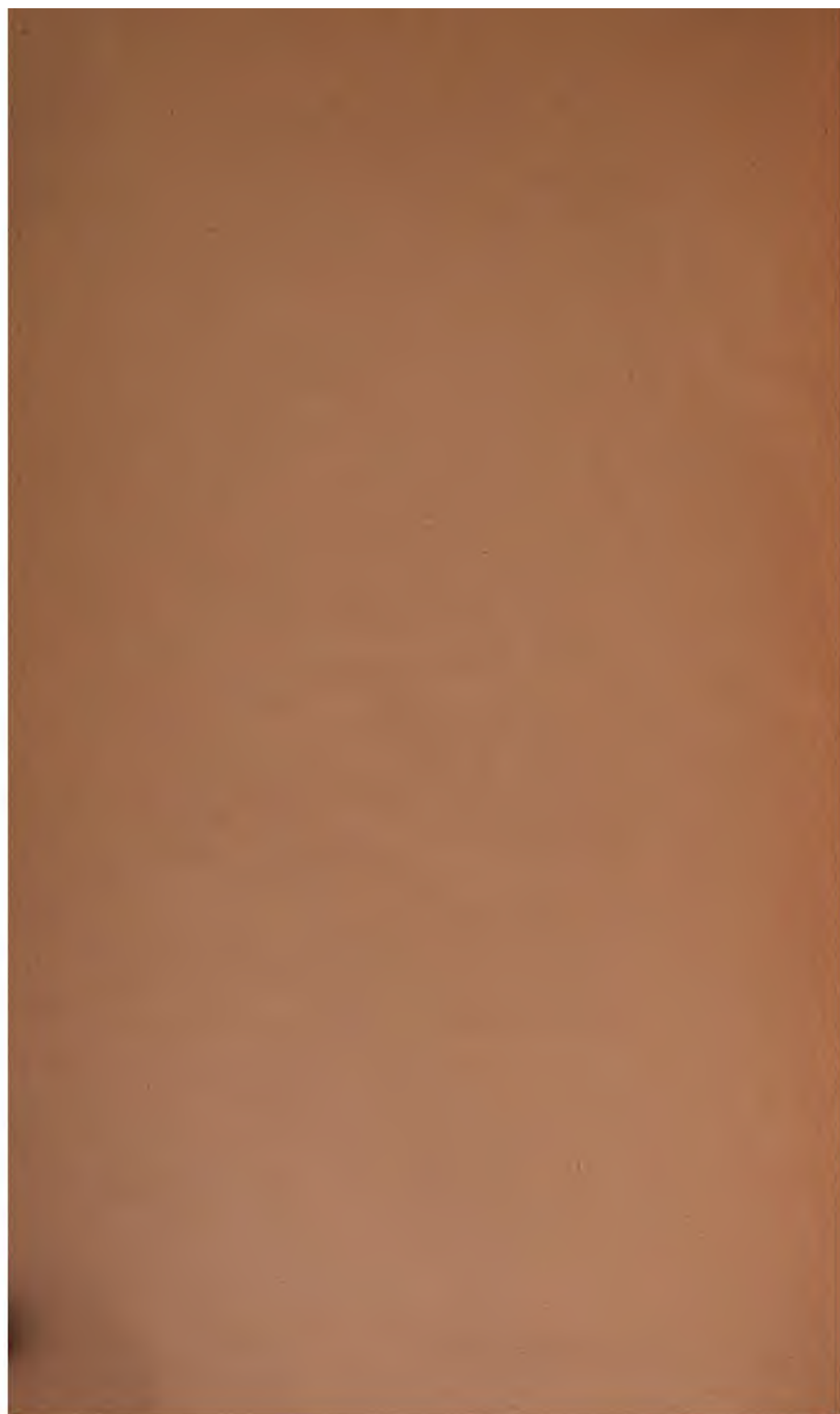


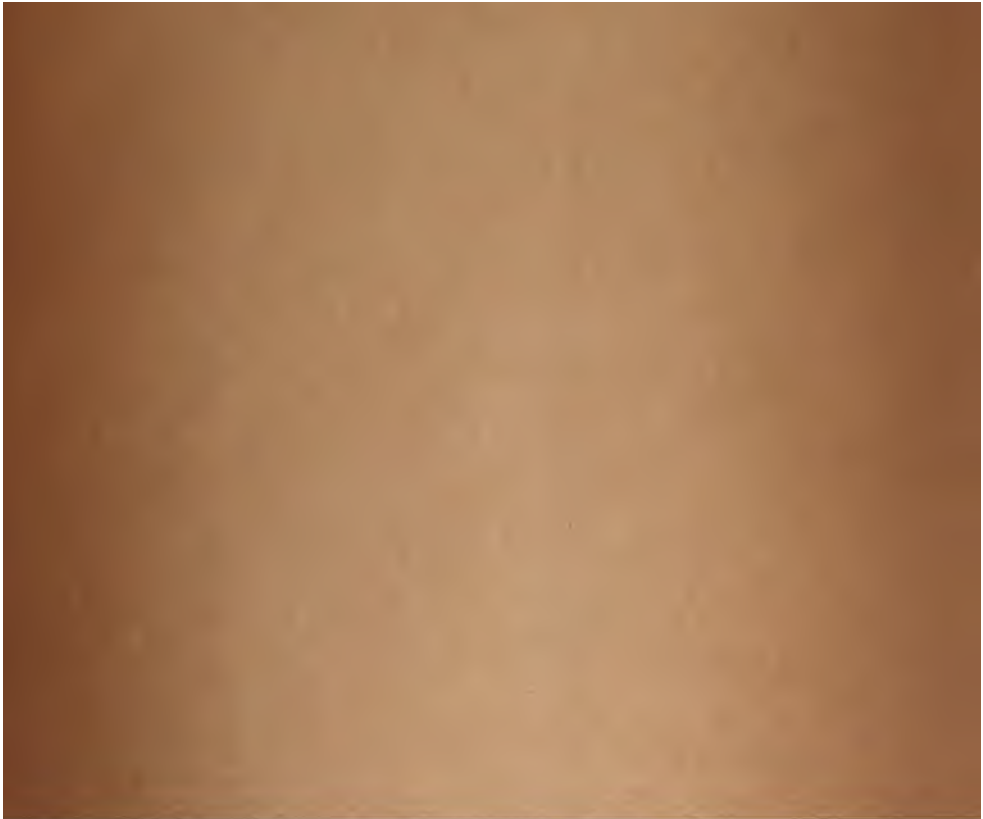


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**PROCEEDINGS**  
**OF THE**  
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# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## American Society for Psychical Research

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LILY DALE

INTRODUCTION.

By James H. Hyslop.

Mr. Carrington gives below his account of an investigation into the phenomena that are alleged to occur, from year to year, at one of the most distinguished of the spiritualistic camps in America. All that I wish to say here is that he was not sent there with any motive of making an attack on either that organization or its creed, and that I am not now taking up the cudgels against the system which the believers in spiritualism accept. Such places simply invite investigation by the very claims they make. Perhaps they would not have invited it a quarter of a century ago, but now that the English Society has published so much evidence to sustain some of the older claims, it has become necessary to determine what is true and what is false, in such places, where scientific discrimination is not always as much respected as it should be.

This investigation offers an opportunity to say some things which would not be provoked by the ordinary drift of human discussion, and especially at this time. What I wish to emphasize, however, in this Introduction, is that the exposure of things at Lily Dale is not a gratuitous assault on the place or its aims. I am very glad to exempt the organization which owns the place and conducts the meetings there from any intentional complicity in the phenomena which are here the subject of criticism. The letter of President Warne on that matter, which Mr. Carrington embodies in his Re-

port, is ample indication of what the best spiritualists desire to see effected. No reflection on their beliefs and motives is here expressed or implied by this exposure of what accompanies, and apparently must accompany, the methods which have kept spiritualism alive so long. But this very exemption from direct sympathy and interest in the frauds associated with the work, offers a reason for making some remarks on the whole problem which faces the adherents of that creed.

Spiritualism has, of course, been a concession to the scientific spirit, in so far as it claims to give *evidence* of survival after death. It received no sympathy either from the scientist in this pretension, or from the church. The result was and is that, in order to sustain its allegations, it has thought it a duty to give "demonstrations" of its doctrine as a part of its regular work. At first its meetings and exercises were little or nothing else than "tests," perhaps accompanied by "inspirational" preaching and teaching. Gradually it introduced some of the elements of regular church worship, thus imitating some of the emotional aspects of the orthodox sects. But it has always clung to the "test" as the justification of its existence and as the means of satisfying the sceptic, while it discriminated its own method from the traditional mode of establishing personal conviction. But as a system it has come to the parting of the ways. It insists that it is a scientific religion. But the examination of its claims seem to indicate that it is neither science nor religion. Its methods, at least in public, are not those of science, and its ethical work has not been that of religion.

In the long conflict with science, the more orthodox religions have gradually been forced to emphasize ethical and social work as a primary function of the church, and have more or less abandoned or modified their creeds. In this they have returned, in some respects, to the ethical ideals of their founder,—tho they are not so sure, or at least offer no sureties, of his intellectual belief of a future life. But after first abandoning his social ideals they fought long for theological doctrines, which critical methods have dissolved or are fast dissolving, and are left without any excuse for exist-

ence, except the ethical duties imposed by the early teachers. This recognition of its ethical duties is the one thing that enables the church to play any part at all in modern life. Tho its original creed is held as a matter of faith, the chief influence that supports this faith is the inertia of traditional ethics, which die harder than intellectual doctrines; and belief in a future life is rather an effect of their confidence in an ethical ideal than it is a support of it. How long it will last is another matter: for in all ages ethical conceptions, in the long run, follow beliefs or have their cohesiveness and tenacity determined by them. Seeing this, and intent upon assuring the first condition of a spiritual ideal of life, the spiritualists, from the time of Swedenborg, have laid stress upon the proof of a future life, and while few of them have followed Swedenborg into a dogmatic and unprogressive dependence on authority, they have yielded to the temptation to concentrate their main efforts on a problem which does not belong to religion as an ethical institution, but to science as an investigating agency. The result has been the neglect of both the individual and the social ideal of a spiritual life. In accepting the challenge which science has always issued against religion, to produce evidence of a future life, it has forgotten the primary object for which that belief has existed; and, in seeking the consolation which the belief affords, it has become as distorted in its perspective of life as any of the sects that it aims to displace.

The great error has been in the effort to combine science and religion in a manner in which they will not fit. Science has its place and methods, and religion has its. But we cannot combine the ethics and aesthetics of a ritual with the dirt and dust of the laboratory. The refinement, symbolism, and emotional moods of a ritual hardly consist with the confusion and triviality of scientific tests. That part of the work which aims at proof should be left to the scientist and his laboratory methods, which can never be carried on in public. The demands for the sensational only result in developing frauds to excite the wonder of the credulous. What the spiritualists need to learn is the duty of referring the whole problem of investigation to qualified scientists. If they had done this long



ago; if they had carefully eliminated fraud from the phenomena for which they sought scientific attention; if they had made it clear that they were quite as interested in the ethical and social work of the world as in a future life for personal and selfish reasons, they would have won their triumph fifty years ago. But in their persistent defence of the Fox sisters and the whole crew of frauds which sprang up after them, they have only succeeded in disgusting the intelligent classes until it will now require a longer time and much more effort to convince the world that there are any phenomena at all that deserve attention. If the spiritualists had spent one-tenth the money in legitimate scientific investigation that they have wasted in running after fraud, they might have had something to show for it. But we have still to convince the scientific man that there is anything but fraud and delusion in the whole subject. The principal antagonists to psychic research I find among large numbers of spiritualists, and only the sceptic has the good sense to help it. The spiritualist too often has no confidence in the science which he invokes or in the truth which he believes. He too readily thinks we can convert the world by fooling it or concealing the difficulties of the problem to be solved. What he has to learn is that the primary duty of men is to hand the investigation and proof of the doctrine over to scientific men, and then, under the inspiration of his belief, to enter vigorously into the practical work of ethics. It was all well enough to adopt the same general methods as the church for exciting attention to facts, but the moment that science offered to take up the settlement of the investigating issue, it was the duty of the spiritualist to yield the matter of method to those who could eliminate dubious conditions. But instead of this, it still insists on methods that do not discriminate between the most palpable frauds and genuine phenomena, but which in fact attract more attention to spurious phenomena than to those which have some promise of interest. The methods of spiritualism have outlived their usefulness. They have kept the existence of the phenomena before public attention, but they have never convinced a single man who has had any respect for science. The time has come for a complete change of

policy in this matter,—a suggestion which is made here, not because I have any interest in what popularly passes as spiritualism, but because I admit that there are facts for which spiritualists have a right to claim a most important significance. But these facts will receive no credence or defence until they are protected by the most careful and critical methods. If, then, the spiritualists will simply leave to science the determination of evidence and share with other religious efforts the duty of personal and social ethics, they will be entitled to the consideration they desire. But it will not be until then.

In exposing the frauds which infest the history and methods of spiritualism, as it has been popularly understood, I am frank to say that I do not think its sins are any worse than those which prevail in the business world. They are precisely the same, and there is no reason for exposing them more than the frauds of business. Many a man will hold up his hands in horror at the kind of thing exposed in Mr. Carrington's Report who will expect to cheat his neighbor out of his property in practically the same way under the forms of the law. There is no more disposition on the part of the public to live and let live than there is on the part of the adventurers who take the last cent of their dupes and laugh at the most sacred feelings that men can possess. It is not spiritualism alone that is infested with fraud, but the whole basis of modern society, and we are only touching the surface when we call attention to the infection in what claims to be a religion. "Business" does not profess to have any principles but to get all it can of other people's property by hook or by crook, and so is not bound by any maxim of consistency or sincerity of conscience. This is exactly the doctrine of the fraudulent medium, and I shall only insist that they who live in glass houses shall not throw stones.

This is not an apology for such performances as are here exposed. It is only a statement of fact which shows that the task of science may be a larger one than the investigation of spiritualism, and that whatever disgust we feel at the associations of an alleged religion, holds good for other crimes as well. Half the gloating cry of fraud, very often, on the



part of the sceptic is influenced by a desire to escape the belief which the spiritualist with equal prejudice wishes to sustain. The only course to take, then, is to clear the subject of objection at any point, and this can be done only by the most merciless exposure of fraud and the recognition of perfectly immense difficulties in the way of obtaining scientific proof of a future life. Nothing is gained by insisting on evidence that will not meet the strictest demands of scientific method, even tho the adherent of such betrays equal bias in his obstinate blindness to facts. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, and that is, that no intelligent man intends to be fooled in this problem. We cannot afford to be fooled on either side of the issue, and we may as well keep cool heads and admit the truth of scientific method as to destroy our influence by such slatternly methods as lead only to illusion and fraud.

The primary value of a belief in a future life is its ethical implications and the use that can be made of it by rational men to support an ethical view of human life, private and public. It does not always moralize a man by itself, if ever. But whatever limits its influence may have as an isolated conviction, we know enough of history, individual and social, to know that the rational man can strengthen an ethical view of the world by it. This being the case, the spiritualists will have to learn that their methods have had their day of usefulness and that they will have to surrender the evidential aspect of the problem to science, and for their own moral benefit join the other practical efforts in the world, to redeem its evil tendencies. It is quite as easy to be selfish about a future life as about wealth, and it will have no other color if it is to remain in the condition it has been in, ever since the Fox sisters. The sooner that this is recognized the sooner will the organization make its peace with the methods and principles which it has always claimed to respect: namely, those of science. Unless it takes up the practical and ethical functions of a religion, it will be beaten by other churches: for one of the surest things of the future is a reorganization of religious methods in respect of creed, while they continue the social and ethical work that the age has forced upon

them, in lieu of theological controversy. Science must be left to its task of estimating evidence, and when this is done, and done by the spiritualists, they may be sure of their triumph, but not by anything in their present methods.

I am not criticizing individuals, but methods. I freely concede that the motives and aims of the whole system have as much to commend them as in the more orthodox and respectable religious organizations. When a future life wins its victory, the spiritualists will have the credit of having rightly conceived the problem, as one of proving personal identity, and of having insisted, in spite of great adversity, upon the existence of certain facts which certainly have at least that superficial appearance of proving it, and may in the end be conceded that real quality. But, while they can hardly be blamed for erroneous methods in the midst of both orthodox and scientific contempt, they will have to yield to better methods when science overcomes its bigotry, and shows humility enough to actually investigate facts instead of laughing at them. In the meantime we have arrived at a stage of interest and development in the subject that makes it imperative that the discrimination of evidence in this problem shall be wholly deferred to scientific method.

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**REPORT OF A TWO-WEEKS' INVESTIGATION  
INTO ALLEGED SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.  
WITNESSED AT LILY DALE, NEW YORK.**

**By Hereward Carrington.**

**§ I.**

**SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY, TRUMPET SEANCES AND SLATE-  
WRITING.**

For a number of years past, those spiritualists who could afford the time and the money have made it a practice of visiting so-called "Camps," situated in various parts of the United States, where they could meet, exchange views and information about "The Cause," and have the opportunity of personally testing the numerous mediums of all classes



that flock to the camps like flies about a honey-comb. In this manner it is possible to test, or at least to have sittings with, a number of first-class mediums, without having to travel all over the country to reach them; and it is, of course, a great advantage to them to have such opportunities for investigation. It is only natural, too, that mediums should go to the various camp meetings, in order to add to their reputation,—by converting a number of doubters to belief in spirit-return, and more firmly rooting the faith of those who already accept the teachings of spiritualism—especially those obtained through these particular mediums. As may be imagined, these camp-meetings become profitable sources of revenue to the mediums, who charge fair prices for their sittings (from \$1.00 to \$2.00, as a rule), and enable the mediums to add to their reputations. When famous mediums go to such camp-meetings, they are literally besieged with persons asking for sittings, and they can give a sitting every half hour during the day, as well as séances in the evenings; and in fact many of these mediums do so. One would think, *a priori*, that, were their mediumship genuine, such continued wear and tear would soon exhaust the medium or his power; yet such does not seem to be the case—some mediums giving from twelve to eighteen sittings every day (for slate-writing, *e. g.*), besides séances two or three evenings each week,—which are attended by from ten to thirty sitters,—at one dollar per head. Such being the case, we might naturally suppose the best mediums would be drawn to the camp meetings,—they having far more opportunity for money and fame-making than if they were to remain in their native town; and, though there are doubtless many inferior and little-known mediums who go to such camp-meetings, still, the majority of them may be taken as representing the best of their kind that can be found or brought together for purposes of investigation. At least we may with justice suppose that what results were obtained from these mediums would be representative of results obtained from mediums as a class anywhere else. Especially is this true of Lily Dale,—the best and most aristocratic camp in the States,—and the best known. Whatever conclusions might be formed from a

study of these mediums would probably apply to all similar camps.

It therefore became a matter of very great interest to ascertain, as far as possible, the average level of the scientific spirit present in a camp of this character, in order to ascertain, so far as possible, the value of the testimony coming from the camp visitants, and the character of the average medium who frequents it. An investigation of this kind would not, of course, affect the character of all other mediums—favorably or otherwise—but would furnish a clue to the character of phenomena generally witnessed; and, if certain well-known mediums were present, would at least afford an opportunity for testing their powers, and the genuineness of the phenomena observed through their mediumship.

It was determined, therefore, by the Secretary, that some systematic and thorough investigation should be made, to determine, so far as possible, the nature of the phenomena at Lily Dale; and I—as one of the Council—was asked to undertake the investigation of the phenomena occurring in that camp. Accordingly, I spent the greater part of two weeks at Lily Dale (from August 3 to 16, 1907), carefully investigating every medium of note there, and having several sittings with certain mediums, where the case or the results seemed to warrant such prolonged inquiry. The results of this investigation I give below. Let me first, however, give a very rapid sketch of Lily Dale—its surroundings and management, in order that the reader may feel a certain familiarity with the camp which he could not otherwise have.

Lily Dale, is situated about sixty miles south of Buffalo, New York, and consists solely of the station, a couple of hotels, a few farm houses, and the "Assembly Grounds," of some ten acres,—containing the Hotel of the Assembly, a library building, several smaller halls, a large auditorium (seating, perhaps, two thousand), and a number of small cottages, rented either to visitors, by the season, or to mediums,—in which case one room would be promptly converted into a "séance room," and the window nailed and boarded up for the rest of the season,—effectually shutting out all fresh air thence forward! One would pass such cottages at night, and



hear issuing from them, anything but melodious sounds,—the house itself dark, shadowy, and closely boarded up. Lectures are usually delivered in the big Auditorium twice daily; while all the mediums renting cottages give séances and sittings throughout the day, to whomsoever may call upon them. As most of them are busy, however, these sittings are mostly arranged for in advance. I shall give an account of my own sittings with these mediums immediately.

I arrived in Lily Dale on Saturday afternoon, and found everything in full blast. In one corner of the hotel veranda was an excited group of men, discussing some problem connected with spiritualism. Looking up, I saw the sign "Philosophers' Corner" nailed to the wall of the hotel; and later I discovered a slate (obtained from Keeler, I understand) covered with writing, framed, and christening the corner with that name. After walking about the grounds for some time, and finding out what mediums were present, and where they were situated, I made an appointment for the next day for a spirit-photograph, and a trumpet séance, and rested the remainder of the evening.

The following accounts of séances were written out immediately upon my return to the hotel, in each case directly after the sitting, and frequently from notes made while the séance or sitting was in progress. These records I merely copy now, without change or alteration, except in a few minor details. I shall give the series in as nearly chronological order as possible, though, for various reasons, it will sometimes be better to alter this arrangement, and to give the results of my sittings with one medium (although given on different days) together—thus completing that medium's record, before passing on to consider the next case. This, I think, will be found most satisfactory. I now present the following record for the reader's consideration.

#### **Sitting with A. Norman. (Spirit-Photographer.)**

*Sunday, August 4, 1907.*

I was granted a sitting with this medium immediately upon request. Mr. Norman explained to me that he had no

control over the phenomena, but would obtain for me what he could. I sat on the veranda, and he disappeared into the house, and brought out a large camera and two plates,—already in the slide, prepared. I noticed that there was a small white chalk mark on one side of the "double-back" plate slide (a slide that holds two plates) and this side was carefully inserted foremost. Mr. Norman erased this chalk mark with his finger as he inserted the slide into the camera. The movement was very slight, and would probably have escaped detection in the vast majority of cases. However, I posed, and the photo was taken.

Next, we went indoors; the plate slide was reversed, and the room placed in almost total darkness. I was informed that "the spirits would materialize their own light" and that none was needed. This was "where the mediumship came in." The second plate was then exposed, the cap being removed for about a minute. During that minute I was informed that I should sit for physical manifestations; and the medium asked me if I had ever sat for a spirit-photographer before. Why was that question asked, I wonder? Was it mere idle curiosity, or was it in order to obtain for me, on the plate, the same faces that I obtained in the first instance—thus tending to "clinch" my faith? We cannot say.

After the second exposure, the blinds were pulled up, and the sitting concluded. A request was made for my *home* address. This I gave—giving, however, a false name, that of "Charles Henderson," under which name I had registered at the hotel, and which name I gave to every medium on the grounds. The amusing consequences that ensued upon this will be detailed presently. However, I was informed that I must call in a day or so, in order to look at the plates. I was to see these first, and if no results had been obtained, I was to sit again. Mr. Norman then bowed me out (after first requesting and receiving his payment) and expected me to leave. I asked if I might not see the plates developed. The reply was "No, I won't get at them tonight anyway." I replied cautiously that I should think it would be very interesting to watch the development of a plate upon which might appear spirit faces; the answer was that these faces devel-



oped in exactly the same manner as any other faces whatever. I then replied that I should like to watch the process, in order to convince myself that they were developed in the manner said, and that they were not already on the plate. The result was to bring forth a flat refusal to allow me to watch the process of development. I then asked if I might bring my own plates next sitting; and that too was refused me. I had to go away content with what I had. If results should be obtained, they would be absolutely inconclusive, since no tests were allowed, nor are tests to be allowed at any future sitting. Spirit faces, when obtained under such conditions, and if unrecognized, would be not only inconclusive, they would be farcical. It remains to be seen what the plates contain.

*Later.* I have just called on Mr. Norman, and seen the plates taken yesterday. There is only one plate, I find, as the second exposure, made in the dark room, was supposed to be on the *same* plate as that which was exposed upon the veranda. As a matter of fact, I know this to be untrue, for the reason that I saw Norman change the plate slide, after we had taken up our positions in the darkened room. It is more than probable, in my estimation, that no plate at all was exposed in the second case—simply a pretence at photographing being made, and the original plate “doctored;” and this supposition is strengthened by the fact that only *one* exposure is sometimes made (so Norman informed me) and spirit faces come on that! But, as stated before, the faces appearing on the plate are quite inconclusive for the reason that no tests were allowed,—this really strongly indicating fraud. For, if genuine, why should tests of a rational character be objected to?

After much delay, I finally succeeded in securing the two photographs, and not only are none of the faces recognizable, but they do not bear the slightest trace of any family resemblance whatever. They are as alien as possible. One of the faces is that of a woman; the other three of men,—one of them wearing a turban. More than that, the photo shows signs of undoubted fraudulent manipulation. One of the faces (that of the woman) upon being examined through a

magnifying glass, clearly shows the miniature indentations made by the electric needle used in reproducing newspaper cuts. This is clearly noticeable on the forehead, but can be seen to extend all over the face, even with the naked eye, when examined carefully. *This face was, therefore, copied from some newspaper, or from some magazine, reproducing it from the paper, in which it originally appeared.* One of the other faces shows clear marks of manipulation also. The line of the hair extends some distance down the side of the head, beyond the point at which the hair would normally end, and shows that the face was cut out from some magazine, pasted upon a dark background, and photographed upon the same plate upon which my portrait was taken. I referred to this method of obtaining spirit-faces on page 219 of my book, *The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism*.

Since Mr. Norman would submit to no rational test conditions whatever, and inasmuch as the photograph shows perfectly clear indications of manipulation, I think we need have no hesitation in attributing all that transpired through this individual's mediumship, at least on the occasion of my own sitting, to perfectly ordinary methods of deception and the resort to spirits is absurd.

#### Sitting with Mrs. M. T. McCoy. (Trumpet Medium.)

*Monday, August 5, 1907.*

By appointment, I called upon Mrs. McCoy this morning, and obtained my sitting, after a short wait. I was ushered into a darkened room, and a lamp was lighted. Every crack and crevice was then carefully covered over, and I was requested to take a seat in the cabinet—a curtained triangular space in one corner of the room. The darkness here was intense, only at the top of the curtain a faint streak of light became manifest,—when my eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness. Immediately I entered the cabinet and took my seat, the lamp was extinguished, and the medium entered the cabinet and took a chair close beside me, letting the cabinet curtains fall behind her.

I was asked to talk as much as possible, and the medium



talked a great deal also. A band was playing outside, in the auditorium. In a few minutes (probably three or four) I felt a touch of the trumpet on the top of my head, very gently. I slid out my hand carefully, and found the trumpet gone from the spot where it had been standing. The medium had slightly withdrawn her body, so that her skirts no longer touched me, and I could not feel her, as I could at first. Once or twice during the séance the medium advanced her foot and touched my legs, saying quickly, "I beg your pardon." It was evident that this was to see where my feet and legs were. A faint whisper then came through the trumpet, and I asked, "Is that father?" I intended to help the medium as much as possible, at first, so as to get her started. Later, I intended asking for tests. The reply was "yes," and the message continued,—giving about the usual messages for mediums of this class, such as:—"I am glad to see you are investigating this grand truth;" "so glad to see you here and talk to you;" etc., etc. The messages and the language were absolutely inappropriate to my father; they could not be more so. For instance, in answering a question of mine, my father replied, "yes, *sir!*" with a very American accent. I may say that my father was a very conservative Englishman, almost classical in his speech, and disliked most things American—particularly the manner of speaking and the slang. It may be imagined how appropriate this was. The voice also said that my father had been ill "many months" before he died; while the truth is that he died as suddenly as the snuffing out of a candle, and was dead before any of us could reach him by train, in reply to telegrams.

The next "spirit" was that of my mother. The usual platitudes were spoken—of the same general character as in the last case—many wrong incidents being given, while the language and style were entirely inappropriate,—many gross slips of speech and of grammar being made. The medium, I may add, was a very illiterate woman, and my mother an exceptionally clever and well-informed woman on many lines.

The next spirit that spoke I claimed as a friend of mine—"James." I asked if it were he, my old friend, and the reply was, "yes." I asked him if he remembered all the tours and

the camping trips we used to take together "by that old lake in Kentucky." Yes, yes; he remembered that well! And was he engaged in electrical work now, as he was here? No, he was engaged in "nothin' partic'lar," there being no "science of electricity" over there. Other intimate scraps of information were given, and many memories recalled. Their value may be estimated when I say that I never knew anyone by the name of James intimately; never had a chum of that name; never was in Kentucky in my life; and, in fact, I made up the whole thing out of my head. It was evidently a "lying spirit," and not that of any friend of mine!

The next spirit was "Professor Stanford"—professor of languages—who would control my "mental faculties" when I sat for development next winter, as I was instructed to do. He is going to make a platform speaker of me! He may be a professor of languages, but if he mangled the other languages as badly as he mangled the English language, through the trumpet, I am afraid he would make an instructor very dangerous to follow!

The next spirit was a supposed sister of mine, who also promised to assist me in my development. At this point, the medium asserted that she saw a slit of light coming from beneath the curtain, and stooped down and adjusted the curtain of the cabinet. A few moments later an "intelligent force" began to manifest in the room outside the cabinet—shaking a bell and tambourine on the table close to the medium's left hand. It claimed to be the spirit of an Indian. Finally, the bell and tambourine fell off the table, onto the floor, and came inside the cabinet of their own accord. The medium took the tambourine upon her lap, but soon placed it upon the floor again. It rattled with her movements! I had no doubt whatever that the medium picked up a thread, that was upon the floor, at the moment she pretended to adjust the curtain; and by means of this thread, pulled the bell and the tambourine, previously attached to the other end of this thread, into the cabinet. I may say that all the information the trumpet gave me I supplied to the medium first, and false as well as true information was given back to me through the trumpet. It was therefore only a question of whether the



medium produced the voice or not, and that we must now consider.

Several times, during the séance, I leant forward in my chair and advanced my ear close to the medium's head. In this manner I was enabled to reach a point from four to six inches from her mouth. *I distinctly heard the medium doing the talking herself*,—the sound of the constrained voice being distinctly audible in her throat. There was no doubt in my mind that she was doing the talking, as I could clearly hear it. Several times I saw the trumpet outlined against the light at the top of the cabinet, and every time the angle of the trumpet indicated that it was pointing directly for the medium's mouth. Her own voice and the voice issuing from the trumpet were never heard together, and the voices were such as the medium might easily have imitated. Several times I felt the medium moving about, and heard the rustle of her skirts. Everything pointed to the fact that the medium and she alone was doing the talking—even had I not heard her doing so. My conclusion is, therefore, that the phenomena observed by me through this medium are to be explained by the most obvious and simple trickery.

**Sitting with Mrs. S. E. Pemberton. (Trumpet Medium.)**

*August 5, 1907.*

My experiences with this medium simply duplicate those with Mrs. McCoy. I was ushered into a darkened room, and seated in a chair close beside the medium. We sat in the middle of the room, in this case, and not in any cabinet. The medium sat beside me, after having placed a large tin trumpet on the floor in front of me, and about three feet from herself. The light was then extinguished. The medium grasped my right hand in her left, and we sat in darkness for a few minutes, chatting. At the conclusion of that time, a faint noise was heard to issue from the trumpet, and one by one all my old fictitious friends appeared—James Robinson, of Kentucky, (where I have never been); Jane and Robert Henderson—my supposed mother and father; sisters, brothers, grandmothers, grandfathers, as well as the customary Indian Con-

trol—all of whom, with the exception of the Indian Control—I know positively never existed. Several names were thrown out by the medium, none of which were recognized, (*i. e.*, she was “fishing,”) and relationships claimed which were false. The information was volunteered that my father died as the result of an accident on the railroad (quite untrue); and, upon my asking him if he remembered his last trip to Chicago, he replied, “oh, yes, quite well,” and volunteered remarks about it. As a matter of fact, he had never been to America in his life! Much other false information of this kind was given, that it would be useless to repeat. Several times, during the séance, I leaned over towards the medium and again distinctly *heard* her vocalizing the sounds in her own throat, and muttering or whispering them into the trumpet—the voices being modified or changed according to the direction of the trumpet—louder and more distinct when turned away from the sitter, and *vice versa*. To my mind, the whole séance was obviously and conclusively worthless throughout. It remains to be said that the medium decried fraud severely just before the séance commenced,—stating that there was doubtless much fraud in connection with the subject. Indeed, one would think so!

#### Sitting with A. Norman, for Slate-Writing.

*August 13, 1907.*

According to appointment, I called on Mr. Norman, and, after considerable waiting, obtained a sitting. The room in which the sitting took place was a small one, shaded from the sunlight, and containing only a table and two chairs. The latter were on opposite sides of the table—from which hung a table-cloth, reaching the floor on all sides. Almost one-half of this table was taken up by a large music box, which the medium proceeded to wind up as soon as we took our seats. It played throughout the sitting, until the writing had been obtained on the slates. The table was pushed against the wall of the room, so it would have been an easy matter for some person in an adjoining room to have opened a trap-door, connecting the two rooms, under the table (hidden by the



long table-cloth) and reached his or her arm under the table in that manner. But of this later.

At the request of the medium, I asked two questions—writing them upon a large sheet of paper—torn from a pad, and placed this piece of paper in an envelope. The questions were as follows:—

(1) "Dear Mother, (Jane Henderson):

Were you with me in Chicago the other day? I felt your influence strongly. Your son, Charles Henderson."

(2) "Dear Father, (Robert Henderson):

Brother Bob wants to sell our old home in Chicago. Would you advise it? Your son, Charles Henderson."

Both of these questions were written upon a single sheet of paper, which I then folded and placed in the envelope. The latter was not sealed. The medium then allowed me to inspect two slates, which he placed together, the envelope being between them. A rubber band was then placed around both slates. The medium then remarked: "Now, you hold the slates with me under the table." He took the two slates, and apparently placed them beneath the table. I placed my hand under the table on my side, through a slit in the table-cloth, and caught hold of the slates from my side of the table. In reality, an exchange was made at that time, and I distinctly saw the medium drop my two slates onto his lap, and hand me a duplicate pair of slates to hold. My slates rested upon his knees.

We waited for several minutes, when the medium remarked: "We had better hold the slates above the table now," and withdrew the two slates, placing them on the top of the table. He then covered them with a black cloth, and our hands were placed upon the slates, over the cloth, where they remained several minutes. The music box was playing all this time. At the end of about four or five minutes, the medium removed his hands, requested me to remove mine, lifted off the black cloth, and placed the two slates beneath the table again (apparently) where we again held them for some time. At the end of about three minutes, I was requested to remove the slates myself. On doing so, I found the insides of both slates covered with writing, while the en-

velope containing my questions were still between the slates. The answers were as follows:

(1) "My dear son; Mother is here to love and bless you. Go on dear in this truth. I am often with you and it was me with you. You have grand forces with you my darling boy, and you will receive grand things from the spirit side. Give my love to all and my blessings will attend you. Mother, Jane Henderson."

*Comments.* The writing is exceedingly bad, and it will be seen that the grammar and construction of the "communication" is atrocious. "It was me with you!" And I wonder who Jane Henderson is? And she was with me in Chicago the other day! I have not been in Chicago since 1903,—when my mother was still living.

(2) The second slate contained the following message:

"My dear son Charley. I am here and so happy to reach you for I wanted to give you a little advice—both for the material and the spiritual. Yes, dear, I think it will be all right to sell the house. You will have an offer for it and I will impress you when it is right. Tell Rob I am often with him. Charley, we want you to sit and I will give you writing when you are sufficiently developed. It will give you more satisfaction than all the pleasures of the world. I have tried to show my face on your picture. Mother is here with me. Good-bye, Father, Robert Henderson, with love."

*Comments.* There is no such person as Robert Henderson, so far as I know. My name is not Charley. We have no house in Chicago, and never had one. I have not and never had any brother Bob. The same bad English, and the same bad handwriting were present, as in the last case, and obviously written by the same person. I may add that my father was one of the most expert and beautiful writers I have ever met, and spent a great part of his life writing. I need hardly add that the message is, therefore, somewhat uncharacteristic.



So, taking into account these facts, we may be certain that no spirit was involved in the production of the writing; and I may add that, *since no slate-pencil was placed between the slates*, the writing must have occurred in some other manner. The manner of obtaining the writing on the slates might have been in either one of the following ways:

(1) When the medium placed the slates beneath the table the first time, he dropped the two slates containing the envelope (in which were my questions) onto his knees and passed me a dummy or duplicate pair to hold. That much I distinctly saw done. When I grasped the duplicate slates, the medium rested his end of the slates on his knees, and, with his disengaged right hand, (our unoccupied hands were clasped above the table) worked off the rubber band, opened the slates, read my questions, wrote the answers on the slates, replaced the envelope between the slates, and re-fastened them. The holding of the slates above the table was solely for the purpose of lifting the slates up and down twice, and so affording opportunity for substitution on two separate occasions. When the slates were placed beneath the table the second time, they were once more substituted for those upon which the messages had been written. The trick was now done, and I could remove the slates myself at any time.

(2) The second method would involve a confederate—probably his wife, who assists in developing his spirit-photographs. In such a case, a trap-door would be cut in the wall, between the two rooms. Since the table was pushed up against the wall, it effectually concealed this trap, and it would be possible for the medium to pass the original set of slates into the hands of the person in the next room, that person merely extending his or her hands under the table, to receive such slates. This person, the confederate, would then withdraw into the next room, open the slates, read the questions, write the answers on the slates, replace the envelope, and fasten the slates together again. She would then open the trap, (the music box would cover any faint sound this might make) and touch the medium's foot. He would then know that the writing was completed. He would remove the

slates from the top of the table—where they had rested until that moment—and replace them beneath the table—really substituting these two for the two handed him by his assistant. These two would be the ones that were held, and finally removed and inspected by the sitter. The trick might have been worked in either way; but of one thing I am *sure*, and that is, that the slates were twice exchanged when placed beneath the table, since I distinctly saw the medium effect this exchange of slates on two occasions. In view of the facts that no spirits wrote the messages; that fraud was quite possible; that I actually saw the substitution of slates on two occasions; and that this medium (as I subsequently learned) has been exposed in the past, I think we shall be quite justified in asserting that fraud is the true and sufficient explanation of this supposed case of spirit-slate-writing.

## § II.

### MATERIALIZING SEANCES.

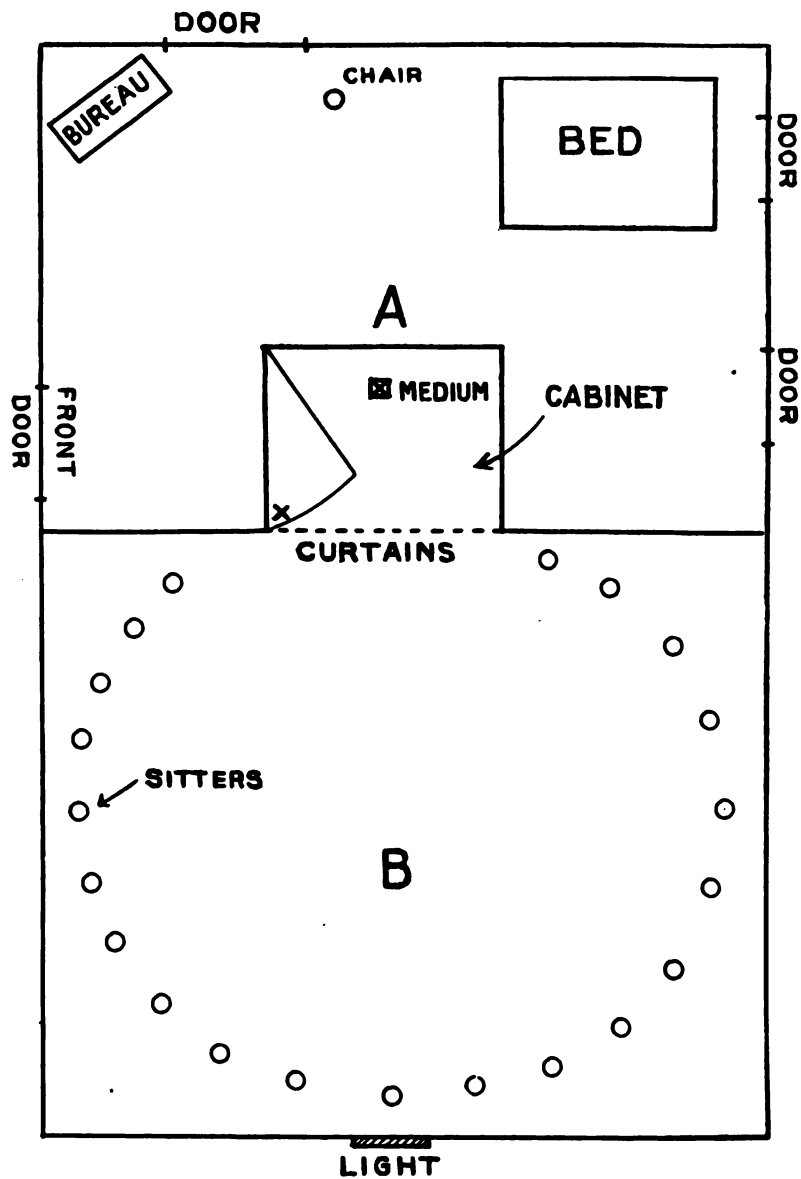
It is difficult to obtain a place in a materializing circle at Lily Dale, as strangers are more or less distrusted, and I had to obtain a practical recommendation from an old sitter before I was allowed to attend any of the materializing séances held by the three materializing mediums on the grounds. I did manage to obtain such introductions in every case, however, and give herewith the results of my experiences with the only three materializing mediums that were at Lily Dale—Joseph Jonson, Mrs. Moss, of Chicago, and C. Nichols. I give these in the order indicated.

#### Séance with Joseph Jonson—for Materialization.

*August 5, 1907.*

The séance began soon after 8 P. M.,—about twenty persons being present. Before the séance began, a brief examination of the cabinet and adjoining room was made. A plan follows, which will make the subsequent account clearer.

The four doors leading into the room A. were locked, and the keys placed in the pocket of one of the members of the circle. They were not bolted or fastened in any other way





whatever, and the keyholes were not sealed. Even if they had been, the doors would have been opened from the *outside*, by means of duplicate keys, and so the sealing would have been useless. No examination of the rooms into which these various doors led was allowed. It will be noted that the bed was pulled away from one of the doors a good fifteen inches,—a most significant fact. The doors were all hung with heavy portière curtains. The cabinet was constructed of a light wooden framework, to which was tacked black material. The tack-heads were on the *outside* of the cabinet. One of the three walls of the cabinet hinged inward, and was fastened with a padlock at X. The key was retained and the keyhole sealed. Most of the sitters protested against the necessity of any examination at all! For my own part, I considered the “conditions” so exceedingly bad,—so ridiculous, in fact, and suggestive of fraud,—as to be utterly worthless for all evidential purposes. Even were any forms or results obtained, nothing would be proved,—since the most simple fraud would be quite possible. All that any “spirit” would have to do would be to enter room A., by one of the three doors leading to the adjoining rooms; creep up to the cabinet; pry out four or five of the tacks (tacking the black cloth onto the frame-work) lift up one corner, and enter the cabinet. The light was regulated from the cabinet. At the conclusion of the séance, the cloth would be drawn taut, at the corner that had been released by withdrawing the tacks, the tacks would be pressed home again, and an exit made into one of the adjoining rooms.

One fact clearly indicated that such a method *was* pursued. It is this. Shortly after the singing began, the curtains dividing the cabinet from the room B. swayed inward to a considerable extent,—remaining in that position for some seconds. This could only have resulted from a draught of air; and a draught of air could have been caused only by the opening of some door—since every door and window in both rooms was closed and locked. Indeed, this draught was so noticeable that one of the sitters remarked upon it—though she connected it with nothing fraudulent. To my mind it clearly indicated the possibility of fraud.



The first part of the séance was tedious and something of a fiasco. This might have been brought about by the presence of a very obnoxious man in the circle, whose remarks and insinuations were objectionable to everyone. Finally, the circle was broken up,—nothing having transpired,—and he left in dudgeon. The circle was then re-formed, and the singing begun again. While I personally believe that nothing happened while he was there because the medium feared exposure, still, in justice to the medium, it must be admitted that, if the manifestations were genuine, this man's presence would probably have acted in a similar manner. No conclusion, for or against, is, therefore, to be drawn from this fact.

Soon after the circle was re-formed, "spirits" began to issue from the cabinet—or at least to appear at the opening of the curtains. These forms were certainly not lay-figures, and were certainly not the medium,—but, as I have shown, there would have been no difficulty in smuggling confederates into the cabinet. There was two or three small girls, a grown-up woman, and two or three men who appeared. Most of these were more or less recognized by the sitters—though the light was exceedingly bad, and the "spirits" kept to the shadow of the curtains all the time. These spirits could all have been produced by a small girl, a grown-up woman, and the medium himself. I can only speak of the form that came to me, and which was said to be that of my sister. She came as a pretty girl of about seventeen, with long, dark hair, falling down upon her shoulders. She did not speak, but touched me with an unmistakably human hand, warm and life-like. I could see her face only very indistinctly, but enough to know that it was that of a girl. I was not allowed to touch the form, but the manager held both my hands while I talked to it—a precaution, I may add, that was taken in every case. Evidently the medium did not care to risk any exposure. I may say that my sister died years before I was born, soon after her birth. I never knew her, except as a name. Were she now living, she would be nearly forty years of age. The spirit representing her was, therefore, somewhat out of place and incorrect.

The materializations seemed to me to be easily explained

by the well-known methods of conjurers, and this for several reasons: (1) that no test conditions were imposed; (2) that the form that came to me, as a sister, was absolutely unlike any possible sister of mine—either on the theory that she appeared to me as she passed out, or as she now is; (3) that the light was so low that nothing was possible in the way of identification; (4) that several incidents strongly suggested trickery—the most prominent being the swaying of the curtains, above referred to; the fact that a faint strip of light was once visible in room A., when the curtains were parted, while there should have been no light, if all doors and windows had remained closed; the fact that, in several of the visible dematerializations, I distinctly *saw the process*—saw the figure bend down gradually, then lie flat, and finally pull the head under a piece of black cloth with a jerk; that, in visible materializations, I also saw the process—saw the form gradually stand more and more erect, until its full height had been attained; the fact that a trumpet was accidentally kicked over by a spirit, when in the cabinet, this being followed by a smothered ejaculation; the fact that this medium has been previously exposed, as I afterwards ascertained;—for all these and other reasons that it would take too long to detail here, I came to the conclusion that fraud alone would account for all the manifestations observed in the presence of this medium.

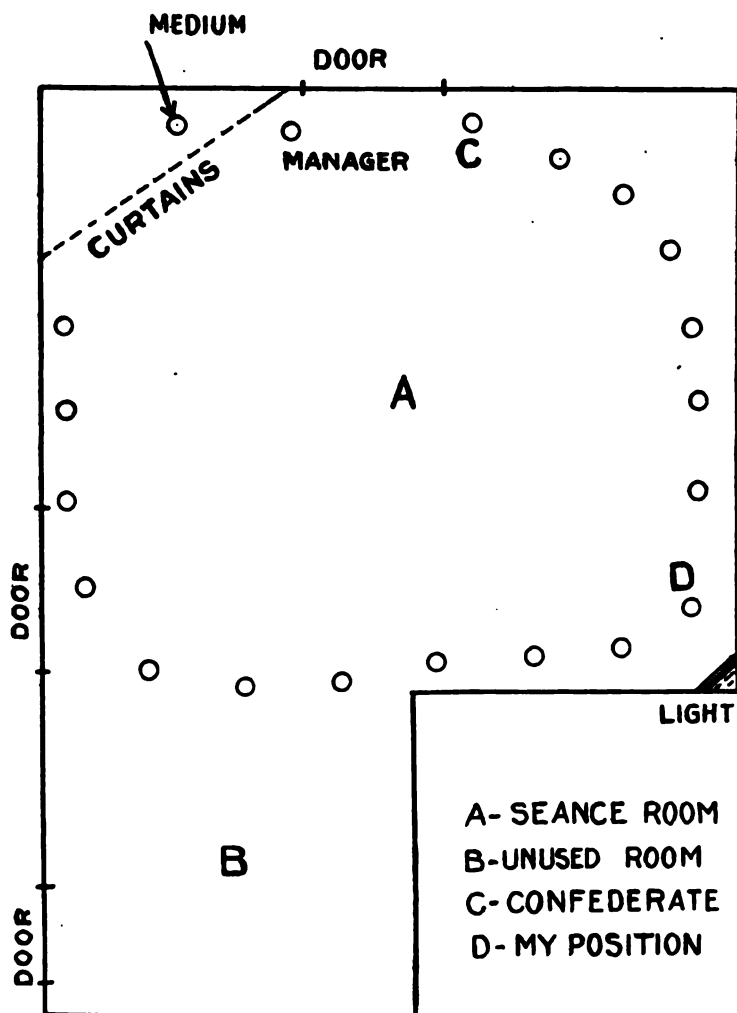
#### Séance with Mrs. Moss—For Materialization.

*August 6, 1907.*

There were about twenty persons present at this séance, beside myself—all of them thorough believers, many of them having been present at the séance the evening before. This medium had just arrived, and there had been a great rush to obtain seats at her séances. Only by a lucky chance did I get in when I did. I append herewith a diagram of the séance room, in order to make my subsequent remarks clearer.

A brief examination of the cabinet was made. As examinations of this kind are quite useless, I did not take part in it. Traps can always be cut so as to escape a hasty examination, and it is quite useless to look for them in the cabinet. So

long as phenomena of this sort are produced in the medium's own house, it is almost impossible to circumvent trickery, and it is useless to attempt it. No examination was made, either



of the medium or the manager, nor were we asked to examine them. I considered the conditions were such as to render trickery quite possible, therefore,—though of course not



proved because of its possibility. Proof would have to come later, if it came at all. It will be observed that one door practically touches the curtains of the cabinet—a most suspicious fact. But of that immediately.

Medium and manager both stood close to this door, by the cabinet, preparatory to extinguishing the lamp. This was suddenly blown out, and then there came a hunt for a table upon which to stand it! None was to be found! The medium and her manager fussed in and out of the door several times, completely darkening and blocking the entrance. *I am convinced that a young girl slipped through this door and into the cabinet the moment the lamp was blown out,*—when the medium and the manager were standing in the doorway, and when the eyes of the sitters were not in a condition to see anything in the intense darkness, following immediately upon the extinguishing of this lamp. Even were no trap doors employed, it would have been quite possible for one or two confederates to have entered the cabinet in this manner, at that time. The actions of the medium and her manager were certainly flurried and anxious, at that moment—more so than at any other time.

The medium finally entered the cabinet, and a brief speech was made by the manager, calling attention to this door, and showing that it could only be opened with great difficulty, and with considerable noise. This was true, as the door “stuck.” Any person in the circle was invited to come up and try to open that door silently. I tried—it was impossible. Alas! I am afraid it was a case of “locking the stable door after the horse was stolen.” Why was that door not shut *before* the lamp was extinguished?

The medium entered a brief protest, from within the cabinet; calling attention to the fact that it was “*himpossible*” to build a cabinet that wasn’t near *some* door or window, and she thought it a shame that “a *honorable* woman should be *haccused* of wishin’ to deceive ’er sitters—after all these ye’rs.” Evidently her British Lion was aroused, and displayed himself in her language! We are indebted to the medium very much for that opening speech, as we shall presently see.

The room being now dark, the usual period of waiting and singing was endured—a woman sitting next the door at C. taking an active part in all the songs. She was, I am quite convinced, a confederate—not on that account, but because of the fact that she seemed to know so much of the medium's business, and reminded the manager of two or three points he had forgotten to mention in his opening speech. It is impossible to convey my conviction to others: I can only state it. It was to receive further confirmation later, however.

The usual forms now issued from, and stood at, the cabinet: one skipped about the room, wearing a belt of phosphorescent stars. But the majority of the forms merely appeared between the curtains, indicated certain persons to whom they desired to talk, and carried on a whispered conversation with such persons, when they stepped up to the cabinet. The forms were all clothed alike—in a long, white robe, and were very indistinct. No test information whatever was given, except such as had already been supplied by the sitters, or had been given through other materializing mediums. Thus, as soon as a gentleman in the circle stated that a son of his—a young man—had been killed some months previously in an accident,—that young man appeared and referred to the accident, etc. No other information of any sort was given—nothing was volunteered.

Besides the juvenile spirits that appeared from time to time, there also materialized the forms of some men and women. These did not advance into the room, but remained at the opening of the curtains. These forms were, without exception, the medium herself (wearing a long, white robe and disguised), or wearing a mask that enveloped her face. How do I know this? For the reason that every one of the spirits—both male and female—spoke the same bad English as did the medium; because they one and all left out their H's, where they were wanted, and put them in where they were not wanted, just as the under-bred, uneducated English woman did; and because the spirits, one and all, gave a little snorting gasp at the end of each sentence, when they got out of breath—just as the medium did. She is an exceedingly fat woman, and gets out of breath easily. I listened care-



fully, and in every single instance I could detect and trace this similarity.

My sister "Eva" materialized for me. I suggested "Eva" and she 'came.' I never had a sister Eva, so she was a little out of place. However, she 'came' as a little girl about ten years old, with a hooked nose, bright black eyes, and a fringe of false hair over her forehead. Her doll-like appearance was very manifest. After she de-materialized, I was on the point of walking back to my chair, but was told to wait. I returned to the curtains of the cabinet, and my mother announced herself present, "who had died from consumption." The curtains were pulled aside, and I put my face close to the opening, since it was so dark I could see nothing. And there, in the dim twilight of that séance room, I beheld one of the most ghastly, most truly terrifying faces I have even seen. It was white and drawn, and almost shiny in its glossy, ashen hue. The eyes were wide open and staring—fixed. The head and face were encircled in white; and altogether the face was one of the most appalling I have ever beheld, and it would have required a great deal of fortitude, for the moment, to look steadfastly at that terrifying face,—in that still, quiet room, in response to the spirit's demand: "Look at me!" The distance between our faces was not more than six inches; and, after the first shock, I regarded the face intently. I was spurred by curiosity and excitement, and prompted yet further by the spirit form, who grasped my wrist, through the curtain, and drew me yet closer—until I was nearly in the cabinet itself. I remembered that my mother had not died from consumption, and that the present face in no wise resembled hers, and my feeling of terror lasted but an instant; but it was there at the time, I confess. I regarded the face intently, and it was gradually withdrawn into the shadow of the cabinet, and the curtains pulled over it. *I am certain that, had I been in an excited and unbalanced frame of mind at that instant, I should have sworn that the face actually melted away as I looked at it.* But my mental balance was by that time regained, and I could analyze what was before me. I can quite easily see how it is that persons can swear to the melting away of a face before their eyes, after

my own experience. The appearances clearly indicated that, and it was only my alertness to the possibility of deception, in this direction, which prevented my testifying to the same effect.

While most of the sitters were convinced of the identity of the spirits, all were not equally satisfied. Thus, two brothers and two sisters went to the cabinet, while "their mother" materialized. Both the men were satisfied, but neither of the women were. Others could not recognize their departed, while many of the supposed "recognitions" were absurd. The figure might have been anybody or anything, and I had one of the best seats in the room for observing all that went on.

Early in the séance we were requested to keep our feet flat on the floor and our hands on our knees. In that way, we were told, we should get better results. A chance remark, later on, made plain to me the real reason for this request. "Starlight"—she of the phosphorescent belt—was prancing about the room, and someone remarked that she never tripped over anyone's feet. She immediately replied: "No, if you all kept your feet flat as you were told to, I never would." So *that* was the reason for keeping the feet flat on the floor; in order to prevent "Starlight" from tripping over them, and falling to the floor with an audible and material thud!

Another thing I noticed was, that the manager stood very close to me when my friends and relatives materialized. I was a new-comer, and this was evidently to frustrate any attempt on my part to "grab." I had no such intentions, however, having given my word that I would not.

I noticed one or two interesting things, in connection with the séance. One was that the little girl, who played the part of the junior spooks, was the *very same little girl* who played similar parts at the materializing séance the evening before. Her speech, her language, her mannerisms, were all the same; and I have no doubt whatever that both mediums hired the same little girl—who went from one circle to the other. And what makes this all the more probable is the



fact that these materializing mediums held séances on *alternate* nights,—on different evenings; and the same confederate would, therefore, 'spook' for both mediums. As I have discussed this question at considerable length elsewhere, however, I shall not devote more space to it here.

It will be remembered that the door, close to the cabinet, was closed *after* the light was extinguished—and after the confederate was safely in the cabinet. If that confederate were to escape, therefore, it would be necessary to open the door again *before* the light was turned up, for otherwise escape would be impossible. I determined to watch for this. It may be imagined, then, that I was considerably surprised when, at the conclusion of the séance, the lamp was lighted without this door having been opened. For a moment, I thought I must have been wrong; but the doors of the séance room were thrown open at that moment, and the people began to pay their money and file out. I walked over to the cabinet, to again look inside, and possibly throw some further light on the mystery, but was confronted by the woman who had led in the singing, and taken so active a part in the operations throughout—who sat next the door (at C.) and who was, I am convinced, a confederate. 'No; I could not see the medium; she was exhausted;' that was what I was told; and I was not permitted to enter, look into, or even approach the cabinet. But I got near enough to hear smothered whisperings inside. The spirits were evidently inside the cabinet, talking with the medium! No one had even thought of examining the cabinet after the séance was over, and it was consequently unnecessary for the little girl, who had produced the manifestations (or her share of them) to escape at all—thus accounting for the puzzling fact that the door had remained closed, as before stated. This capped the climax, and furnished the final proof that the manifestations observed by me, and obtained through this medium, were of the usual kind throughout; and there is not the least shread of evidence for anything spiritistic or even supernormal in the whole performance, from beginning to end.



*August 12, 1907.*

In order to test my hypothesis further, I asked a lady who was about to attend one of Mrs. Moss's séances to note particularly whether the lamp was extinguished *before* the door, leading from the séance room to the kitchen, was closed, or not. She reported next day that such *was* the case. An "accident" of this kind does not happen every night; but suggests premeditated artifice. It suggests, in short, that this is a dodge, resorted to at every séance, in order to introduce a confederate into the séance-room.

*Later.*

In a letter, received from this same lady, some days after I left Lily Dale, was contained the following information:

".....Dr. —— (I don't remember his name) went to the Moss séance and seized the medium masquerading as a *child*. Oh! The shame of it. He was promptly given back his money, and put out of the house."

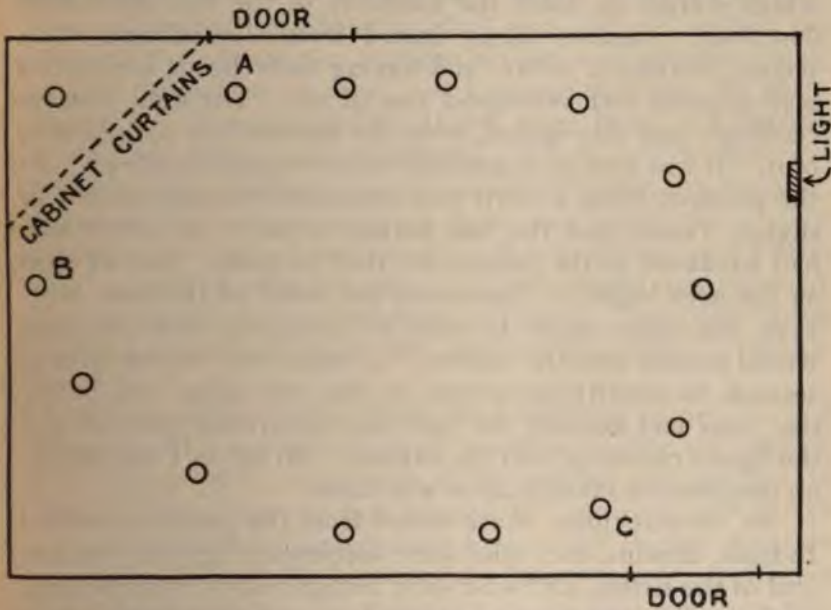
I think this will complete this medium's record, so far as we need concern ourselves with it. It shows, also, that the spiritualists, at camp meetings of this character, do not want the truth; but will continue to patronize mediums that have been exposed time and time again, rather than admit that they have been humbugged.

#### **Séance with C. Nichols—For Materialization.**

*August 8, 1907.*

About twelve persons, besides myself, attended this séance,—the medium preferring fewer sitters than most of the others. In speaking to several of the ladies and gentlemen on the veranda before the séance began, they told me that the medium had been in their home for several days, holding séances, during which period they had satisfied themselves of his honesty. The forms were less distinct, it was said,—and for that reason, I thought, more probably honest. Soon after this we went into the house, and we were arranged somewhat as follows. I subjoin a diagram of the séance-room.

The two persons, sitting at A. and B. respectively, can be treated as confederates. At B. was a man who explained much, expounding the difficulties of spirit-communication, etc.; and at A. was seated a woman who led in the singing, and who knew much about the medium and his work. She stood up a great many times, and it was upon her arm that many of the materialized spirits walked into the room. My own position was at C. It will be observed that there was a door close to the cabinet curtains, and this was opened just



before the séance began "in order to give the sitters some air," and remained open throughout the séance.

It would have been the easiest thing in the world, therefore, for a confederate to creep into the cabinet from the adjoining room—especially when the lady at A. stood up, thus effectually blocking all view of this part of the room. The adjoining room was not searched, and the doors were not sealed, not even locked. The medium was not searched, nor was the cabinet examined—either before or after the séance. A trap-door was, therefore, quite possible; though I do not



think it was used. The supposition receives some support from the fact that the carpet had been removed from the floor of the room, leaving the bare boards exposed to view. We were shown the interior of the cabinet, before the séance began, by the medium, who made a brief speech. The light was regulated from the cabinet by means of a string, passing from the one to the other. The light was lowered, and the séance began.

I need not repeat, in detail, the happenings of this séance, which merely repeated the incidents of the two previously described. Various forms issued from the cabinet, completely clothed in white, and having their heads and forms well covered with veiling—a sort of net. The light was exceedingly bad throughout, even the spiritualists complaining of it. It was next to impossible to distinguish anything. At the moment when a spirit was identified, the light would be slightly raised, and the face turned towards the sitter who had advanced to the cabinet for that purpose. Just so soon as the eyes began to appreciate the detail of the face, however, the light would be shut off instantly, and the form would retreat into the cabinet. I found that it took several seconds to identify any person, in that dim light; and, before that time had elapsed, the light was invariably shut off and the figure retreated into the cabinet. So far as I remember, no one positive identification was made.

At various times, there issued from the cabinet so-called Indians, Hindus, etc., who were supposedly 'guides' of several of the sitters, and who were recognized by them because of their size, and because of the fact that their names were whispered. No spirit spoke above a whisper, except the "cabinet control," who "pasted the forms together," and who talked in a childish voice, obviously forced and disguised. No test information was given, except in one case. An old gentleman—a constant attendant at séances—said to his daughter, who materialized, "touch me where you said you would, this morning,—remember?" At the same time he advanced his head. The spirit touched him lightly on the top of the head. He claimed this as an excellent test. Any one would have guessed the spot, however, from the manner



in which he advanced his head towards the medium; and in any case we have only to suppose a collusion between the trumpet medium and the materializing medium in order to account for the fact. I have discussed this matter of collusion elsewhere.

A rather amusing incident occurred, during the séance. One of the spirits caught its drapery in the points of one of the ladies' hats. Did the piece of drapery dematerialize? No indeed! The poor spirit had to wait ignominiously, outside the cabinet, in the middle of the floor, while the drapery was unhooked! Another incident was this. Towards the close of the séance the medium walked out into the room, several times, "in a trance" —a form appearing at the opening of the cabinet curtains, at the same time. Evidently some confederate was employed. When the medium returned to the cabinet, a head was thrust from the opening, between the curtains, and the light was turned up. "The medium," exclaimed some one. "If it is, he's grown whiskers," remarked some one else. (Which shows that spiritualists do not lack a sense of humor, at times). But the solution at once suggested itself; the medium had been "transfigured!"

On one occasion, the light was accidentally turned on, and a young girl was distinctly seen, standing outside the cabinet. She did not melt, as a result of the sudden and unexpected illumination, however, but opened the curtains, and darted into the cabinet. The light was lowered by closing the shutter with a bang. On another occasion, a sound issued from the cabinet, exactly corresponding to one that would be produced by accidentally knocking one's elbow against a plastered wall.

Only one figure 'came' for me—my mother. The form did not speak, but advanced into the room. I advanced, and, in response to my question whether it was she, the figure bowed. At that instant, the light was turned on quite full for an instant, and I clearly saw that the form before me was being represented by a young girl, about sixteen years of age, with long brown hair. The face was turned half away from me, and shielded by the drapery. I clearly saw the face for

that instant, however, and the fraud stood confessed—for me. Soon after this, the séance ended.

By subsequent inquiry, I have ascertained that this medium has been exposed before, on these very grounds. He was unable to return for three years. On that occasion it was proved that he and another medium were in the habit of meeting at a certain spot in the woods and exchanging information about sitters. They were caught in the act of thus exchanging their information by the spiritualists present at the time, and were forced to leave the grounds. Taken in connection with the facts brought forward in the above report, I think we need not stretch our imaginations very far in conceiving that fraud alone is the adequate explanation of all the phenomena witnessed at the séance described above.

### § III.

#### PIERRE L. O. A. KEELER.

Of all the slate-writing mediums in this country, there is probably not one more celebrated—and justly celebrated—than Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, of Washington, D. C. For twenty-eight years, Keeler has been holding slate-writing séances in Washington, and every summer, for the past twenty-three years (so he informed me), he has visited Lily Dale,—and taken away about three thousand dollars on each occasion! From all of which it will be readily enough understood that Keeler is a very famous slate-writer, and one of the best (and I do not hesitate to say *the* best) in his line of work—I mean “phase” of mediumship. From some of the reports that had been sent into the office of the A. S. P. R., and which I had read, it became evident that the investigation of Keeler’s mediumship was of the utmost importance, and that he should be investigated, even if no other medium were visited, during my stay in Lily Dale. Perhaps the importance of settling this question of Keeler’s mediumship will be more apparent when I state that some of the reports sent in to the office of the Society were detailed, careful and to all appearances absolutely conclusive—apparently proving beyond all reasonable doubt that Keeler’s slate-writing per-



formances were genuine, and could not have been produced by any kind or sort of fraud imaginable. To give my readers some idea of the excellence of the accounts sent in, concerning this medium, and the impossibility of accounting for them by fraud (to all appearances), I quote in this place parts of a report by one of our members,—a physician and a man in the Government service,—and one, it will be seen, who is unusually critical and careful in his acceptance of facts and in his manner of obtaining them. I alter the initials and names throughout, in order to conceal the identity of this contributor, since publicity is prohibited. The detailed record, containing all names in full is before me, however, and is on file in the office of the A. S. P. R. This account reads in part as follows:

"On Sunday morning I took two new slates, which I purchased myself in the open market, and cleaned them most carefully with water and rag. For purposes of identification, I noted the following concerning them, before turning them over to Mrs. A., setting the notes of identification down in my scientific record. . . . Mrs. A. brought these two slates back to me from Mr. Keeler's, and I proceeded with a rule in hand to identify them, which I did. There is absolutely no mistake about this.

"Mrs. A. took the two slates, which I had carefully wrapped in paper, the four sealed envelopes (unaddressed) [which had been prepared, as stated in the omitted portion of the report] and, accompanied by her little daughter, proceeded to Mr. Keeler's house.

"Mr. K. [Keeler] came down into the reception room and asked Mrs. A. if she had brought her own slates, and if there was any metal on them. He received a negative answer as to the metal. Mr. K. said that he would be ready in three minutes. He went to the back part of the house, and returned in the same way he went. They then proceeded upstairs to the séance-room, which is in the front of the house. . . . Mrs. A. and Keeler entered the séance-room. This room contains simply a table, carpet, a rug or two, and pictures. There are three large bay windows. The curtains were up—the shades—and the sunlight and breeze came freely in. The table is an ordinary kitchen table, open underneath; absolutely no space under it to conceal a boy or confederate of any kind; has a spread of some kind of cloth which hangs down about six inches on the four sides. The two doors leading from the room into the hall were open during the sitting. Mrs. A., who had been reading various books on trick



slate-writing, magic, etc., says that there is absolutely no suspicion of an electric apparatus of any kind. She went into the room with the determination to do at least two things—watch those two slates and the four notes.

“Mr. K. asked Mrs. A. if she had written the notes herself, in her own hand. She replied in the affirmative, not knowing that one of them was in my handwriting. [Mr. A. had added one, unknown to his wife, who took them to Keeler for her sitting.] The two sat on opposite sides of the table—about three feet long and two feet wide. Mr. K. had Mrs. A. open the envelopes, take out the letters, tear off the second sheet (which she threw onto the floor) and fold each letter up into a small square, separately; or, rather, she folded each one many times in squares; then she placed the five notes, folded, before her in a cluster on the table—her side of the table. The opening of the envelopes, tearing, folding, etc., were done in her lap, with the writing towards her, so that it was (she says) absolutely impossible for any human eye to read it. I have since assured myself that the pen, in writing the notes, did not leave an impression on the second sheet, thus showing that Keeler could not have read the notes from the sheets thrown onto the floor by Mrs. A. Mrs. A. declares that, to have seen the notes in her lap, even had she turned the writing the other way, would have required Keeler to look through the top of the table itself. After the notes had lain on the table for perhaps twenty minutes without any indication that any ‘spirits’ desired to answer them, it happened that Mrs. A. began to feel faint, as she had had a headache all the morning, and was complaining when she left home. She thereupon said that she was feeling sick, and asked if she might not move nearer to the windows. Mr. Keeler replied: ‘I shall have to have you near the table—but I can move the table to the windows.’ She thereupon gathered up the notes into her lap, while he picked up the table, with the slates still on it, and they went to the windows and sat down as before. After a few moments, as no manifestations occurred, Mr. K. reached over and picked up one of the notes (wads) and held it between his thumb and index finger directly in front of Mrs. A., above the table, saying that he could usually tell in that way whether the one to whom it was addressed was present and ready to communicate. He said that no one was present, evidently, and laid the note back with the rest. They sat a few minutes longer with no results, when he remarked that he had better write to his guide to get those people for him, or words to that effect. He thereupon wrote some characters on a slip of paper, folded it up, and placed it with the five notes. Just about this time, he had taken the slates from the paper in which I had wrapped them at home, looked on all four sides of them, to see that they were perfectly clean, and, without any attempt to get

them out of Mrs. A.'s sight, off the table or anywhere else, placed them in front of him. In about three minutes from the time he wrote the note to his guide he exclaimed: 'Here is somebody,' and, picking up a piece of slate-pencil, scrawled on the top slate, (they were still together): W. G——; and he inquired of Mrs. A., 'Did you write to him?' Receiving an affirmative answer, he then had her pick out the note to W. G——, and hold it in her hand separately. Scarcely could she do this before he exclaimed: 'Here is somebody else, A. B. C—— [giving a name]; 'is that one of them?'.....He then said: 'take hold of the slates, they are ready to write.' Mrs. A. then put all of the notes into her lap, still folded up. Mr. Keeler picked up the two slates, took a small sponge, and washed off the top slate, on which he had scrawled in very coarse letters the initials of the 'spirits,' exposed all four sides to Mrs. A.'s view; he then broke off a piece of slate pencil about one-eighth or one-fourth inch long (it being the kind of slate pencil that is covered with wood) laid it between the slates, snapped a rubber band around both slates, and shook the slates to make sure the pencil was free between them. The two then took hold of the four corners of the two slates and held them about eight inches above the top of the table. Mr. K., Mrs. A. observed, had on no cuffs, and his coat sleeves were pushed up towards the elbows; it was an ordinary house coat. Scarcely had the slates been held up before writing was heard going on inside the slates, with very considerable force, the t's being crossed, the i's dotted. Suddenly quite a loud tap came on one slate and the writing stopped. 'That side is full,' said Mr. Keeler. They then turned the slates over, and the writing began, as before. All of the writing was over in not more than five minutes from the time they held the slates in the air. During this time Mrs. A. watched Mr. Keeler's hands and declares that there was absolutely no muscular movement to be detected in them—that by no possibility could they have been moved along under the slates, as would have been required had any electric or magnetic contrivance been in use. That the writing, such as will presently be quoted and described by me, could have been produced by any object inserted between the slates, even had the medium's hands shown muscular movements, Mrs. A. declares to be simply preposterous—too silly to discuss. That she could have been hypnotized at any time during the sitting she regards as equally absurd."

The report concludes with a discussion of the messages, which were on the slates; but as that aspect of the problem does not interest us here, and as I am not at liberty to quote them in this place in any case, it would merely complicate the



problem to introduce that portion of the report. It is a very good report, and apparently places fraud beyond the bounds of possibility. In two subsequent letters to me, Mr. A. confirmed the statements to me contained in the original Report to Dr. Hyslop, and replied to some criticisms of mine. He also furnished details of some experiments even more marvellous than any contained in his own report, and which would seem to be quite beyond the bounds of trickery. Thus:

"A woman was here last night who told us of a slate-writing sitting which she had with Keeler. She is a pretty intelligent woman—about the average. She declares that she wrote some notes, sealed them in envelopes, and kept them in the envelopes and in her own hands, and received relevant answers to the notes on the slates. A Mr. M., who recently went from Washington to New York, told another reporter here (who told me) that he (M.) went to Keeler with five notes in his pockets, kept them there, and received answers to them on the slates. Captain H——, . . . . ., tells us of still more marvellous things. He was for many years a thorough rationalist. He became acquainted with Keeler. He has had many slate-writings with him. I suggested to the Captain that possibly Keeler's sitters were in some way the victims of illusion. His reply to me was as follows: 'Doctor, if you go to Keeler and don't know that you haven't been fooled, then you don't know your wife when you see her.' I have been told this time and time again by very intelligent men and women. Captain H. told me of a remarkable automatic letter that K. got for him from the late Justice Bradley. . . . . Once Captain H.'s son thought to test Keeler. The son had a cigar store on Ninth Street, near the Avenue. A tuberculous fellow used to come in there, loaf and talk. He soon died. The son went to K. with various notes and a slate, in the usual way. But in addition, he wrote a note to his friend and put it in his vest pocket. Under his coat he put a small, clean slate, buttoning up the coat so as to both conceal and hold the slate in its position, and saying nothing to Keeler about the matter. Keeler's attention was of course taken up with the (as he had reason to suppose) ordinary slate-writing. The sitter got the usual results on the exposed slate, and departed. After he was out of Keeler's presence, he looked on the slate, and there was a message from his tuberculous friend. Captain H. is an intelligent man, and he certainly enjoys the respect and confidence of the residents of the District.

"I have read your book, and let me say that I am much pleased with it. I am forced to state, however, that, as you seem



to think yourself, there is nothing in it that will explain Keeler's slate-writings.\* He is, as nearly as I am able to judge, far above the ordinary slate-writing medium—far above Slade and his like. He is constantly consulted by the most respectable and successful business men (so I am told) in the District, and he practically never fails to satisfy and completely dumbfound his sitters. He is as calm and unperturbed as a cucumber, they say. He has been doing these things for twenty-eight years, and declares he does not know how they are done.....”

Whatever we may think of the above narrative of facts, it is at all events evident that Keeler is a very remarkable man; and it is also evident that a careful investigation of his mediumship was called for and necessitated by reports such as the above. Keeler is a very touchy man, and must be approached with caution and humility—otherwise one finds himself turned out of doors with short ceremony. Having in mind such accounts as that given above, then; and at the same time remembering that I must keep my eyes open for fraud, should such exist, I entered Mr. Keeler's house in Lily Dale with high hopes that here, at least, I should meet with physical phenomena that were genuine, or at least such as I could not readily explain. I must say just here that Keeler is by far the cleverest man in his line I have ever come into contact with, in all my experience with the physical phenomena; but as to the rest, I leave my reports to speak for themselves.

#### **Sitting with Pierre L. O. A. Keeler—For Slate-Writing.**

*August 5, 1907.*

By appointment, I called on Mr. Keeler, and obtained a sitting. It was a sitting of great interest, in many respects, as we shall presently see, but conclusive of no results, one way or the other, for the following reason. I determined to let Keeler “run things” to suit himself, at this first sitting, and not impose any conditions or ask any tests—merely play-

\* Before I had had an opportunity to obtain a sitting with Keeler, I too thought that nothing in my book explained his slate-writing; and indeed, his method is slightly different from anything I describe. I had written this in a letter to Mr. A.

ing the part of a green, unobservant spectator. For that reason, I disguised myself with a pair of smoked glasses—insinuating bad or defective eyesight—and of course gave my assumed name, Charles Henderson. Later on, I intended to ask for better test conditions—to examine the table; provide my own slates, etc.:—but for this séance I determined to let the medium impose his own conditions entirely, and to be as unobservant as possible, depending upon later sittings for conclusive results.

We entered the séance room, in the center of which, against the wall, was a table, about three feet square, covered with a cloth that hung down on all sides about six or eight inches. At least it hung down that distance on three sides of the table, but about a foot on the side nearest the medium. On the table were—a pile of four slates, a couple of slate pencils, a lead pencil, a sponge and cloth (for cleaning the slates), a couple of small pads of paper, and a box about six by eight inches square, and an opened letter. The two last mentioned are of no importance, however, and, I am convinced, played no part in the results. I must ask my reader to remember that box, however, as, although the medium did not employ it to trick me, I employed it in order to trick *him* at the next séance, as we shall presently see. But I anticipate.

The medium asked me if I had brought prepared questions with me. I replied in the negative. Keeler then pushed the small pad of paper and the lead pencil toward me, and requested me to write questions on these slips of paper. I did so; and the medium rose and went into the next room while I was writing them. I feel quite certain that he did not see the questions at that time. He soon came back, and took a seat opposite me at the table. As nearly as I can remember them, the four questions were as follows:

(1) "Dear father; I should be very glad to hear your opinion of the book I am writing. Charles Henderson."

(2) "Dear mother; will you tell me if you think Nell and I will be happy in our coming marriage? Charles Henderson."

(3) "Dear mother; were you with me the other day in Chicago? I felt your presence very strongly on the street corner. Charles Henderson."



(4) "Dear sister; were you at the materializing séance the other night? Charles Henderson."

I wrote the first two of these slips of paper first, folded them in four, and handed them to the medium, who took them in his hands instantly, and proceeded to fold them up still more. While I was writing the second slip, Keeler was folding up the first, and there was nothing in the world to prevent him from substituting another pellet for mine at that time. I stopped after I had written the second pellet and watched Keeler fold it up—thus making sure there was no substitution. Keeler asked me if I did not want to ask more questions, and I at first replied in the negative. Keeler replied that I need not feel myself limited in the number of questions asked, and rather urged me to write more. Seeing that he was anxious for me to write more,—and so give him the opportunity to exchange the one I had just written—I took the pad and wrote the remaining two questions. The second slip had meanwhile been handed to Keeler, and it—or a dummy—placed on the table. During the writing of the third and fourth slips, the medium took another pad and lead pencil, and wrote something on a slip, folding it as I had folded mine, and placed it on the table beside them. By this time, I had finished writing my third and fourth slips, and handed them in turn to the medium, who folded them as he had folded the first two and his own. The third slip might have been substituted while I was writing the fourth, but I feel sure that the fourth was not exchanged at that time, as I had my eyes upon it. The *five* slips were now on the table, in a row—the four I had written, and the one written by the medium.

Keeler now asked me if I had written the *names* of the persons addressed on the slips of paper. I said I had not. He then requested me to do this, and I unfolded the slips in turn—finding the first to be the slip written by the medium to his guide,—asking him to bring the right spirits to the séance. The next was addressed to my father, and on this pellet I wrote Robert Henderson. The next two were addressed to my mother, and on these I wrote Jane Henderson.



The last was intended for my supposed sister, and on that I wrote Victoria Henderson. All the personages are, of course, fictitious. The slips were again folded up by the medium and placed on the table, as before. During this time, there was ample opportunity for the medium to open two or three of the four pellets, re-read the messages, and read the names. I did not watch the medium too closely, for the reason that I wished to appear as credulous as possible, and to give him all the latitude I could. The medium could have read the remaining one or two slips while I was cleaning the four slates on the table, which I was now requested to do. All this time the medium kept handling the pellets, but always at times when I was occupied in other ways, so that, had I not been on the watch for just this thing, I could not have told, very often, that he had touched the pellets at all. For instance, he would lean forward and say, "Now will you clean those four slates?" and in the instant the attention was diverted to the slates, the hand would drop down and an exchange of pellets be made. However, I hope to offer more than mere possibilities, before this Report is finished.

While I was cleaning the slates, the medium kept his right hand below the top of the table, sometimes both hands; and at other times held his hands above the table, and handled, idly, a broken pair of eye-glasses, which seemed to have no special use. The position of the hands, the head, the eyes, the constant looking down to the hands—whether above or below the table—the continued handling of the pellets—all rendered it perfectly obvious to me that he had substituted each in turn, and read their contents. There was nothing to prevent this supposition, and I feel confident, from what I observed, (his motions, etc.), that he *did* read the pellets in this manner. I am willing to undertake the reading of a like number of pellets myself, under similar conditions. In fact, I have done so, under much closer scrutiny than I employed. I think we may safely take it for granted, therefore, that the pellets were read in this manner, and the desired information gained. It but remains for us, therefore, to consider the slate-writing.

Until this time the four small slates I had cleaned re-

mained in a heap upon the table—to my left and the medium's right—and I feel quite sure that he had not touched them nor tampered with them in any way up to that time. Now, the medium took one of the slates (openly) and wrote upon it the letters "Vic." He held the slate out to me, and asked me if I knew anyone whose name began with those letters. I said that I recognized the appropriateness of the letters, which were the first three letters of one of the names on a slip lying on the table. The medium then erased this name, or rather, these letters, from the slate, and leaned back in his chair again, leaving the slate on the table, just in front of him. Before this had occurred, however, a considerable period of time had elapsed, in which nothing whatever happened. The medium leaned back in his chair, with half-closed eyes, and rocked to and fro, and I sat on the opposite side of the table, watching him. At least twenty minutes were occupied in this manner—waiting for the spirits to manifest—before the medium picked up the slate and wrote upon it in the manner described. During this waiting period, it would have been quite possible for Keeler to have written messages of considerable length upon duplicate slates, concealed in his lap, with a soft pencil; and I may say here that I distinctly *heard* such writing going on—a very faint scratching being audible, though it was nearly drowned by the outside noises, and the loud ticking of a clock in the room. It was only because I listened closely for the sound of this writing, and because my hearing is especially keen, that I was enabled to hear it; I shut out all other noises, as it were, and listened especially *for* that. In this way, I was enabled to hear the sound of a very soft slate pencil, softly scratching on the slate. During all this time, it will be remembered, the pile of four slates was on the table, undisturbed; the medium doubtless writing the messages on two duplicate slates, placed in his lap. I will say that the medium kept his right hand and arm below the surface of the table during the entire time, and looked down, into his lap, continuously. The light was on the medium's left, slightly behind him, and in the eyes of the sitter. The chair in which I sat was a *very low* rocker, the medium's chair being somewhat higher, but low



also. During the interval of waiting, the medium asked me several questions about myself, one of them being: "Did you attend that séance Saturday night?" I replied, "No." The significance of this question will be apparent when I remind the reader that my fourth question was, "Dear sister Victoria; Were you at the materializing séance the other night? Charles Henderson." If I could have said "yes," doubtless further tests would have been forthcoming.

But to return. We left the medium with one slate in front of him, upon the table, and near its edge. The medium now took another of the slates on the table, and wrote on it, the initials "R. H.," asking me if I recognized them. I replied that I did. Keeler then erased these initials also, and, picking up a rubber band, that was lying on the table, he passed it about both slates, which he had placed together, after first breaking off a small piece of slate pencil, and placing this between the two slates. All this time I had been watching the movements of the medium keenly, and at the moment that the operation was completed, the medium looked up quickly and caught my eyes, riveted upon the slates. I dropped them immediately, but it was too late. No attempt at exchange was made at that time. Instead, Keeler placed the two slates, fastened together as they were, on the center of the table, and stated that we should have to wait for some time yet, in order to receive communications. One of the pellets, containing one of my questions, was tucked under the rubber band, and the slates rested peacefully in the center of the table, on the top. Fully five more minutes elapsed, during which time Keeler leaned back in his chair, half closed his eyes, and again let his right hand fall in his lap. We entered into conversation, part of the time; and part of the time Keeler seemed to go to sleep, closing his eyes, apparently, though it was hard to see whether the eyes were really closed or not, owing to the light. They may have been (and probably were) looking downward into his lap. At the expiration of about five minutes, Keeler seized another slate, and wrote "hold" across it. He stated that this meant we were to hold the slates in our hands, and, picking up the slates himself, he proceeded to work off the rubber



band, binding them together. He then took the two slates apart. Next, he broke off a second piece of slate pencil, and placed it upon the lower slate; then picked up the other slate, and placed it on top of this lower slate, and proceeded to bind the two together again by means of the rubber band formerly employed. While engaged in placing the rubber band around the two slates the second time, Keeler asked me to pick out the note (from among those on the table) that contained the initials of the person last addressed. At this moment, and while I was busily engaged in selecting this note, Keeler's hand, containing the two slates, dipped into his lap, and beneath the surface of the table, for the merest fraction of a second,—coming up a moment later, still holding, apparently, the two slates I had just seen. As a matter of fact, however, he had, in that moment, *exchanged the two slates, originally held for two others in his lap*,—that had been prepared and written upon, during the sitting. These also contained pieces of slate pencil, and these also were fastened together by means of a rubber band. When they were brought up above the surface of the table, therefore, it was impossible to tell that they were not the slates just seen in his hands, *i. e.*, the unprepared slates containing no writing, whereas these slates were already full of messages. Of course I could not see this substitution, from the nature of things, and for that reason some of my readers may object to my construction of the observed facts, saying that fraud is in no wise proved by what I observed, but only rendered possible, and supposition is not proof. I quite see and sympathize with this viewpoint, and I should not think of claiming more than a possibility of fraud, as the result of this, my first sitting. As we shall presently see, however, I have conclusive proof that the slates actually *were* exchanged in this manner, and so I feel more at liberty to state dogmatically what did actually take place at this sitting. I shall describe the course of events, therefore, as they actually did transpire, being somewhat positive in my statements.

To return to the moment when the slates were brought up from the medium's lap, and the exchange completed. So far as the writing on the slates was concerned, it will be ob-

served that that was already there—the trick was done. But it would have disclosed the secret of the trick, would have been most inartistic, also, to display the writing at that time,—since “the spirits” had not written upon the slates at all, as yet! That part of the performance had yet to be gone through. Accordingly, the medium asked me to hold the slates with him, over the center of the table, and we held the slates between us in that manner. I heard (apparently) the scratching of the pencil between the slates,—the writing was proceeding. I expressed my delight. The illusion was perfect. I would not have believed that the sound could have been imitated so accurately and perfectly, had I not heard it; and had I not known that the medium was producing the sound by scratching on the under surface of the lower slate with his finger nail! \* One could swear that the pencil, inside the slates, was doing the writing, *at first*; but, on listening very intently, I perceived that the sound more nearly resembled the scratching to and fro of a finger nail than the variable sound produced by a pencil in forming various letters. Only by a long and careful analysis of the sound, however, could this be distinguished. Still more conclusive evidence, however, is the following fact; I distinctly saw the tendons of the right wrist in constant movement—just as they are when one of the fingers is moved rapidly. This was proof positive to my mind that the sound was produced in that way. One further proof. If one rubs a slate with a finger nail, a white patch is left on the surface of the slate, and, if this is erased with the finger, a *very faint* white spot is left,—hardly distinguishable, except on close examination. Just such a spot I found on one of my slates when examining it at home, after the séance. It is pretty conclusively proved, therefore, that this was the method employed by the medium in order to produce the sound; and my theory was to receive further confirmation later on. Needless to say, when the slates were separated, the inside surfaces were found to be covered with writing—clean, neat and even. But as, on my theory, these

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\* See pp. 100-101 of my *Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism*, for various methods of producing this sound by fraudulent means. The medium merely used his finger nail, I am convinced; see the Report, further on.



were written in a good light on the medium's lap; and as he had plenty of time to write what I received, that is not wonderful.\* We come, therefore, to a consideration of the *Content* of the messages, and we shall now see whether the information given is suggestive of the supernormal.

When the two slates were taken apart, there were found four messages, three in ordinary slate pencil, and one in red chalk. There was no red pencil or chalk between the slates, so, if genuine, we should have to suppose that this writing had been "precipitated" on the slate—*a la* Madame Blavatsky. Besides these four messages, to be detailed presently—there was drawn a face. It was on one side of one of the slates, and was that of an elderly man—whom I do not recognize. It was very finely done, and looks as though it were powdered on the slate, rather than drawn on it. If the substitution postulated had been effected, however, this could have been printed on the duplicate slate, before the séance began, and was doubtless placed on the duplicate slate in the manner described in *The Revelations of a Spirit Medium*, pp. 145-7. The process is there described in detail, and is very ingenious. To turn, however, to the spirit messages. The first reads:

"Dear Charles; I am absent. I rejoice to be here. I will take an interest in the book and will give you my opinion later. I should like to talk about it with you in the séance. I am glad I can meet you in the same way. I am with your mother. Father, Robert Henderson."

This is in a good, bold, clear handwriting, occupying two-

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\* After my return, Dr. Hyslop and I went carefully through the writing on the slates, and compared the various hands. There are certain characteristics which would seem to point unmistakably to the fact that they were all written by the same person; but, even if they were not, that would prove nothing, as any member of his family might have written the messages for him. I was informed that his son writes the messages in various languages on the slates—with which Keeler himself is unfamiliar. But I have no proof of this. There is a certain systematic unity about the writings which is very remarkable, and illustrates the wonderful memory of sitters and of various handwritings that the medium must possess. In my own case, the handwriting was very similar, on all messages purporting to come from the same spirit,—and all very different, one from another.



thirds of the slate. Under it, in red chalk, is the following message:

"Dear Sir; I will help you in your literary efforts. Henry W. Longfellow."

This is in a fine, clear handwriting, the signature not being so unlike Longfellow's. It occupies the remainder of the slate.

*Comments.* So far as I know, there is no such person as Robert Henderson. Certainly it is not my father. My name is not Charles. The fact that "Longfellow" referred to my writing as "efforts," and places everything in the future, shows his complete ignorance of the fact that I had already written three books;—while Longfellow is the last person on earth to assist in my present book—a lengthy treatise on hygiene and diet!

Now as to the second slate. In a fine, clear handwriting is the following message:

"Dear Charles: I am like a stranger in a strange land at this sort of work. I do not just know how you were aware that I could be here with you at this time, but that man knew where to find me, to tell me that you were waiting here. It is all remarkable and strange, but I am glad we can meet. If you and Nell learn to bear and forbear you should be very happy. She is a sweet girl and is very fond of you. I was in Chicago. Dear Mother, Jane Henderson."

*Comments.* There is, so far as I know, no such person as Jane Henderson, certainly not my mother; and, as I said, my name is not Charles. The message indicates a lack of knowledge of the fact that "Nell" and I had been married some time. I have not been in Chicago since February, 1903, at which time my mother was still alive. I asked this question for the express purpose of trapping the medium, and he fell into the trap. The whole message is, therefore, false; while the language is stilted, stiff, and quite unlike that of my mother.

On the other half of the slate—occupying the space the face does not occupy (about seven-eighths)—is the following message:

"When you want to be near me don't go out in the graveyard and sit on my grave thinking you are near me. I am as far away from the cemetery as I can get. I have no affiliation for that resting place of an old lot of bodies that have been thrown aside as useless. Look for me in the séance room or at home. No-where else. If you can get out here to the séance Tuesday night, papa and I will meet you and talk and write on paper, in fact. I was at the materializing séance. Sister Victoria."

*Comments.* All the above message, to the words "I was ..." etc., are very general, and might apply to anyone. In fact, this criticism applies to almost all the messages obtained, and all of them might have been written before, leaving only a few words to be added at the end, in order to answer the sitter's question. In this particular instance, this supposition is strengthened by the fact that the writing fits snugly around the head, drawn on the slate, and was evidently fitted around it with some care. The passage about looking in the graveyard for the lost ones is very typical of this medium; and, before I left Lily Dale, I saw very much this same message on as many as six or seven slates. It is, therefore, a stock phrase with the medium. The last words of this message might have been written in during the séance. As to its content: At the time I visited Keeler the first time, I had been to no materializing séance; consequently my sister could not have appeared to me at any. Seeing that my name is not Henderson, and that I got the same name for my sister that I wrote on the pellet, (p. 44), the reader can imagine the source of the message.

Taking, then, these replies to my written questions, I think we shall be quite justified in thinking and asserting that "spirits" had nothing whatever to do with the writings, since names were signed that I do not recognize, of persons who never existed (so far as I know). On the theory that the pellets had been opened and read by the medium, however, all that transpired is intelligible enough, and is certainly the most rational theory to adopt.

There remains the theory—or the possibility—that "lying spirits" might have written the messages;—drawn to the séance by my unbelieving frame of mind, and palming them—



selves off as relatives of mine. I know that this is an explanation frequently offered by spiritualists to account for such blunders as I have described, and I am not going to say that such is an impossibility. But, if this were the case, why should they sign themselves by fictitious names instead of their real names, thus letting themselves fall into the trap, and making it perfectly patent that they were not the personages they claimed to be? But I have a far more forcible objection still, and I shall now state it, since it effectually disposes of this theory, as well of that which says that some force, under the control of the medium's subliminal, did the writing. It is this:

I carefully preserved the little bits of slate-pencil that Keeler had broken off, and a thorough, close examination revealed the fact that *they had not been used at all*. They were perfectly round, smooth, and fresh, just as they were broken off the pencil—the uneven edges, points, etc., still being there, and the gloss still being visible on the smooth sides. They could not have been used to write one single line,—far less the twenty-seven lines of close writing I received, as well as draw the face in such perfect detail. And further, how did the red writing come there—since there was no red pencil or chalk between the slates? Was it “precipitated?” I noticed that Keeler laughed when he saw the red writing—I presume because he had forgotten to put the bit of red pencil between the slates; but he evidently thought me “green” enough to swallow anything. It was not “complimentary!”

I know that many persons have found that their pencils are much worn after the writing has taken place. In such cases, the medium simply placed between the slates a piece of slate pencil that was worn, in the first instance; and, when they were separated, at the conclusion of the sitting, it was naturally found worn also. No one thinks of examining the slate-pencil *before* it is placed between the slates, nor does the medium suggest such an examination. Even if it were made, a simple exchange could be afterwards effected.

I asked for a sitting the next day; I was much impressed and delighted; in fact, I should be glad of a sitting every day that week! But nothing definite could be arranged. All I



could do was to go at another time and ask for another sitting as soon as possible. This I did, and eventually obtained one. But it will be seen that my first sitting was in itself quite inconclusive one way or the other. Certainly the slate-writing could not be claimed as genuine, since it bore too many characteristics of being fraudulently produced, and in fact appeared to me to prove fraud quite conclusively,—though I am willing to admit that this impression may not be conveyed to every reader, who is less familiar with fraud and its possibilities than myself. And I should certainly not contend that Keeler is proved to be a fraud on that evidence alone. That would be most unfair to him, and I do not wish to treat any of the evidence in that summary way. I determined to wait further developments before coming to any conclusion, one way or the other. That could only be arrived at by having a second sitting, and most closely watching the medium, and actually *detecting* the process of fraud in operation, if possible. I might bait certain traps, and let the medium fall into them, if he would; and in that way I might definitely prove Keeler to be a fraud, or the reverse. That I determined to do. I could arrive at no definite conclusion, as the result of my first sitting, for the reason that fraud was not actually detected, in spite of the evidences that it was practised, and I did not feel justified in asserting that such was the case. All the actions of the medium, however; his methods of distracting attention, as well as the fact that it might have been possible for the medium to exchange the slates at the times indicated—all point to the fact that fraud was actually practised, and I felt that I knew almost exactly the method which the medium pursued. However, both Dr. Hyslop and myself have always contended that because such and such a manifestation might have been produced by fraud, it is no *evidence* that it was actually so produced, unless external evidence be forthcoming, and that had not as yet been produced, in Keeler's case. Accordingly I determined to get it, if possible, at a later séance.

Let me give, just here, a résumé of the method I think the medium pursued on this occasion—for I do not for one minute doubt that Keeler uses different methods on various occasions, and very rarely the same method for the same sitter on

two occasions. In my book, I have, I believe, pointed out fifty-three different methods of obtaining slate-writing by fraudulent means, and I have learned as many as twenty-five or thirty methods since, so that it will very easily be seen that to trap the unwary sitter is no hard task. But the method I believe Keeler used at this, my first sitting with him, was this. The pellets were exchanged one by one and read by the medium, so as to obtain the names, and the contents of the slips. These pellets were then replaced on the table, and the answers to the questions written on two duplicate slates concealed in the medium's lap. A rubber band was then passed around these two slates. The medium then picked up first one slate and then another, scrawling initials across them, and leaving them in front of him on the table. He then picked up these slates, and proceeded to place a rubber band about them, in which act his hand dipped below the surface of the table for a second, and these two slates were exchanged for the two prepared slates upon which was the writing. This act of exchanging the slates was concealed by the fact that the medium, at that very time, requested the sitter to pick out the slip of paper on which was written the message to the last person mentioned, *i. e.*, the person whose initials were last written on the slate, by the medium. This distracted the attention of the sitter, for the moment, and during that moment, the exchange was effected. It remained for me, therefore, (1) to watch the medium at that moment most carefully; (2) to obtain definite proof of the exchange of paper pellets; and (3) to obtain definite proof of exchange of slates by the medium. I accordingly prepared to obtain these proofs at the next séance—with what success the reader will observe.

In thinking over this sitting, and in writing these notes, I have been struck most forcibly with the frailty of human memory and of the utter worthlessness of human testimony to phenomena of this character. Even now [at the time of writing out the sitting] I can not recall distinctly all the events that transpired at that sitting—their sequence, and precise order. I cannot remember, *e. g.*, how many times Keeler picked up and handled the paper pellets; whether I



looked at the under surface of the top slate, when they were put together, etc. In slate-writing manifestations, far more than in any others—these details are important to remember, and as difficult to remember as they are important. It is next to impossible for the average person to write out a correct account of a slate-writing séance, on his return home,—though he may be able to write out a perfectly accurate account of a materializing or trumpet séance, etc. Of course I was not watching Keeler as closely as I might have watched him, for the reasons given above; but it must be remembered that I knew about the method Keeler was to employ; knew how he opened and read the pellets; knew how and when he wrote upon the slates; how and when he might have exchanged these slates for those upon the table; I have even performed the same test myself for friends, upon occasion;—*and yet* I cannot call to mind all his movements with distinctness,—even knowing all this. Of how much value is the testimony of the average man or woman, therefore, who is ignorant of trickery, and knows nothing whatever of the methods employed?

Summing up the sitting, I think we may assert, with confidence, that “spirits” had nothing to do with the results observed, since there were no such persons as I addressed. Many other facts indicate clearly that fraud would alone account for the whole sitting, and would be the most rational theory to adopt upon the evidence presented. It but remained for further facts to sustain, and in fact confirm, that view of the case.

#### Sitting with P. L. O. A. Keeler—For Slate-writing.

*August 7, 1907.*

According to appointment, I paid my second visit to Keeler this afternoon, my prime object being to verify or to refute the theories of the *modus operandi* that I had formulated in my mind upon my first visit. This time, I prepared four slips of paper, before going to the séance, writing upon them the following questions:—



(1) "Dear Sister Victoria; Our former friend, Mrs. Young, of Chicago, is going to sit for development. Do you remember her? If so, will you assist her? Your loving brother, Charles Henderson."

(2) "My dear Jimmie Robinson; You ought to be able to come here, as you came and spoke through the trumpet the other day. You *were* there, weren't you? I still think of you; and remember your old chum—Charles Henderson."

(3) "Dear Mother (Jane Henderson); You materialized for me last night.\* You were much changed, though I think I recognized you. Your consumption wasted you much, did it not? Your loving son, Charles."

(4) "Dear Father (Robert Henderson); Brother Bob wants to sell your old house in Chicago. Would you advise this? Your loving son, Charles."

These four questions I wrote on paper that crackled a great deal when handled—folded and refolded, etc.—and folded them into small squares, about half-an-inch in size. I numbered these 1, 2, 3, 4, respectively, on the outside of the folded slips. These I took with me to the sitting, and placed them in the center of the table, between us. Keeler then asked me to clean the pile of five slates that stood on the table to my left and his right. I proceeded to do so, and as I was busy cleaning them, Keeler leaned over the table, and commenced handling the slips, as on the previous occasion. While pretending to clean my slates, I kept one eye on him, and distinctly saw him exchange two pellets, one after the other. These pellets he held in the palm of his right hand, which he then dropped carelessly into his lap. A few seconds later I heard the crackle of my slips of paper, as they were being opened. Glancing up at Keeler, I saw his eyes were riveted upon his lap—evidently busily engaged in reading my pellet. Several times I looked up, and each time I saw Keeler looking intently into his lap. When I had finished cleaning the four slates, I stacked them together, at the left of the table, and waited.

I soon heard the crinkle of my paper again, and soon after that the faint sound of a pencil scratching on a slate. Keeler

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\* This referred to the incident, mentioned on p. 29, as I had attended that séance the evening before.

looked down persistently, his hands being busily engaged in his lap; the whole process was so patent, so obvious and so brazen that I marvelled at such audacity. It is true that Keeler looked up and about frequently, and frequently let his right hand rest on the table; but for fully fifteen minutes, both of Keeler's hands were below the table, and the greater part of that time his eyes were directed downward to his lap—almost closed, as though entranced or asleep. The sound of writing was clearly distinguishable by me a good part of this time. Once, after about five minutes, Keeler leaned over the table and handled the pellets. I saw him exchange another pellet, replacing the two he had already taken at the commencement of the séance. This was repeated at the end of another five minutes or so, when the medium exchanged the fourth pellet, and brought back the third one. Soon after this, Keeler suddenly seized one of the pellets, and tore it into five or six pieces, and threw them aside, saying; "that pellet does not belong here"—though the person to whom it was addressed "might write, just the same." Again, I heard the paper being opened, and shortly afterwards refolded; and again I saw Keeler looking down into his lap and heard the scratching of the slate pencil, as it wrote the answer to my fourth question. I could not but marvel at the audacity of the man, calmly sitting there, across the table, and literally forging messages from the spirit world! Evidently my apparent credulity had convinced him that there was nothing to fear; and, what with his relaxing his precautions to some extent, on that account, and partly because I knew just what to look for and observe, I could follow the whole process of his writing from first to last. But I anticipate.

Soon after this, my fourth slip was replaced on the table, and Keeler wrote a note to his spirit guide, as follows: "Geo. Christy. Bring these people. K." It was written on a small piece of paper, before me, torn off the pad, and placed upon the table beside the other slips, after being carefully folded. Keeler did not attempt at any time to mix this slip with the others, nor exchange it for them, however; he merely tossed it onto the table carelessly, where it remained, beside the others,—being distinguished from them by the



color of the paper. It was darker than any of the other slips, and could not have been substituted for them. It was purely for effect.

During all this time, in which my slips were being opened and read, and the answers thereto written on slates in Keeler's lap, I had been playing with a lead pencil and a rubber band—apparently to fill up the time, but really for another purpose, or I should say for two other purposes. (1) It enabled me to keep my eyes employed and make Keeler feel greater freedom in all his movements and actions,—allowing me to watch him for long periods of time, in reality, and to see that his eyes were constantly fixed upon his lap; and (2) it enabled me to turn over the torn pieces of paper on the table with the point of my pencil, and carefully examine each piece in turn. Let me explain. The rubber band was resting on the table-top, and I played with this rubber band with my pencil point, pressing upon the side of the band, and making it jump from one place to another. Then, with the point of the pencil, I was enabled to turn over, idly, the four pellets that were upon the table, and examine them carefully—for the numbers upon them, etc. Turning over one of these slips, then, I looked for the number of the slip, written in pencil, which I had placed there, before the séance. I found that it was marked number 1. On again looking at the three slips in the center of the table, I saw that they were numbered 1, 3, 4. The number on the torn slip, therefore, should have been 2, while in reality it was 1,—clearly showing that *another* piece of paper had been torn up, after being marked by Keeler, in imitation of my marks, and thrown aside. What Keeler had done, in other words, was this. Seeing that my slips were all marked, Keeler had numbered his duplicates also, so that the duplicate slips deposited on the table by him should look precisely like those I had prepared, a number being written on each. This Keeler had done in his lap, before substituting for my slips. On tearing up my slip, however, one of his—or a part of one of his—had got substituted by mistake, and so there were now two slips on the table labelled "1," and none labelled "2." Substitution had most certainly been effected. Of course Keeler did

not see me turning over and critically examining all the slips of paper on the table, for that would have aroused his suspicion at once, and it is probable that I should have got no further results. No, I had to proceed much more carefully, and in a more circuitous manner. The reader will remember the small box on the left hand side of the table, apparently placed there for no especial purpose. I determined to make use of this to trick the medium, or at least to ascertain if he had endeavored to trick me. I continued to play with the rubber band and the lead pencil, flicking the band about from place to place on the table; and finally, as though to change the monotony of the process, I left the rubber band, and flicked the torn pieces of paper (the pieces of the torn slip) about the table, and finally managed, after some manoeuvring, to get them behind the box on the table. In that position, they were hidden from the medium, though close to me. I then went back to the rubber band, playing with it for some time, with my pencil, and finally managed to get that, too, behind the box on the table. I then followed it with my pencil, and had the opportunity of turning over and carefully examining all the pieces of paper on the table, while the movements of my pencil, to one who could not see its point, would but indicate that I was still playing with the rubber band on the table. In this manner, I could examine, more or less at leisure, both sides of the slips of paper on the table; and I then ascertained that there were two slips bearing the number 1, and none bearing the number 2. It was clear, therefore, that substitution had been effected. I took away all these slips—whole and torn—with me, at the conclusion of the séance, and have them still. Before proceeding to the slate-writing, therefore, I shall give the remaining details concerning these incriminating slips.

Slips 1, 3 and 4 are whole and sound. They are the slips I wrote. The torn slip, (which should have been number 2), on being patched together, showed the following peculiarities. It is composed of five torn pieces,—four of which are a part of my original slip, and read consecutively, when patched together. The fifth torn piece is blank, and does not fit onto the torn edge, as it should, and bears on its back,



or rather on one side, the figure 1 instead of 2. It is evidently part of *another* slip,—a dummy pellet—accidentally torn off and accidentally substituted by Keeler for the remaining or fifth piece of my pellet. Instead of the message being finished, it is broken off, and left, *minus* the bottom line,—while I have a blank piece of paper, numbered wrongly; and I do not doubt that Keeler now has the piece of paper I should have received, bearing the remainder of my question on one side, and the number 2 on the other. I ask;—could evidence be more conclusive that this pellet of paper had been substituted for another, and that fact afterwards revealed through this fortunate accident? For my part, I think the evidence absolutely conclusive.

Let us now turn to the slate-writing. During the process of the writing, I repeatedly saw Keeler put his hand into his vest pocket, and, watching him on such occasions, I saw that he was calmly extracting small pieces of slate pencil, and using such pencil to write upon the slates that were in his lap! At the conclusion of the last writing, Keeler's hands went to his pocket, and then both hands seemed to be busily engaged in his lap. What they were doing there I shall state presently.

Immediately after this, Keeler announced that there was some one present who desired to write. He took one slate off the top of the stack (the first time he had touched the slates) and wrote "R. H." on it. Keeler held out the slate to me and asked me if I recognized the initials as a relative of mine. For the moment, I quite forgot the fact that I was there as Charles Henderson, and that these were the initials of my supposed father, and I had Richard Hodgson in mind, whose initials—R. H.—were familiar to me. To the question whether this was a relative, then, I said "no," but immediately corrected myself, and stated that these were the initials of some one whose name appeared on one of the slates. I think that for the moment, the medium's suspicions were aroused, as he looked at me sharply, but I assumed such a naive, innocent expression (apparently) that he calmed down, and proceeded with the séance. Keeler then deposited this slate on the table, in front of him, erased the initials,

reached over and took another slate from the stack, and wrote "JIM" across it. He asked me if I knew to whom that referred. I said "yes;" and Keeler thereupon laid this slate on the table, beside the other, and erased the word. He then broke off a small piece of slate pencil, and offered me the two slates that were on the table in front of him to examine. I did so, carefully noting certain peculiarities about them; and at the same time I secretly pressed my thumb nail deeply into the frame of each slate, so as to dentify it, without the mark becoming visible. I then handed the two slates back to Keeler. He took them, placed a rubber band around them, asking me at the same moment to pick out the slip on the table, containing the message to the person whose initials he last wrote upon the slate. As I was doing this, and was busy finding and reading my slip, I distinctly saw Keeler's hands dip beneath the table-top, out of my sight, and come up a second later into view again,—still apparently holding the two slates. In that moment Keeler had exchanged the two slates upon the table for the two in his lap, upon which were written the answers to my questions. I clearly saw the substitution; and it then became evident that what Keeler was doing with his two hands in his lap just before the writing began, was to place a similar rubber band around the two slates in his lap, so that, when the substitution was effected, they should exactly resemble the two I had examined, and that were fastened together in that way. I forgot to mention, also, that, several times, when rocking to and fro, while writing upon the slates held in his lap, these slates had knocked against the table several times; and I clearly heard their frames strike against the table-leg. Keeler moved uneasily in his chair, on each occasion, in order to cover up the sound made by this accident.

The two slates on which the writing was to appear—in reality the two on which my messages were already written—were now held by us over the center of the table, and the sound of writing was clearly audible. I watched Keeler's wrists, and again saw the tendons working, showing that he was scratching on the under side of the lower slate with his finger. I may add that, as Keeler is a very stout man, and as



his wrists are well covered with fatty-tissue, it is very difficult to detect this movement; but, by watching intently, I clearly saw it—corresponding to the scratches on the slate. After a time, the slates were separated, and were found covered with writing. I give the messages below. First, I must state, however, that the piece of pencil I again examined, and once more found it to be quite unworn—fresh, new, and a pencil that certainly could not have been used to write more than a few words at most. I received twenty-five lines of writing, besides several lines in red and yellow. Neither a red nor a yellow pencil was placed between the slates. The red and yellow lines alternated, the yellow being in a regular hand, and the red being in mirror-writing—very badly done. There were five lines of this red and yellow writing. There was also drawn upon the slate a cartoon of a man in a silk hat and frock coat—this being beside the message from “Jimmy Robinson.” My impression is that, even the ordinary writing could not possibly have been produced by the clear and unworn pencil I afterwards found between the slates.\*

I now turn to the messages. The one in red and yellow chalk, when read by the aid of a mirror, was as follows:

(1) “Why, good heavens, I can come, of course. Don’t you see me? I am, as ever truly, Jaimmie Robinson.”

*Comments.* It will be noted that the Christian name is misspelled, as though the medium had started to write “James,” and corrected it afterwards. “Jimmie Robinson” is a fiction—only existent since my last visit to Lily Dale. It will be observed that any answer to the question is studiously avoided.

(2) On the other slate is the following message:

“Dear Charley; Do not think you have been forgotten by an old friend, for I am often with you, watching and guiding over you, and I see nothing but sunshine and happiness before. I do

\* When I got home again, I carefully examined these pieces of pencil through a magnifying glass, and the result of this examination was to confirm my former beliefs in every detail. I also asked Dr. Hyslop to examine the pencils through the glass, and his opinion precisely coincides with my own. These pencils could not have done the writing.

not mean by that that your path is strewn by flowers, but the way looks generally clear for you. In materialization, one necessarily forms from the medium. The same, even in another life. Dear Mother, Jane Henderson."

*Comments.* No such person exists, so far as I know. My question was again avoided, and a general answer given, all of which might have been prepared before the sitting. Is it probable that a mother would refer to herself as "an old friend" when speaking to her son?

(3) The third message is this:

"Charlie; as the old saying is 'carry the news to Mary,' so I say now, I want everyone who cares at all about me to know that I am quite myself, and most contented and happy in my spirit life. I never want to come back to earth life to remain. I do not, in my sudden moment of coming, just think whether I remember Miss Brown or not. I remember Zilda Brown. I will gladly help any one develop. Sincerely, Victoria."

*Comments.* The remark "carry the news to Mary" has no meaning for me, and was probably thrown out on chance, as a possible "test." Seeing that there is no one living who remembers or even saw the sister whom I call Victoria—she dying soon after birth—her communication rather lacks pertinence; but her lack of memory in this direction is more than counterbalanced by her extraordinary memory in another. She remembers Zilda Brown (who never existed) and yet she died when only a few days old! Phenomenal child! But her memory is not perfect, either, since she refers to Miss *Brown* while my slip referred to Mrs. *Young*. How did any one with such an extraordinary memory make so obvious an error—when the message was actually before her? It is as baffling as the telepathic hypothesis in the Piper case! But does it not indicate, rather, that Keeler read the slip, and then mis-remembered the name, in writing the answer to the question on the slate? Is not that a far more thinkable and rational hypothesis?

(4) The fourth message runs as follows:

"Charles: This is not so very much of a letter, but it will do to show you that I am alive and able to be with you. There is



no death, and I thank heaven there is not. I never felt more alive than I do at this moment. It is of no concern to me now what is sold by anyone of you. I am out of it all. Robert Henderson."

*Comments.* What an altruistic spirit! He must be *very* far advanced in spirit life—whoever he is! It will be observed that the answer to my question is again avoided, and the message is of such a character that it might have all been on the slate before the séance, except the last few words.

I now come to the final and most conclusive proof of all,—that the writings were obtained fraudulently; and that the slates were substituted for others, bearing the messages, at a convenient moment. While cleaning the stack of slates on the table, I had done so apparently carelessly, and in an off-hand manner. But, as before stated, I had observed these slates very carefully, and noted their peculiarities—various marks upon the frames, slates, etc., and had also secretly marked the frames of the slates with my thumb nail. Now, when I finally separated the two slates on which the messages were written, I found them to be *two entirely different slates* from any that I had cleaned. The slate itself, on both of these, was flecked throughout with tiny, white marks—hair-lines; whereas not one of the five slates I had cleaned (and that were originally on the table) contained these marks. I am quite positive on that point. The texture of the slate was also different. In both cases, the frames of these slates *contained no mark of my thumb-nail*,—thus showing that they were not those I had previously examined; and further, the frame of one of these slates was badly joined at the corner; it did not fit snugly, and a portion of the binding-wire (running round the outside of the slate-frames, and holding them together) was visible. This was not the case in any of the five slates I had examined in the first place. There is conclusive proof, therefore, that the two original slates had been substituted for others; and, since I had also been enabled to follow the whole process throughout, and had seen every step, I think I am justified in contending that the slate-writings, obtained through the mediumship of Keeler were fraud-

ulent throughout—at least so far as my own sittings were concerned. But since Keeler must have practised this process times without number, in order to arrive at the degree of ease and dexterity with which the whole process was performed—to attain such perfection in the art of deception, in fact—I think we may safely infer that it will require very strong evidence indeed, coming from competent observers, to convince us that the slate-writings obtained through Keeler's mediumship are genuine,—or that anything he has presented in the past has been genuine either. Inasmuch as this medium has been exposed on more than one occasion—both at Lily Dale, if I am informed correctly, and on other occasions, the medium's reputation is not good enough to warrant our belief in his mediumship, unless further and very strong evidence be forthcoming. In order to further substantiate these claims, however, let me give, just here, and before proceeding, one or two of these cases, in which this medium has been exposed, or his mediumship gravely suspected, in order to sustain and fortify my statements, and the attitude I have taken towards this famous medium.

While at Lily Dale, I was told an incident about Keeler that seemed to be pretty common property there, as many persons knew of it, and there seemed to be no wish to conceal the facts. It is this: One day a party of twenty sceptical railroad men came to Keeler for a slate-writing, on the condition that they (all of them) would be allowed to sit round the room wherever they saw fit. Keeler agreed to this, on the understanding that they paid him \$5.00 each for the sitting. They sat an hour and more, and received no messages whatever—not a trace of writing on any of the slates did they receive. They then demanded their money back, but Keeler refused to refund one penny. There was a general rumpus, which ended by referring the matter to the official board of Lily Dale, who caused Keeler to refund the money promptly. Of course this is no proof of fraud on the medium's part, but serves to indicate the character of the men with whom we have to deal; and seems to indicate also, that, whenever strict test conditions are imposed, no writing is obtained. While I can quite see why it is that a sceptical temper of mind might



offset the occurrence of many psychical phenomena, I could never see why it is that the conditions invariably demanded at a slate-writing séance are *just such as to render fraud possible*,—unless it is to practice fraud. And until phenomena be forthcoming, which are not open to this objection, I do not think we are warranted in thinking that anything but fraud has been employed.

As before stated, I am not alone in my opinion that Keeler is not to be trusted for genuine phenomena; several other persons have detected the *modus operandi* of his slate-writing, as well as myself. The best case of the kind I know is that recorded by Mr. Henry Ridley Evans, in his book *Hours With the Ghosts* [now, *The Spirit World Unmasked*], in which he details a sitting of his with Keeler, and describes the trick, as he detected it,—which explanation almost exactly corresponds to mine. I shall quote from his book, which lies open before me, the passages that directly bear upon this question of the method that Keeler pursued, in his slate-writing tests. After describing the preliminary preparations, Mr. Evans goes on:—

“I was ushered into a small, back parlor by the medium who closed the folding doors. We were alone. I made a mental photograph of the surroundings. There was no furniture except a table and two chairs placed near the window. Over the table was a faded cloth, hanging some eight or ten inches below the table. Upon it were several pads of paper and a heterogeneous assortment of lead pencils. Leaning against the mantelpiece, within a foot or so of the medium's chair, were some thirty or forty slates.

“‘Take a seat,’ said Mr. Keeler, pointing to a chair. I sat down, whereupon he seated himself opposite me, remarking as he did so, ‘have you brought slates with you?’

“‘I have not,’ was my reply.

“‘Then, if you have no objection,’ he said, ‘we will use two of mine. Please examine these slates, wash them clean with this damp cloth, and dry them.’ With that he passed me two ordinary school slates, which I inspected closely, and carefully cleaned.

“‘Have you prepared any slips with the names of friends, relatives, or others, who have passed into spirit life, with questions for them to answer?’

“‘I have not,’ I replied.

" 'Kindly do so, then,' he answered, 'and take your time about it. There is a pad on the table. Please write but a single question on each slip. Then fold the slips and place them on the table.' I did so.

" 'I will also make one,' he continued, 'it is to my spirit control, George Christy.' He wrote a name on a slip of paper, folded it, and tossed it among those I had prepared, passing his hand over them and fingering them, saying, 'It is necessary to get a psychic impression of them.' We sat in silence several minutes.

"After a while Mr. Keeler said: 'I do not know whether or not we shall get any responses this afternoon, but have patience.' Again we waited. 'Suppose you write a few more slips,' he remarked, 'perhaps we'll have better luck. Be sure and address them to people who were old enough to write, before they passed into spirit life.' This surprised me, but I complied with his wishes. While writing, I glanced furtively at him from time to time; his hands were in his lap, concealed by the table cloth. He looked at me occasionally, then at his lap, fixedly. I am satisfied that he opened some of my slips, having adroitly abstracted them from the table in the act of fingering them.

"He directed me to take my handkerchief and tie the two slates tightly together, holding the slates in my hands, as I did so. I laid the slates on the table before me, and we waited. 'I think we will succeed this time in getting responses to some of the questions. Let us hold the slates.' He grasped them with fingers and thumbs at one end, and I at the other in like manner, holding the slates about two inches above the table. We listened attentively, and soon was heard the scratching noise of a slate pencil moving upon a slate. The sound seemed directly under the slate, and was sufficiently impressive to startle any person making a slate test for the first time, and unacquainted with the multifarious devices of the sleight-of-hand artist.

" 'Hold the slates tightly, please,' said Mr. Keeler, as a convulsive tremor shook his hands. I grasped firmly my end of the slates, and waited further developments. The faint tap of a slate pencil upon a slate was heard, and the medium announced that the communications were finished. I untied the handkerchief, and turned up the inner surfaces of the slates. Upon one of them several messages were written, and signed....."

[After giving the communications on the slates, and stating, that, as a result of a careful examination of the writing upon them, he was forced to the conclusion that Keeler wrote them all with his own hand, the account goes on:]

"The imitation of a pencil writing upon a slate was either made by the apparatus, described in the séance with C——, in the first part of this chapter; or by some other contrivance; more than likely by simply scratching with his finger on the under sur-



face of the slate. While my attention was absorbed in the act of writing my second set of questions, he prepared answers to two of my first set, and substituted a prepared slate for the cleaned slate on the table. I was sure he was writing under the table; I heard the faint rubbing of a soft bit of pencil upon the surface of a slate. His hands were in his lap and his eyes were fixed downwards. Several times I saw him put his fingers into his vest pockets, and he appeared to bring up small pieces of something, which I believe were bits of white and colored crayons used in writing the messages. His quiet audacity was surprising. . . . .

"In the séance with Mr. Keeler, I subjected him to no tests. He had everything his own way. I should have brought my own marked slates with me and never let them out of my sight for an instant. I should have subjected the table to a close examination, and requested the medium to move, or rather myself removed, the collection of slates against the mantel, placed so conveniently within his reach. I did not do this, because of his well-known irascibility. He would probably have shown me the door and refused a sitting on any terms, as he had done to many sceptics. I was anxious to meet Keeler, and preferred playing the novice rather than not get a slate test from one of the best known and most famous of modern slate-writing mediums."

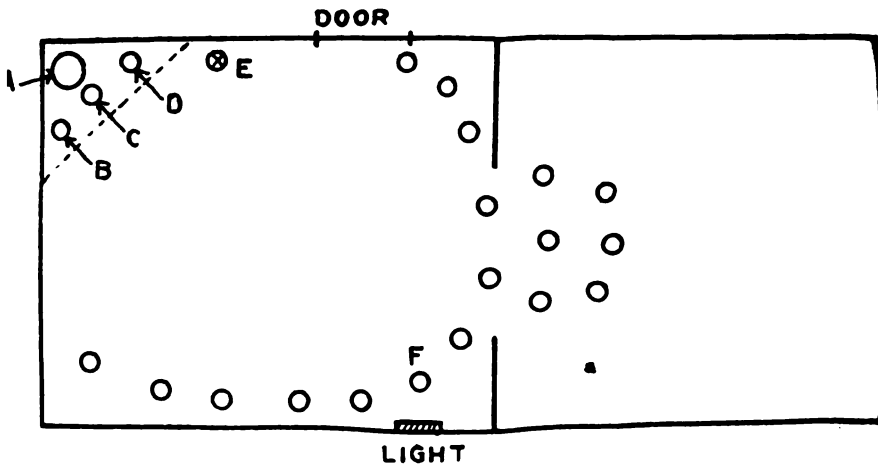
It will be seen that, in all essential points, Mr. Evans' descriptions tally with my own, and the minor points that indicate tricky methods on Keeler's part were noticed by him as they were by myself. It is unfortunate that Mr. Evans did not obtain a series of sittings with Keeler, and note the results, as, although his sitting strongly indicates fraud, it does not *prove* it, and I was determined that I should secure definite proof of fraud, or else record the fact that such was merely my opinion. But, having before us the clear indications of substitution of pellets, substitution of slates, etc., secured in my sittings, what are we to conclude but that fraud is the explanation of all the slate-writing tests that Keeler offers his sitters, or the so-called phenomena observed through his mediumship? I think that this supposition is confirmed by the fact that a third sitting was refused me—for no good reason, so far as I could see—except that the medium had begun to have some faint idea that I was there to detect him in trickery, if possible, and he was afraid of exposure. At all events, I was refused my third sitting, and had to go away, content with the two I had already been

granted. Fortunately, these were enough to prove the case against Keeler—as I think any candid student of the reports will admit.

**Séance with Pierre L. O. A. Keeler—For Materialization and Physical Phenomena.**

*August 10, 1907.*

About fifteen persons, besides myself, were present at this séance, which had been promised me several days before—I having purchased a ticket in advance. Had I not done so, it is probable that I should not have been admitted at all. The present séance was divided into two parts: physical manifestations proper, (playing of musical instruments, writing upon pieces of paper, etc.,) and trumpet speaking. The same cabinet was used for both séances, and I give a diagram of the room herewith.



On the small table, A., were placed the various musical instruments. The medium sat at D., while two persons from the circle sat at B. and C. A woman who attended to the details of the séance (I think the medium's daughter, but I am not sure of this) sat at E., ready to hand over the curtains of the cabinet the musical instruments, to receive slips of paper upon which had been written spirit-messages, etc.



My own position was at F., the light being almost directly above me. The person sitting at C. was a lady—on very familiar terms with the medium; while a gentleman sat at B. The medium then grasped the lady's left arm with both his hands, the left hand grasping the wrist, the right hand grasping the arm further up, near the elbow. The gentleman at B. grasped her right wrist with his left hand, his right hand being outside the cabinet curtains, and visible to all. A curtain was now drawn in front of the three, and made snug about their necks, their heads only being visible. This was done by the lady at E. The lights were now lowered, and the séance began.

It would be useless for me to repeat or enumerate all the phenomena that occurred at this séance. Bells were rung; the tambourine thumped; the guitar thrummed, and waved about in the air; messages were written on the sheets of paper, and then torn off and thrown over the curtains of the cabinet by a visible hand—which hand, and an arm, were frequently thrust through the curtains of the cabinet. All the phenomena observed could easily have been duplicated, were the medium's right hand but free—the bells could be rung, the tablets of paper written upon, etc.

The medium's right hand was liberated in the following manner. When the medium's hand encircled the sitter's left arm, it contained a piece of soft lead, this being bent around the sitter's arm, so that, when the medium's right hand was carefully removed, the weight of the lead would leave the impression of a hand encircling the arm. It is the same trick as the Eddy Brothers performed, and has been repeatedly exposed. The right hand once freed, all the phenomena observed can easily be accounted for. (See my *Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism*, pp. 193-95.) The blocks of paper that were placed on the table were not examined before the séance began, and might have been (and undoubtedly were) prepared before the séance, and contained all the messages that the various sitters received. These messages contained nothing evidential, and were weak and trivial in all cases. I give the two received by me, by way of illustration. They

are written in the same hand, in each case, as appeared on the slates received by me. They are:

- (1) "I am not lost to you, Robert Henderson."
- (2) "I send love, I am in here, Jane Henderson." ["In here" means in the cabinet.]

It will be seen that my *soi-disant* and fictitious father and mother again communicated. Many of the messages were mere scrawls, and these were *seen* to be written by certain privileged sitters, who were invited to look over the cabinet curtains, during the manifestations. They asserted that they saw a hand writing the messages; but such messages were invariably so badly written as to be altogether undecipherable. When the hand was thrust through an opening in the curtains—as sometimes happened—a coat sleeve and cuff were visible—as happened in the case of the notorious "Rev." Hugh Moore, at a séance of his that I attended. In view of the fact that fraud could be so easily perpetrated, and that many of the occurrences actually indicated that such was the case, we may certainly assume that fraud was actually practised; and that spirits had nothing whatever to do with the manifestations that occurred in the cabinet, during this part of the séance.

Twice, during the sitting, raps were heard in the opposite end of the room, on the wall, and a very loud, cracking sound was heard, which exactly resembled a sound that would be made by snapping an elastic against the wall of the room, to which some heavy object had been attached. This rubber might have been in the next room, and undoubtedly was. The raps might also have been made by someone in the next room, rapping on the wall of the séance room. The walls of the room were thin, and of wood. I looked for Mrs. Keeler, but she was nowhere to be seen. Why was Mrs. Keeler absent? Where was she, and what was she doing all this time? I should very much like to have those questions answered.

The second part of the séance was devoted to trumpet speaking,—the lights being lowered so that the medium's head became a faint spot of white, even this being invisible a good part of the time. The two former sitters were removed,



one chair was taken away, and an old gentleman was requested to take a seat within the cabinet,—one whom I knew, from past experience, to be completely uncritical and credulous. The horn was thrust through the curtains, and a whisper issued therefrom. Sometimes a voice would come from the trumpet, but the greater part of the time a whisper only issued from it. No test information whatever was given; the voices spoke nothing that was not already known to the medium. The voices were natural and human in sound; the messages trivial, commonplace. The conversations were always stilted, cold, and lacking in reality. The voices might have been produced by the medium in either one of two ways. (1) A rubber tube might have been attached to the end of the horn and carried round to the medium's mouth. (2) The light was so poor that it would have been quite possible, most of the time, for the medium to have spoken directly into the trumpet. A large portion of the time, the lady, formerly seated at E. stood in front of the cabinet, so as to shut off any clear view of the medium's head, by those in the circle. In fact, the whole séance bore so many evident traces of fraud, and could so easily have been produced in that manner; and since one or two incidents (such as the messages from my mother and father) were clearly fraudulent, I felt justified in saying that the séance presented no evidence whatever of any supernormal powers of forces at work, or any powers, beyond those of the physical muscles of the medium.

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In forming this conclusion, I have been influenced, also, by certain other incidents, that point to fraud on the medium's part. One of these is the fact that Keeler was practically exposed several years ago, in this same cabinet performance. Again, The Seybert Commission, when they had their sitting with Keeler, were entirely dissatisfied with the results attained, and thought that fraud could easily account for all the phenomena they observed in his presence, and through his mediumship. (See *Report*, pp. 82-7.) I have been informed, also, by a resident of Washington, D. C., (Keeler's home city) that it is generally accepted there that

his materializing séances are fraudulent—even by those persons who accept the slate-writing séances as genuine. Finally, I have before me the following letter, written to Dr. Hyslop, by a practicing physician of Washington, which contains quite positive evidence of fraud. The letter is as follows:

Washington, D. C., April 4th, 1907.

Dear Professor Hyslop:—

"I wish to report to you and the Society some observations secured at a séance, held by Pierre Keeler, 1301 Fairmont, St., N. W., in this city, on or about the 8th of February, 1907.

"It was a 'light' séance, where a cloth was stretched across one corner of the room, with three people (myself being one) sitting in front of the outside cloth, forming what he calls a 'battery.'

"After various thumpings on a tambourine, guitar and table rappings, a hand appeared over the curtain between the party on my left, (he being the one on Mr. Keeler's right), and I noticed a place on the outside of the right index finger of this hand, that resembled a burned place on the skin.

"After the séance some one asked Mr. Keeler to read a slip of paper, purporting to contain a message from the 'other side,' and, in adjusting his glasses, and holding the paper where the light would reflect on the same, I noticed the same burned place, on his right index finger.

"My deduction is, that the hand that appeared over the curtain was none other than that of the medium.

"Very respectfully yours,

"W. L. S——."

In view of all the evidence that has been adduced in the above article, I do not think it is necessary to furnish additional facts in order to establish the fact that Keeler is a clever trickster, and the degree of perfection he has attained in his tricks would certainly indicate that he must have been in the habit of practising these tricks continuously for a number of years.

I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from these facts.



## § IV.

## TEST AND TRANCE MEDIUMS.

The Society for Psychical Research has, by repeated experience, found that it is certainly more profitable to investigate the mental phenomena than the so-called physical; and the experience of the American Society has, so far, at least, agreed with this view of the matter entirely. Whenever any mediums who produced physical manifestations of any kind, presented themselves for investigation, these mediums have invariably been detected in fraud, and generally in fraud of the most trivial and obvious character. Leaving Eusapia Paladino out of account, for the time being, it is safe to say that there is not a medium in the world today, who is producing physical phenomena, who has not been exposed in fraud at one time or another (and, indeed, we know that Eusapia will, whenever he gets the chance, and is accused of fraud by her very defenders.) From the reports that had been sent into the Society, I had been almost forced to the conclusion that Keeler's slate-writing was, in part at least, genuine; but we have seen this to be trickery also—trickery of a more subtle and refined sort, it is true, but still trickery. Not wishing to have the charge brought against us—that 'the Society is totally neglecting the physical phenomena,' however, it spent two whole weeks in investigating them, this summer (1907)—the results of which investigation I am now detailing. It will be seen that the results attained are not very promising for the future; they do not indicate that much is to be gained by continued investigations along this line; and that the Society would get better returns by expending its energies and money on those mediums who provide the mental tests and phenomena—at least, until a well attested case arises, calling for serious consideration. The officials of Lily Dale, indeed, recognize this, and do not and will not employ professional mediums producing physical phenomena,—realizing that such phenomena as are observed in their presence are at most doubtful, and almost invariably fraudulent. We were careful to inquire into this point, and I quote from a letter from the Treasurer, Dr. George B. Warne—whom I had

the pleasure of meeting while at Lily Dale, and who is an enemy to frauds of all kinds, and honestly searching for the truth. In reply to a letter from Dr. Hyslop, asking him the details of this part of the management, he wrote as follows:

4203 Evans Ave., Chicago,  
Sept. 23, 1907.

Dr. James H. Hyslop:

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 17th inst. awaited my arrival here. I will always be glad to lend you a hand as I may be able. I am in close sympathy and touch with the Editor of the *Progressive Thinker*, to whom I refer you.

Lily Dale Assembly is a Corporation under the Laws of New York State. . . . The stockholders elect a Board of Directors each year, and the Board chooses its President, Secretary and Treasurer. The Directors engage the talent for the summer programme and never employ mediums for physical phenomena—they visit the camp like any other class of individuals, knowing they will have more patronage because of the crowds there, than if they stayed at home. Whenever visitors submit charges of trickery, the board investigates, and if they are sustained by the evidence, after hearing both sides, the offending medium is compelled to leave the camp.

Our work here, as all over the country, is going through a stage of evolutionary education. Spiritualists from Ocean to Ocean are getting their eyes open to trickery in so-called message work, as well as to the phenomena—so-called. The *Thinker* [*Progressive Thinker*] and some of our well-known speakers are leading in the reformatory work.

I would be glad to be advised just how Mr. Carrington and his lady assistant graded each medium they investigated at Lily Dale this summer. I know something of their general conclusions. Command my services at any time for the Truth and nothing but the Truth.

Sincerely yours,  
GEO. B. WARNE.

It will be seen from this that physical mediums are not rated highly by the Lily Dale officials; and rightly. Platform "test," mediums are engaged by them, who speak daily from the platform of the Auditorium, there being a new medium every two weeks. These mediums also give private readings, for which they, of course, charge their sitters.

I had sittings with several of these mediums, and received



some interesting results—though they were not of such a character as to compel me to assume that they necessitated any supernormal explanation. That some of these mediums were genuine I have not the slightest doubt; though the grounds on which I rest my faith would be totally insufficient to convince the sceptic, objectively. I am now stating my opinion, merely; and am not attempting to supply the facts upon which this opinion is founded. That may be done at another time; in another place. At present, I am concerned with the physical phenomena at Lily Dale exclusively; and as the trance sittings contain nothing that is positive proof of the supernormal, I feel entitled to omit that part of the investigation. I shall accordingly pass over them here, and come to what is, perhaps, the most interesting case that I have to report—a case of physical phenomena occurring in the home circle. The psychological aspects of this case are extremely interesting; and I accordingly turn to it without further ado.

### § V.

#### PHENOMENA WITNESSED IN A PRIVATE CIRCLE.

Mindful of the fact that the best results are often obtained in the humblest of quarters—through the least known mediums—I wandered up one of the small side-streets, off the general track of business, and saw upon one of the houses, the sign:

**"MISS M. V. GRAY,"\***

**"AUTOMATIC MESSAGE BEARER."**

Wondering what this out-of-the-way sign could indicate, I knocked, and asked for a sitting. Soon Miss Gray appeared, and we retired to the séance room. Miss Gray seated me in a chair, and took one facing me. She then explained to me her type of "mediumship." She merely closes her eyes, and becomes passive; she "gives up." She then begins to speak, almost instantly, in English, and her thoughts and words and actions thenceforth are purely automatic. She has no control over them whatever. She is not

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\* Pseudonym.—H. C.

entranced or unconscious, however, but quite normal and conscious of all that is going on around her. She can listen to the conversation of another person, and more or less follow it, while she is talking. There is no amnesia; she remembers all that transpires during and before the sitting. Her eyes are either open or closed; it makes no difference to her which. If an emphatic remark is made by her, the hand and arm emphasize the remark; and these motions, too, are automatic, she asserts, and not initiated by her. During the sitting, when she is in the peculiar state indicated, her face becomes flushed, and the cords in her forehead stand out; her neck also becomes enlarged, and the whole head gives the appearance of being congested with blood.

I have said that Miss Gray has no control over her voice or her actions. She can, however, stop speaking whenever she desires, and can instantly cease or commence at will. When the voice ceases, her actions and motions cease to be automatic. She can also brush off a fly, close the door, etc., without in any way interfering with the flow of talk which continues unchecked. It will thus be seen that she is apparently normal in every way, mentally and physically, except that she has no control over the words that flow from her mouth. She does not ever know what the next word will be, and listens with as much interest and curiosity as her sitter. To make matters still more interesting, what she says frequently represents supernormal knowledge, and seems to indicate that her utterance is directed by some intelligence other than her purely normal self. At least, such is my distinct impression, for I was told some things, during the course of my sitting, which, I feel sure, could not have been known to the medium. However, I shall not anticipate, on that score. As will be seen from the above discussion, I do not consider fraud any part of the explanation of this medium's case; and I may say, by way of support of this impression, which I gained by conversation with her, that she is not a professional medium, in any true sense of the word. She lives at Lily Dale all the year round, and only placed her sign out to keep a number of people away who would formerly flock to her, asking for readings, and paying nothing. It was



a matter of self-defence with her. Such was her statement, and I have no reason to doubt her word. In fact, I subsequently became quite convinced of her honesty. With these preliminary remarks, then, let us turn to the sitting, and see what results were obtained.

The language employed by the medium, while in the peculiar state before referred to, in which she delivers her messages, is peculiar. It is quaint and simple, and out of the ordinary in many respects—"thee" being used for "you;" "thy" instead of "your," etc. The most interesting fact in connection with her speech, however, is the fact that it more or less *rhymes* throughout. Thus:

"We would a speaker make of thee,  
 "And so we do say unto thee—  
 "Most careful in all thou doest be,  
 "So we may aid thee in thy work....," etc.

The rhyme is bad enough, to be sure, but it becomes interesting when rolled off by the yard, without break, in an automatic manner—particularly if the facts told one are suggestive of the supernormal. In my own case, such certainly seemed to be the fact.

Miss Gray sat with closed eyes for a few moments, and then began in the peculiar, high tone of voice characteristic of this state, and in the rhyme before mentioned. I regret that I cannot give the details of this sitting, for the reason that I took no notes at the time, not knowing what I was to see or experience—owing to the ambiguity of the sign on the door—and so took no paper with me. I can therefore only give the results of this sitting in very general outline. My physical condition was described by her with great accuracy, and I was advised to take more exercise. This was very good advice, and extremely *a propos*. I was told that I would be called upon to speak a good deal in public later on; for that reason I was to enlarge my chest and breathing capacity. My mental life and attitude were remarkably well defined, and good and sound advice was offered on future financial matters. I do not think that much of the information

given could have been surmised normally, from her brief conversation with me. Our long talk came later, after the sitting. My home and business surroundings were quite accurately described; also the office of the A. S. P. R. My relations to Dr. Hyslop were also accurately given; and other personal information, which I regret that I cannot give—for the reason, chiefly, that I have forgotten it. I am well aware of the unscientific nature of this report, and can only regret it. At the time, I fully intended having another sitting; perhaps a series, but these never transpired, for reasons to be specified presently.

At the conclusion of the sitting, Miss Gray informed me of her past history—seeing that I was interested in her case. She has been a trained nurse, and understands scientific method, and, to some extent, the intricacies of her own case. Her interest in it is, indeed, lukewarm, but that rather tends to confirm the idea that her power—whatever it may be—is genuine. Then followed a most singular and interesting recital. It appears that Miss Gray has been the sport of “spirits” ever since her childhood. She has always been more or less of an invalid, and frequently “controlled”—both physically and mentally. For instance, here are two sample incidents, out of a number of similar ones told me. When a young child, these influences were so strong and uncontrollable that it was resolved to move to another part of the country, in order to escape them. The whole family accordingly moved West, and settled in a small town, in order to escape the influences, if possible. The child was carefully washed every night, and put to bed between clean sheets. As the result of this treatment, the “influences” gradually left her—though, if the most careful precautions were neglected for two or three nights, raps would be heard and “the forces” would gradually control the child again. For several years this battle went on between mortal and spirit; and,—whatever these obsessing influences might have been—it was only lately that they were brought under her control and volition. Mrs. Gray, who was sitting in another chair in the same room, throughout this narration, confirmed these facts in every detail.



The second incident is of great interest, and occurred only a short time ago—after Miss Gray had grown up and was practising as a nurse. She was treating Miss Eleanor Kirk at the time (who is the authoress of several books on astrological subjects) when suddenly, the piano, situated at the opposite side of the room, began to play of its own accord. It played for some little time; then stopped, as suddenly as it had begun! No one was near the piano at the time; everyone heard it playing; it was broad daylight; Miss Gray was busily employed giving Miss Kirk an osteopathic treatment, and no one present had expected anything of the kind—in fact, it broke in upon their train of thought and conversation. Nothing of the sort had ever occurred before, nor has it occurred since. At the time they did not know who the “medium” was, and Miss Kirk and a few friends “sat” for a number of evenings in private, but never obtained any results whatever. They then came to the conclusion that “the medium” in the case must have been Miss Gray. They so informed her, and she was as surprised as they—since nothing of the kind has ever before occurred in her presence. Such were the incidents of this extraordinary case, as related to me by Miss Gray herself.\*

The conversation turned to the physical phenomena, and Miss Gray expressed her indignation at the constant fraud

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\* I called on Miss Kirk, on the afternoon of Saturday, November 16, 1907, in the hope that this experience might receive confirmation at her hands, and that the facts might be strengthened proportionately—at least the evidence for them. I found Miss Kirk in, and questioned her about the occurrence. To my great regret, she remembered nothing whatever about these facts; she does not remember Miss Gray, nor anything of the kind having ever occurred during her visit. Miss Kirk told me that many strange and remarkable things had happened in her presence,—including table tipping, levitations, etc., but she did not remember this particular fact. I must confess that, for various reasons, I should be compelled to regard her evidence as virtually worthless, were it affirmative. Miss Gray struck me as having a far better memory of all facts of this character than Miss Kirk, and her memory would be more sure and more to be relied upon. I still think that something of the sort must have occurred, and have been forgotten by Miss Kirk. I also think that Miss Gray was honest in her statement, so far as her memory goes, and think it possible that hallucination, exaggeration, mal-observation and bad memory are the explanations, rather than wilful deceit, and trickery, on the part of either of my informants. It is to be regretted that almost every case of this character, when traced carefully home, is found to have no foundation in fact—at least that has been my invariable experience.

that was practised, and said that she supposed that I had found little or nothing else at Lily Dale. She and her mother—an old lady, and, so far as I could see, transparently honest—then told me that physical phenomena had been obtained in their own circle, no other persons being present, except herself, her daughter (Miss Gray), and the youngest daughter, aged about 13. I was informed that startling physical manifestations had been obtained, as the result of these séances—independent voices, raps, thumps, whispers, lights, luminous writing upon slates, chords struck upon the piano, etc., etc. No money was charged for these séances; in fact, no one was allowed to witness them, except a few private and personal friends, now and then. Naturally, I was extremely anxious to be present at one of these séances,—which seemed to promise more than all Lily Dale put together, so far as the physical phenomena were concerned,—and which, from the description, seemed to rival Stainton Moses' séances at their best! It was arranged that I should call two evenings later (the next evening I had already arranged to be present at a materializing séance) and they would ask the intelligences, in the interval, whether I might be present at one of the séances, and witness the phenomena. I should be told their decision when I called again. Needless to say, I awaited their decision with keen impatience and interest.

I wish to state one other fact before closing this section of my report. Some time during our conversation, Mrs. Gray had informed me that, upon one occasion, when she was alone in the house, she had seen and heard a whole shelf full of tin pots and pans rattle and sway of their own accord, while she was looking at them. This was the only time in her life that anything of the sort had happened in her presence. It appeared, therefore, as if the whole family was mediumistic, and I looked for interesting results to follow. These results followed in due sequence, as we shall presently see.

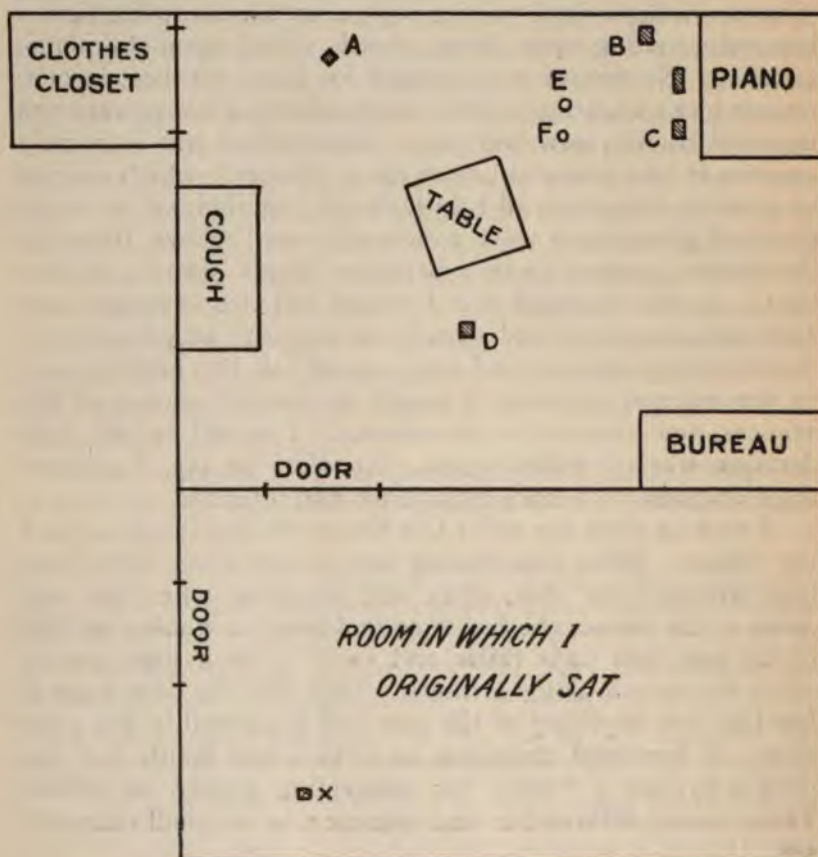
#### **First Séance with Mrs. and the Misses Gray.**

*August 7, 1907.*

On arriving at the house, on the agreed-upon evening, I was disappointed to hear that the "control"—"Mike"—had



stated that no strangers were to be admitted! I proposed that I should sit in the next room, in the dark, while Miss Gray, her mother, and the little girl, took their usual places in the séance room. I was allowed to look at this room before it was darkened for the séance. I give herewith a diagram of the room, and the positions of the sitters at the commencement of the séance:



Miss Gray herself sat at A.; her mother at B., and the little girl at C. I sat in the next room, at X., and, if I was to be admitted, I was to enter in the dark, and take my seat at D.

Two tin trumpets (one about two, and the other about three feet in length) were stood on the floor at E. and F. The shorter of these was a regular gramophone horn, and was heavy and difficult to keep extended with one hand; the other was of thin tin, and very light. I examined the room, and looked into the closet, but I was not too critical or sceptical, for I thought that my admission to the circle might depend upon my attitude towards the sitters and the phenomena. We all wished to see the phenomena in full swing before applying any tests. Let me once again repeat my conviction in the honesty of Miss Gray and her mother. Of the little girl I was not so sure, and felt at once that she must be *physically* excluded from all participation in the phenomena before they could have weight in a court of science, or furnish any conclusive evidence of the supernormal. As stated, no tests were applied on this occasion. I will merely state here that the child is shy, quiet, reserved, and rarely speaks to strangers; she is anaemic, and might suffer from chlorosis; in fact, she is a typical "poltergeist girl." I need hardly say I awaited the results with keen interest.

I took my place at X., and the lights were extinguished in both rooms. The door was closed between the séance room and the one in which I sat, and the séance began. We sat in silence for some minutes, when a loud voice was heard to come through the horn, and "Mike" announced his presence. He was asked whether I could come, and a negative answer was given. Then began a long argument between Miss Gray, her mother, and "Mike." I could hear their voices and that of the horn at the same time, in the argument, showing that they, at least, were not doing the talking. After a lengthy argument, "Mike" was finally persuaded to allow me to enter the séance room, and this I did, taking my place at D.

Soon, the voice began again, and spoke to me through the trumpet. We held a brief conversation, and I finally promised "Mike" fifty cents if he would manifest for us. This offer was promptly accepted, and manifestations began! First of all, however, "Mike" collected his fifty cents, by pushing over the horn to me, and I placed the money in the



mouth of the horn. It was then promptly withdrawn. The voice then spoke through the horn again, thanking me—apparently the voice of a young boy or girl. I could distinctly hear the breath drawn, between sentences, and the sounds produced by the mouth and throat when speaking loudly and with an effort. (I have been told that the mouthpiece of the horn was warm and moist after the voice had spoken through it. Evidently the mouth that speaks is a material one—whoever it may be that talks.) At my request the horn was then conveyed to the ceiling and the voice spoke through it, while the horn was directly over my head, apparently floating near the ceiling. It also spoke when on the floor, and then spoke rapidly through the horn, first close to the ceiling, then close to the floor—the alternation being exceedingly rapid, and I did not see how it could have been imitated by normal movements of the trumpet. At my request, the voice now spoke through the horn, in various parts of the room—always close to the ceiling; and the horn seemed to be floating about over a very large area, the talking going on through it constantly.

Soon after this, the piano began to play, striking chords and finally thumping out a sort of tune. A voice then joined in the music, and hummed—or rather shouted—an air, the piano keeping time. All this time, Miss Gray and her mother were talking, both to each other and to me, so that there could be no question as to whether or not they were doing the talking. No sound, however, came from the little girl, who remained perfectly quiet in her corner. The playing continued for some time; then ceased, and the horn began. The voice sang and shouted through the horn, sounding in various parts of the room, near the ceiling; and on one occasion the voice sang a note which had a peculiar vibrating sound—this continuing for nearly a minute, I should judge, when the sound of a horn—clear as a clarionet—sounded also, and grew louder and louder until it swallowed up the voice from the other horn entirely, and ended in a good-sized blast. I could distinctly hear both at once—the voice and the horn—both in the air, directly over my head, apparently, and near the ceiling. I confess, this manifestation impressed

me greatly, and first caused me to doubt the fact that fraud would cover and explain all the phenomena witnessed. Things were getting interesting.

The piano then began to play again, and the voice sang,—apparently coming right out of the combination of notes and chords struck upon the piano—and at the same time terrific knocks or thumps resounded on the floor, and appeared to be walking about the room. This also impressed me, for here were footsteps or blows on the floor at least six feet from the piano (at least, so it seemed) and the piano was playing at the same time. I could still hear Mrs. and Miss Gray talking, and they invariably answered my questions when I asked them any, and without delay. The blows were very loud, and resounded throughout the whole house. The piano then vibrated, and I could feel the whole room also vibrating, in a lesser degree.

A faint light now appeared, and floated about the room. Then two lights were visible—the second apparently issuing from the first—and floated about, distant from each other about four feet. First one and then both of them moved close to the ceiling, finally returning to a spot above the piano keys, and danced about, up and down, over the keys, while the piano was playing, as though they themselves were striking the notes. While some of this was most interesting I must confess that many of the phenomena were not remarkable to me, and were even suggestive of fraud, since the lights exactly resembled those made by the heads of lucifer matches, when rubbed between the fingers,—after they have been moistened, and when the hands have been separated. The lights near the ceiling might have been imitated by the medium mounting upon a chair, and extending her arms over her head. The matches might have been held between the fingers of the hands, while several notes were struck on the piano, or the match manipulated by one hand, while the fingers of the other struck the keys of the piano. On watching the movements of these lights, I could see that they exactly corresponded, in their movements, with the notes that were struck. It was as though the whole body had been employed, and was working at different things simultane-



ously. It will be seen that my suspicions, so far as they went, rested upon the little girl, seated so conveniently near the piano, the horns, and all the other paraphernalia. However, I had no *proof* of fraud, of course, inasmuch as the motions of the lights might have been simply coincidental with the playing; and I certainly would not think of charging fraud against even a professional medium on such slight grounds,—much less against this little girl, against whom there was no other evidence than such “possibilities.”

A slate was now picked up, from off the table, and several letters, and finally words were traced upon the slate in luminous streaks of writing. These faded rapidly, but were bright, and I could hear the scratching of some solid substance upon the slates, while the writing was in progress. The slate was then replaced upon the table, and the table itself was pushed over close to me, and I was requested to place my right hand upon the table, in the center, palm downward. This I did. The horn then spoke, and said that the spirits would endeavor to touch me, if I promised not to touch them in return. I promised not to move without permission. A hand then pulled my trousers in a sharp, jerky manner, and a moment later, my hand was patted by a small hand. This hand was warm and moist, and apparently quite human. My own right hand was then touched, and, upon the suggestion of Miss Gray, my hand was kissed. This was done twice. The lips were again warm and unmistakeably human. The trumpet was then picked up and banged against the ceiling; then against the floor, and then against the ceiling and the floor in rapid alternation. “Mike” spoke, and asked me if I thought it was “a fake.” Whispers came through the horn; and then came the best and the most convincing phenomenon of the evening. The piano commenced to play—tiny lights hovering over the keys a part of the time, but disappearing after a few moments. Then, at my request, the horn was picked up, and banged against the ceiling several times. “Mike” then spoke through the horn—apparently directly over my head—and this was repeated several times. The voice certainly seemed to be nine or ten feet from the piano, while the latter was still playing. Miss Gray and her mother could be heard

talking from their respective chairs. The voice spoke several times over my head, while the piano was playing. I then asked "Mike" if, in addition to all this, he could knock upon the floor. Almost instantly very loud raps occurred upon the floor of the room, so that we now had (1) the piano playing; (2) the voice from the horn, and (3) the knocks upon the floor, all going on at the same instant, in different parts of the room. Soon they stopped, but I asked "Mike" to repeat this collective phenomenon for me, so that I might study it closely, and make sure of the location of each of the three. Three times did "Mike" repeat this for me, until I was perfectly satisfied that the three events were actually going on at one time, and in various parts of the room. Soon after this "Mike" withdrew—after thanking me for the money—and the séance closed. I was promised that, if I came often enough, I might see these things *in the light*. Well! That would be interesting indeed!

Summing up, now, this séance, I think the case may be stated thus:

(1) *Facts that might indicate fraud on the part of the little girl.*

The fact that she never spoke during the course of the manifestations.

The fact that the order of intelligence displayed by "Mike" and his friends was just about the order of intelligence that would be possessed by this little girl, were her own mind controlling the manifestations.

The "spirit-lights" were very suggestive of trickery—they being easily producible by means of ordinary sulphur matches, as I have elsewhere shown; and so was the phosphorescent writing upon the slates. This could have been done upon a damp slate, by means of the matches before mentioned. I noticed that a number of these matches were lying on the piano, just before the séance opened.

The kisses and touches were all very human, and at least suggestive of trickery.

The fact that the little girl would say nothing about the



phenomena, but only smiled afterward, when they were discussed.

The fact that she was just the type of girl who would love to play tricks upon and befool her elders—the type to whose hysterical temperament notoriety and flattery are as the breath of life.

The fact that I subsequently ascertained that the horn could be banged against the ceiling and the floor one after the other in rapid succession, by anyone who merely stands up, and holds the horn by the extreme end—the mouthpiece.

On the other hand we have—

(2) *Facts pointing away from fraud as the explanation.*

Among these are:

The speaking through the trumpet, at a considerable distance from the piano, while the latter was still playing, and while raps and thumps were resounding on the floor also, in still another part of the room. I found it hard to account for this on any theory of fraud.

The incident in which the voice was gradually merged into the sound of the horn—the two sounding at once, close to the ceiling, and giving a very weird and extraordinary effect.

The fact that I once ducked my head when the horn was flying about the room at a rapid rate, and instantly a voice said, "You needn't be afraid, we won't hurt you," etc. As the room was pitch black, I do not see how this could have been the result of any trickery or fraud. We should have to assume that it was a coincidence—the probability of this being strengthened or weakened according to the outcome of the investigation; *i. e.*, whether or not the phenomena ultimately proved to be fraudulent in character.

The fact that these same manifestations are promised—in the light.

The fact that Miss Gray and her mother both assert that they have obtained similar phenomena in the light. (*See above.*)

The fact that all the members of the circle are mediumistic.

The fact that no object is to be gained by fraudulently producing the phenomena—since no money is ever asked, nor, indeed, are outsiders ever admitted to the circle.

The fact that tests will be permitted as soon as the development is "further along"—the tying of the hands and feet of all three, and even a flash light introduced, if desired. Already the idea had occurred to them to place the case in the hands of the S. P. R. for investigation, so soon as they were more advanced.

All this was volunteered in a talk after the séance, when we were discussing it among ourselves. All invitations to investigate came from Mrs. and Miss Gray, and evidently did not meet with the approval of the little girl, who, however, said nothing. Of course the last five of the "reasons" I advanced for thinking the phenomena genuine, are presumptions merely, but I think that the first three are valid, and await ultimate explanation. That I hope to obtain at the next séance. It will be admitted, I think, that the case is at least sufficiently suggestive to warrant further investigation, and that I propose to undertake. The next séance will perhaps help to clear up some of these obscure details, and determine further whether fraud is or is not sufficient to explain all the phenomena witnessed by me at this memorable séance.

The above is a *verbatim* copy of my original report of this séance, written out immediately upon my return to the hotel. It will be seen that it is somewhat crude, in parts, but I have kept the original form and wording, in order to convey to my reader, the more clearly, the mental impression I received from this first séance,—which, I confess, was intensely interesting to me, because so different from anything of the kind I had ever seen before, though I have sat many dozens of times in dark circles, and never before discovered anything but the most obvious and palpable fraud. This séance, however, impressed me greatly, and I awaited the advent of the next evening with keen interest. It eventually arrived, bringing with it some unexpected results, as we shall see. I shall



again quote from my original report of the séance, written immediately upon my return to the hotel, and within a few minutes of its completion.

### Second Séance with Mrs. and the Misses Gray.

*August 9, 1907.*

I attended this second séance in high hopes, but determined, at the same time, to watch for such phenomena as could not well be accounted for by normal means; and see whether a normal explanation would present itself upon further investigation and observation. The room being arranged very much as in the last séance, the lights were extinguished, and we sat in total darkness.

Very soon the horn began, talking to me, and carried on a conversation. The voice certainly originated in a human throat. By listening carefully, I could hear the indrawing of the breath; the sounds made by the lips, tongue, etc.; and there could be no doubt of the fact that the sounds were produced in a human throat. At my request, the voice sounded near the ceiling; but I now noticed this very peculiar fact: the voice seemed to be close to my ear at the same time that it was near the ceiling! I bent very far forward; then drew my chair closer, and leaned forward again. I could now detect the method of the production of this voice. The little girl was standing up, and speaking into the trumpet, which was directed into the air, over my head. The two sounds I heard were (1) the *real* sounds produced in the throat of the little girl; and (2) the *apparent* sounds, in the air, near the ceiling—giving the distinct impression that a voice was talking at that point. Upon request, the voice responded, first near the ceiling, then near the floor, and I could plainly hear the girl talking into the horn, now that my ears were—unknown to her—quite close to her mouth. Now and then she would mount on the chair, in her stocking feet, and speak through the trumpet, from that position. The whole process was thus made clear to me, and I could see the method for the production of voices close to the ceiling. That part of the performance was, therefore, made plain—though the illu-

sion was so perfect that I do not think the trick could ever have been detected, in the ordinary manner.

The piano now played, and the stamping about the room began. There was nothing to indicate, (now that I examined the facts critically, and more at leisure than I was enabled to at the first séance, when I did not know what was coming next), that both of these were not produced by the little girl. She might have played upon the piano with one hand, and reached out into the room with one leg and foot, and stamped over what would be a wide area. Lights began to appear now, very faintly, and raps indicated that "Mike" wanted two wet slates, a wet cloth, and a dry cloth. These were procured, and laid on the table, close beside the little girl. I noticed that she had again brought in and laid upon the piano, just behind her, a number of matches. They were within her reach. Soon, I heard a hand groping for these matches, and a moment later, the customary light appeared. Soon two appeared, then three, in various parts of the room. The slate was written upon, in the customary luminous writing, and this was obviously done by scratching over the surface of the wet slate with the matches. The damp rag was then rubbed over the matches, and held up and shaken. It gave the appearance of six or eight little spots of light, and, when moved about rapidly, was exceedingly deceptive. The rag was placed on the end of the tin horn, and waved about, near the ceiling. It was then dropped upon the piano. At this point, the whole method of working the trick became certain and obvious to me. So much "light" had been produced, in one way and another, that it began to slightly illumine surrounding objects; and I could plainly see the little girl's fingers handling the matches. Also, the illuminated handkerchief being on the piano, and she, consequently, sitting between it and myself, I could plainly see her moving about to and fro, manipulating the matches. Once, her face became slightly visible, as it was bent over the slate, in the writing. There could be no possible doubt that this part of the séance, at least, was fraudulent.

When several lights were produced in various parts of the room, they were either stationary, or only as far apart as the



arms of the little girl might have stretched. When they appeared in various parts of the room at once, they were invariably *stationary*, and this effect was doubtless accomplished by rubbing the match with the wet fingers, and carrying the match to a certain spot, and leaving it there. The medium would then be free to go away, and produce lights elsewhere.

I do not think that the remaining phenomena are worth recounting in great detail. Touches, raps, etc., were constant, and the last séance was repeated in all its essential features. As the result of this séance, and the further investigation, I unhesitatingly came to the conclusion that all the phenomena I had witnessed in both séances were fraudulently produced by the little girl in question; and I shall now give my reasons for coming to what some of my readers may consider an unfair conclusion.

The young girl certainly produced the lights in a fraudulent manner; of that there can be no doubt, since I saw the method of their production very clearly.

The voice through the trumpet was also produced by her. This my closer and unknown investigation in the dark enabled me to perceive. I detected her making the sounds herself. The apparent distance of the voice is explicable and can easily be understood when we take into account what we know of the difficulty of locating sounds with accuracy. Though singularly deceptive—more so than I could have imagined—the voice was, nevertheless, produced by the young girl herself, as I distinctly heard her speaking into the trumpet at the moment the voice came (apparently) from the air over my head, near the ceiling, in the centre of the room. When the voice appeared near the ceiling at the moment that the piano was playing, "the medium" doubtless stood up, spoke into the trumpet—directed to the ceiling—and, at the same time, struck notes and chords with her left hand upon the piano. At no time was there a definite *melody* played upon the piano. It could easily have been done in this manner, and, such being the case, the improbability of its having been done in any other manner becomes proportionately small.

The touches, etc., were certainly human; and the raps

could easily have been done by the young girl, and so could the noise of the stamping feet. Indeed, the sound of a rustling dress indicated that a material form—clothed—was walking about the room, while these manifestations were in progress.

There remains to be explained the case in which the voice was gradually merged into the horn. This sounded very wonderful at the time, but subsequent experiments have shown me how this may easily be accomplished. Both horns are placed to the mouth, one on either side. The lips are puckered, so that the air is all blown through *one* side of the mouth—into horn I. Gradually the lips are opened, until both horns are being blown into,—when horn I. is gradually removed, and all the air directed into horn II. In this manner the effect I have described can be duplicated.

On reviewing the first séance, after witnessing the second, I became convinced that everything witnessed at that séance was fraud and trickery, and nothing but that. Not knowing what was coming, on the first occasion, and hence not knowing what to look for, and being tempted to place the most favorable construction possible on the phenomena, because of the fact that they happened in a private circle, I doubtless over-estimated the value of the phenomena observed, as evidence for the supernormal, and mal-observed many of the manifestations, owing to my over-receptive attitude of mind. I was most anxious to obtain some genuine phenomena before leaving Lily Dale, and this circle seemed to offer the best chance of seeing any that I had so far encountered; it held out some faint hope of success, which I saw could never be satisfied by professional "physical mediums." Because of my attitude of mind, then, I doubtless observed the first séance badly. No effort was made to produce any of the manifestations in the light, and I am persuaded that this is merely a "bluff" on the part of "Mike,"—or the little girl, rather,—to keep up the interest of the sitters. Inasmuch as the observed phenomena were decidedly and unmistakably fraudulent, it is needless to say that they never will be produced in the light. I subsequently heard Mrs. Gray describe some of the phenomena I myself had witnessed at the last



séance, to a friend, and her account of the facts was so distorted (unconsciously, I have no doubt) and enlarged upon, that I felt that no credence whatever could be placed in any of her observations or reports, should such be forthcoming.

Now, as to the object to be gained by the little girl—the “medium”—who produced the phenomena for the occasion. She obtained money upon rare occasions, such as that of my visit, and that, probably, did not weigh with her to any appreciable degree. I think there can be no doubt that a hysterical love of notoriety, of fame, and of being made more or less the center of observation and conversation, are the impelling motives—at least those chiefly. There are many girls to which this would appeal strongly, and the little girl I saw is precisely the type from whom one would expect just such a morbid desire and craving. All her physical and mental characteristics, so far as I was enabled to judge, supported this view and conclusion, and tell very strongly in favor of Mr. Podmore's “naughty little girl” theory, for cases of this general character. She was doubtless enabled to pick up the tricks from the mediums on the grounds; from facts and hints they let drop, and to work these up, in her exceedingly precocious and active brain, into a very presentable and baffling performance—one that was, indeed, more interesting to me, upon first sight, than all the séances of the professional mediums in Lily Dale,—and more convincing.

Two days later I met the young girl (the “medium”) and obtained a virtual confession from her. While she would not state to me in a straightforward manner that she was the instigator of the phenomena (I suppose for fear that I might inform her mother and sister of the fact *instantly*) she virtually gave me to understand that she and she alone was the author of all the phenomena that I had witnessed,—or that had ever been produced at any of the séances in question. She did not try to conceal this fact, and laughed with me about the phenomena, and their production; only refused to make any definite confession—doubtless for the reason indicated above. At all events, I myself felt that no further confession was needed, after my conversation with the little girl; nor did I feel that any further investigation of the case was

necessitated—which investigation was, moreover, rendered impossible by the fact that every evening was occupied thenceforward by séances with one or more of the mediums upon the grounds.

To sum up: the case, while certainly more interesting than anything I had seen at Lily Dale, and more suggestive of the supernormal, was nevertheless clearly fraudulent throughout, as detection and subsequent confession proved. But it goes to show, once again, that no reliance whatever can be placed upon physical phenomena, or reports of such, unless the most rigid standards of evidence have been maintained throughout,—by men or women competent to detect fraud, should such exist, and familiar with the psychology of deception. If such persons have made the investigations, and their reports of the phenomena observed are detailed, and indicate that measures have been taken throughout to prevent the practice of fraud—only then do accounts of the physical phenomena become even worthy or serious investigation; and this fact was more than ever brought home to me by my Lily Dale experience. Of course, genuine phenomena may be observed and obtained in the home circle, and they are always interesting and worthy of careful investigation and study; but I am convinced that, from the professional “physical medium,” nothing is to be obtained but fraud and the results of fraud.

## § VI.

### GENERAL DISCUSSION: FRAUDULENT MEDIUMSHIP.

I have now given the reader the results of my investigations at Lily Dale, and a report of every séance or sitting I attended while there. It will be seen that, so far as the physical manifestations go, nothing was obtained, not clearly fraudulent, though the work of several of the trance and test mediums indicated that they possessed supernormal power of some kind. I obtained no personal evidence of this that would be convincing to the sceptic, but I became convinced of their genuine power by observing their tests given to other sitters, whom I felt to be honest, and by cultivating



their personal acquaintance. But, granting that some interesting phenomena might be obtained through these mediums (could they be critically studied), I wish to point out that trance mediums were not nearly so much sought after as were those producing the physical manifestations. These were the "stars," so to speak,—to whom all the spiritualists flocked, and to whom they paid considerable sums of money for the phenomena witnessed. These were the drawing cards;—those mediums who were supposed to give far more tangible and definite evidence of a future life than did the trance mediums—who were certainly patronized, but not nearly so much so as were the mediums producing physical phenomena. I wish to say just here that this sort of mediumship would die out very rapidly if it were not patronized, and if even decent tests were imposed and insisted upon, instead of the rank credulity everywhere present. There is no incentive, no inducement, in a place like Lily Dale, for mediums to produce or offer the genuine phenomena. If they were offered, I doubt if such a medium would pay his or her rent for the summer. Let us suppose there goes to Lily Dale a genuine physical medium—*i. e.*, one who could almost invariably insure the presence of phenomena, (practically an impossibility). Let us suppose that these phenomena consist of raps, movements of objects without contact, slight levitations, twanging upon the guitar, and scrawls upon a sheet of paper—surely a wide range of phenomena, and more than we can expect to obtain from any one medium, all at one time and invariably. Let us suppose that such is the case, however, and that these phenomena were almost always forthcoming. Do you think that such a medium would be patronized to any extent? Most certainly he would not; at least, such is the conclusion to which I came, after a careful study of the psychology of the Lily Dale visitors. The reason is this. These persons are not there for the purpose of scientific inquiry and investigation; they are already convinced, and care nothing whatever for scientific method. Being assured in their own minds that such phenomena do occur, they are prepared to swallow anything that may be offered in the name of spiritualism, without strict investigation or inquiry,

and consequently go where they can see the most for their admission fee,—the most extraordinary phenomena. They want, in fact, to “get the biggest show for their money,” as one of the old visitors put it. I think that this is the literal truth. They do not care particularly whether the phenomena are genuine or fraudulent, so long as they are abundant and sufficiently extraordinary. The primary question, “Are they genuine?” is an altogether secondary consideration with them. They want the *results*; and it does not much matter how those results are obtained. Consequently, as I said before, there is no inducement and no incentive to produce only the genuine phenomena, which would look tame indeed beside some of the manifestations that are produced. So long as this attitude is maintained by spiritualists as a whole, we can hope for very little reform along this line of fraudulent mediumship.

Of course all spiritualists are not of this type. There are some who attend the camp meetings, and go away disgusted; and I talked with many such. The officers of the Camp are of this more or less sceptical mind, so far as I could judge; but knew that phenomena of the sort craved must be supplied, or the camp would languish and finally cease to exist. This is what happened at Onset. So much discussion was aroused as the result of frequent “grabbings” and exposures of materializing mediums, and also as the result of the publication of *The Vampires of Onset*, that materializing mediums were shut out for good and all—with the result that spiritualists ceased to visit the camp, which is now virtually a summer resort. It would be the same at Lily Dale, were similar measures adopted; and the spiritualists doubtless know that. For a time, it is true, about three years ago, when the agitation concerning materializing mediums was at its height, these mediums were forbidden to come upon the grounds—even the famous and dreaded Keeler being requested to take down his sign for materializing séances. But they were gradually resumed, and are now again in full swing upon the grounds.

This agitation at Lily Dale resulted from several exposures, one after another, culminating in the charge of fraud



against the now notorious Hugh Moore, who was at Lily Dale Camp that year. This charge was made by several spiritualists; and an "Investigating Committee" was formed, to inquire into his mediumship. At the time, Moore was renting a commodious house, jointly with another materializing medium, and between them, they were holding four and five materializing séances a day,—morning, afternoon and evening. As one man expressed it: "They would get the people in; give them a good show, and shove them out again, in time for the next lot." Dollars must have been coming in pretty fast in those days! Finally, the officers began to suspect that even the best and most powerful mediums could not continue to give séances at that rate, and that there must be something shady about their work. (The mediums always call it "work.") The Investigating Committee was accordingly appointed.

First of all, Moore was asked to give a test séance in the Maplewood Hotel, (where all the spiritualists put up, when at Lily Dale). He refused, saying that the room was not "magnetized," as was his own house. One cannot very well see why he could not have "magnetized" the room in the hotel, as he had his house in the first place, but I let that pass. It was agreed that the séance should be held in his own house. A strict examination of the house was made, and nothing was found out of place,—no trap doors were discovered, and the Committee pronounced everything secure, and the séance given under test conditions. So much for the examination of "Committees"! In spite of the examination, however, a successful séance was held, until one of the forms was "grabbed" by one of the investigators, when the whole trick was discovered. A trap was brought to light, which had not been detected, and the "spirit" turned out to be one of the young women, living upon the grounds. I was informed that at least three of the waitresses of the hotel were in the habit of "spooking" for him. The séance ended in a ruction. Moore and his accomplice made their escape, together with their spooks; but his partner was soon afterwards captured. Moore made his escape through the woods. It was stated that, had he been caught that night, he would un-

doubtedly have been tarred and feathered. The spiritualists were thoroughly stirred. This incident will at least serve to show that I have not been unduly hard on the "poor materializing mediums," in my treatment of them and their character; and illustrates, also, the rotten state of affairs in such camps. After this escapade, materializing mediums were forbidden on the grounds for some time.

I shall now relate a few of the humorous things that happened to me, or of which I was told by other investigators, as happening to themselves, at some of these materializing séances. I have previously referred to the incident that happened at one of the materializing séances which I attended, when the spirit had to wait until its robe was unhooked from the hair of one of the sitters (p. 35.) A similar incident, of more serious a nature, had happened the previous year to one of the materialized forms, I was told. The spirit, in this case, had got her robe entangled in the corner of a book case that stood on one side of the room, and, in attempting to retreat to the cabinet, had pulled this whole case full of books down upon her. There was a scream, a panic, and the lights were turned up, to disclose the medium, in a state of terror, and her poor confederate, pinned beneath the book case, on the floor, groaning from her injuries. Did this spirit dematerialize? No indeed! She was carried to the hospital in an ambulance, where she was confined for six weeks,—before she was discharged, (let us hope), a wiser and a better woman.

At another of these séances, given by another medium, the following incident occurred. A widow was called to the cabinet, to speak to her former "lord and master." He walked a few steps into the room, boldly enough, and the conversation commenced. At this point, the lady happened to glance at the spirit's feet. She received a shock! Having a sense of humor, however, she merely remarked, quietly: "Why, John, tan shoes were not worn when you were alive, were they?" Sure enough, the medium had on tan shoes!

At another séance, held by yet another medium, the following incident occurred. A lady had been called up to the cabinet curtains to see her lost baby. A spirit form ad-



vanced, holding it in her arms. The mother cried and sobbed over the child, and could hardly be parted from it at the close of the interview. The form retreated into the cabinet, carrying with it the spirit child. In a few moments another form appeared, carrying a baby also, of slightly larger size. The spirit informed the circle that this was for Mrs. S——. Mrs. S—— accordingly advanced to the cabinet curtains, and looked at the baby with curiosity. "Whom is it for?" asked Mrs. S——. "For you," was the reply; "don't you recognize it? It is yours." Ah! The folly of jumping to conclusions. Let me state, just here, what this lady afterwards told me herself. She had been married twice. Her first husband had had two children, both of whom had died. He then married a second time, after the death of his first wife, his second wife being Mrs. S——. They never had any children. They both used to speak of his two children as "our children," however,—so the natural conclusion would be that "our children" would mean hers, as well as his. Seeing that she had never had any herself, her surprise may be imagined, when this baby was brought forward, and the assertion made that it was "hers." After this statement, she naturally came to the immediate conclusion that the whole thing was fraudulent, and replied, in response to the question whether she recognized it: "Well, seeing that I never had one——" At this, the spirit form started to retire into the cabinet. Mrs. S—— was anxious to see what this spirit child looked like, however, and made a grab for the spirit baby,—just as the tall form was receding into the cabinet. The spirit pulled, and she pulled, and the result was that the spirit child exploded with a loud report! It was a rubber bag,—such as could be blown out to any required size! The bag collapsed, and fell upon the floor, where it was discovered when the lights were turned up,—as they were almost immediately. The first lady, who had cried so profusely over this rubber doll, was with difficulty restrained from violent measures. When I was told this story, I naturally laughed heartily, and thereupon an old spiritualist, sitting by, reproved Mrs. S—— for telling me the story. He evidently thought the "poor, innocent medium" was being greatly abused!

I could relate a number of stories such as the above, did space permit, but it is not necessary that I should do so. Mr Will Irwin has several amusing incidents of the kind, in his articles, published in *Collier's Weekly* (September 14, 21, 28, and October 5, 1907) which should be read by everyone interested in this subject, as representing, in a graphic manner, one side of this question—a side too little known, and even questioned by those who have not studied the subject carefully,—which doubtless exists on this side of the Atlantic far more than on the other. I do not think it probable, from what I am enabled to gather, that fraud of the character here described is nearly so universal in England, *e. g.*, as it is in America, and consequently those living in that country are not fair critics of what happens here in America. The amount of fraud that exists in this country is something amazing, and one can very readily understand why it should be so. In the first place, there is doubtless more sharp, shrewd, cunning business intellect in this country than elsewhere; and on the other hand, there are many men, wealthy, and thinking that, because they are sharp enough to make a fortune in lard or copper, or whatever it may be, they are sharp enough to detect any trickery that might be attempted in their presence. They possess that "half baked intelligence," as Dr. Hyslop so happily called it, which makes them absolutely self-confident, to the point of being self-complacent. Such persons are frequently the most gullible and easily deceived of all. They are so confident of their ability to detect fraud that they are rendered quite incapable of detecting it. Besides, many mediumistic tricks do not depend upon *detection* at all, but upon *previous knowledge*. If this actual knowledge of the method of working the trick is not possessed, it would be quite impossible to detect it, in many cases. Let me illustrate this. The sitter cleans a pile of slates. The medium then places a large slate over the top of the pile for a few seconds. He tells his sitter that this top slate is "magnetized," and will magnetize the others too,—enabling the writing to take place upon them more readily. Soon, two slates are placed together. They are held for a time, by medium and sitter; then separated, but no writing is



found. Again they are placed together, held, and again separated, and this time a message is found on one of the slates, covering the whole of one of its sides.

This is a much used trick, and has been described by Mr. David P. Abbott, in the *Journal*, A. S. P. R., in one of his articles on "Spirit Slate-Writing and Billet Tests." The secret consists chiefly in the fact that a slate, containing the message, was hidden under the large slate, and placed upon the pile of smaller slates on the table, when the large slate was placed on them. Now, I do not care how closely the onlooker might have watched every move of the medium, he would never have detected the *modus operandi*, in this case, and he never could, if he had not been in possession of the *previous knowledge* of the fact that the small slate was hidden beneath the large one, and hence was placed on the top of the pile of slates, when the large slate was placed upon them. This is only one illustration; but it will serve to show that acute intelligence and ordinary sharpness and sagacity will not serve to detect mediums of this character; and that nothing will serve for their detection, or insure it, but actual knowledge of the methods employed.

Spiritualists (not all, of course, but the majority of them) are quite ignorant of the methods that are employed by fraudulent mediums, and are, in the bargain, extremely credulous and very bad observers. One lady, who had just returned from a slate-writing séance at Keeler's, did not remember or know whether she had held two or three slates above the table, with him! This lady struck one as having quite average intelligence. Hardly any of them (men or women) had any clear mental picture of the séance, and evidently the most elementary precautions had been overlooked.

Again, as to the credulity of many of the sitters. Let me illustrate this by an example. A wealthy man of the character I have drawn became a rabid convert to spiritualism, and soon swallowed everything that was presented in its name. The medium resolved that his credulity should result in some financial benefit to himself. He began by telling the "sucker" (mediums call them "suckers," when they get to this stage, and are ready for "plucking") that he (the me-

dium) had been told that it was the sitter's grand privilege to civilize Jupiter! The inhabitants of that planet, he was told, were in a semi-barbarous condition, and had no harvesting and farm implements, so that they were in a very backward and wretched condition. The medium suggested that, if it were possible to send them any implements, in any way, it would be one great step towards civilizing them. Now, it so happened that the sitter in question was the head and owner of a very large firm that manufactured farm implements of the kind. The medium actually had the audacity to suggest that he (the sitter) bring or send certain ploughs, and other minor farm implements, and that he (the medium) would then dematerialize them and materialize them on Jupiter! In this manner he was to civilize that planet!

The sitter agreed to this; in fact, he became enthusiastic over the idea. He sent several ploughs and implements of the kind, and these the medium certainly managed to dispose of in some manner. The medium then requested larger and more expensive implements, and so on, until the huge harvesters and other similar pieces of machinery were being sent to the medium's house. Finally, the medium's confederate rebelled. He said: "It's all very well to get two or three hundred dollar rakes and things of that kind, but when you begin to get five thousand dollar harvesters,—count me out." A dispute took place between the two, which ended in a rupture and separation. The confederate stated that if he (the medium) insisted in receiving such articles as those last received, they would soon be caught and locked up, (as, of course, they were merely selling the implements to a near-by dealer in such goods). True to his promise, the confederate went to the sitter, and told him of the "game" that was being played upon him. He refused to believe it. "Come," said the confederate, "and I'll prove my words. You gave the medium a horse and cart yesterday, did you not,—that he was to dematerialize?" The sitter acknowledged that he had. "Then," said the confederate, "come with me, and I'll show you where it is." They went down to a certain well-known stable, and there, sure enough, was the sitter's horse and cart. The confederate pointed these out, and especially



indicated the number on the cart, positively identifying it as the one given to the medium the day before. The sitter looked at it critically for some minutes. "Yes," he said at length, "it looks like my cart, and it's the same number—but, but it *isn't* mine; mine's on Jupiter!" How is one to argue with an intelligence like that?

In a case such as the above, it will be observed that the border line has been actually crossed which separates the criminal from the purely farcical. There are a number of incidents of this character that might be cited—a number being given in *The Revelations of a Spirit Medium*. Other cases are cited in *The Vampires of Onset*; and, indeed, it may be said that cases of the kind are by no means uncommon. One case in particular I was told of,—full details being given—that is especially revolting. Two young girls were left alone in the world, with some eight thousand dollars between them. They became interested in the exhibitions of a certain materializing medium, and were frequent attendants at his séances. He was, at that time, holding forth in Boston, Mass. One of the materialized forms was that of a young man, and with him the elder of the young ladies in question fell desperately in love. This was apparently returned by the spirit, and a mock marriage was arranged—a well-known trance medium officiating at the marriage, and uniting the mortal and the spirit in a bond that was to last a few hours only. The upshot of this incident was that the unfortunate girl found herself left penniless and *enciente*, the child being born in due time. Needless to say the spirit husband never returned after the night of the eventful ceremony. I have the names of all the mediums and other persons engaged in this infamous transaction in my possession; and it is possible that they may be published at some time, should the occasion arise.

The above will at least give the general reader some idea of the state of things that exists among a certain class of spiritualists and mediums, and I need not dwell upon the point unduly here. I only wish to show and to demonstrate that things of this kind *do* occur,—since I have found a tendency to disbelieve facts of this character, when related,—particu-

larly when told to persons who have discovered little or no fraud themselves. I know for certain, however, that facts of the character indicated do occur, and that frequently; and the sooner the fact is acknowledged, the better for the spiritualists as a whole. Mediums have the greatest contempt, as a rule, for the average investigator, whom they consider dumsy, stupid, and "dead easy." They use this latter phrase frequently, among themselves, and I have frequently heard it employed in free conversation. Again, at one of the materializing séances I attended, the medium stated quite freely that he would have to go into the house, now, and "get his paraphernalia ready!" It will be seen that, in the above, there is little attempt to conceal the fact of the fraudulent nature of the phenomena.

There is a large trade, too, throughout the country, in medium's apparatus—a trade which most persons are entirely ignorant of, and even sceptical about, when they are told that it exists. Mr. Will Irwin published a great deal of evidence in connection with this subject in his articles in *Collier's Weekly*, before referred to. I have before me, as I write, a catalog of a firm in the West, devoted entirely to medium's apparatus for producing fraudulent phenomena—slate writing, sealed letter reading, raps, platform tests, etc., all being advertised freely, as for sale. Perhaps I can best illustrate my point by quoting one or two of these advertisements *verbatim*. Thus, we read:

**No. 147. Luminous Materialistic (*sic*) Ghosts and Forms.**

We furnish these of all kinds and sizes. Full luminous female form and dress (with face that convinces) which can be produced in ordinary room or circle, appears gradually, floats about room and disappears. Nothing superior. Price, \$50.00.

**No. 146. Luminous Materializing Hands and Faces.**

A striking feature in dark or semi-dark séances. For all materializing mediums, the production of luminous hands or faces is a *sine qua non* of success. We furnish you complete and explicit directions for the making and production of same, or furnish them complete and ready for use as desired. Also draperies, head-dresses, and ornaments of the finest quality known. . . . Complete and ready for use, from \$5.00 to \$25.00, depending on scope and capacity required.



Nor are the physical phenomena the only ones that are so advertised. Thus, we read:

**No. 170. Clairvoyance, Psychometry and Platform Tests.**

There is at all times a good demand for a clever and intellectual lecturer or medium who can give good and genuine tests from the platform. Nearly every issue of the Spiritualistic journals contain inquiries for just such mediums. We can furnish you the only reliable system, complete in every detail, which will enable you to at once take up this interesting and remunerative branch of the profession. With this you can satisfy the most captious audience, and all the tests are genuine.

This method is boundless in its scope, and is the only one you can rely on. It is suitable for either lady or gentleman, and is being constantly used by many of our most successful mediums. We have, for many years, supplied this to our clients to whom it has given perfect satisfaction. It is so perfect that at a few days' notice you can fill satisfactorily engagements in any ordinary sized town, in any part of the country. Our former price was \$100.00. We now offer it to you for \$25.00.

This will at least serve to give the reader some idea of the amount of fraudulent mediumship there is in this country, and the extent of the trade in apparatus of all kinds among mediums. There are men who make it a life business to manufacture goods of this character, and who do nothing else. It is improbable that anything of the sort occurs in England, or in any other country than America. It does, however, exist here; and some of the Spiritualistic Journals are of late taking a very broad and sound stand on this question of fraud. In apparatus and in mental tests of all kinds this network of trickery exists; and I can best illustrate this, perhaps, by placing before my readers the evidence that has been collected for the existence of the famous *Blue Book*,—of the existence of which many spiritualistic journals, and indeed even a critic of Mr. Podmore's type, is sceptical. I endeavored to lay before my readers some of this evidence in my *Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism*, (pp. 312-18), to which I would refer the critic. That portion of my book has received the severest criticism from many quarters, on the ground that I did not substantiate the statements there made. I shall endeavor to do so more fully here. Let me say, for the benefit of those readers

who may be unfamiliar with the term, that the medium's *Blue Book* is the trade or technical name for a book full of names of spiritualists, and persons interested in psychical subjects, and information about such persons—who their friends and relatives were; from what they died, where they lived, and in fact all about them. This information is handed round, from one medium to another, and exchanged, in return for other information; so that there is a constant system of interchange of information about sitters going on all the time,—all over the country; the result of which is this: that, if any person frequents one or more séances, he is henceforward sure to receive good “tests” in whatever part of the country he may go, simply by reason of the test information contained in the *Blue Book*,—which is passed round, giving this information about sitters. I understand that Dr. Hodgson once had in his possession, for a short time only, a portion of one of these *Blue Books*, which was spirited away, by some mysterious means, at a later date. The author of *The Revelations of a Spirit Medium* left several of these Books in the office of the publishers, Farrington & Co., 37 East Tenth St., St. Paul, Minn., and, as I was living, at the time, in Minneapolis, Minn., I went over to St. Paul, purposely to look at this book—only to find the office closed, and the publishers out of business. Mr. E. D. Lunt, of Boston, knew something of the Boston *Blue Book*,—I quoted his statement in my own book, as referring to Boston alone. Mr. David P. Abbott, on page 14 of his *Behind the Scenes with the Mediums*, tells us that: “. . . Some time ago a certain medium came to grief in Omaha. The police confiscated his paraphernalia, in which was found a *Blue Book* of Omaha. The public was invited to call and see this book; and believers could go and read their own questions, written in this book, with their own names signed to them. . . .” He refers to the book in several other places.\*

\* In reply to a letter from Dr. Hyslop, asking him about this *Blue Book*, Mr. Abbott wrote back:

“My chief source of information about the *Blue Book* of Boston was ‘Mysteries of the Séance’ by Ed. Lunt. Think Mr. Carrington has a copy. Lunt ought to know where he got the information. There was a materializing medium, one Farrell (right name Ohara, now in prison in Joliet, Ill., for diamond swindles) who told me he had seen the book, or



Now the "Progressive Thinker"—the leading spiritualistic paper in America—comes out and frankly acknowledges that such test books ("generals," they are often called in the profession) do exist, and publishes a statement of one man that he has such a book in his possession; and of another that he had often contributed to its contents, though he had not seen it himself. The "Brotherhood," as the inner circle of mediums is called, have been so extremely careful in guarding this secret that it is only within the last few years that anything of the kind has been even suspected. Doubtless much new evidence will soon come to light on the point. I know such a system existed at Lily Dale, for two reasons (1) I once picked up a scrap of paper, on which was copied an obituary notice, and on the side were remarks as to the person who was to receive this fine and surprising test that evening! At some materializing or trumpet medium's séance, this person's *soi-disant* spirit was doubtless to appear, and announce his own death—a magnificent test! As it was a *carbon* copy, I assumed (justly, I think) that it was intended to be used by

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had extracts from it, or something of the kind. I forget the names he gave me..... He had three Blue Books which I saw. One was for Cincinnati. He had a very fine outfit of luminous costumes, and a splendid acquaintance with all the mediums....."

On writing to Mr. E. D. Lunt, asking him for particulars, he replied to me as follows:

Silverton, Oregon, Dec. 23, 1907.

Dear Mr. Carrington:

Your letter of inquiry received. Also one of same tenor forwarded from Boston.

In reply, will say: I saw a so-called Blue Book in Los Angeles, Cal., several years ago—in 1896, I think. It was in the possession of a medium who had abandoned the business. I endeavored to secure it, but failed. Harrison D. Barrett, late president of the N. S. A., assured me that he had seen one, and failed to secure it for some reason. The one I saw was simply a small book (printed), with names and data of San Francisco spiritualists. I believe that in those earlier years such a method was generally used by fake mediums. But their use was, I believe, abandoned, and the simpler and less dangerous method of transmitting such information from one to another, personally, adopted. The question whether or no such a book, colored blue, and printed, was or is in existence is, it seems to me, immaterial. Care was evidently taken by the mediums to destroy all such evidence. Had I anticipated that such a demand would later exist for proof of the Blue Book's existence, I should have made an extra effort to secure it, and possibly with success.

Sincerely yours,

ED. D. LUNT.

more than one medium. (2) The second piece of evidence is far more conclusive. I referred earlier in this Report to a certain medium,—a lady who had, in various ways, greatly assisted me in unearthing fraud, while I was at Lily Dale. She informed me that she had been asked, the year before, to join a "medium's club," which was formed for the purpose of exchanging information about sitters, in the manner described. Upon her refusing to have anything to do with it, they practically boycotted her, and refused her admittance to any séance thenceforth. She was unable to say whether the Club existed or not, when I was there, (1907), but presumed that it did. I heard from other sources that it did, but, naturally enough, I could get no positive *proof* of the fact.

I shall now lay before my readers the best, newest and most positive evidence that has so far been published on this question of the *Blue Book*,—since it has all been obtained at first hand, and directly from the man who originally conceived the idea, worked it up, and finally marketed it. Mr. Will Irwin, in his investigations into fraudulent mediumship, on behalf of *Collier's Weekly*, personally interviewed several of those most intimately and closely connected with the publication, and has kindly consented to make a detailed and *verbatim* statement of his experiences, while looking into this question of the *Blue Book*, and of what he discovered in connection therewith. I think that, after this statement, there can be no reasonable doubt left in anyone's mind, that such a publication exists, and that it is, or at least has been, used by public mediums for the purposes indicated. His report will speak for itself.

#### STATEMENT OF MR. WILL IRWIN.

I spent about ten weeks investigating the subject of fraudulent mediumship for *Collier's Weekly*. Before that time, I had been investigating it in a personal and desultory way for about six years. My work for *Collier's* took me to Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago and some small cities of the middle West. From the first, I made a special effort to run down the old *Blue Book*. I had great hopes of being able to get a copy of this book when I started out. Certain investigators of the Boston Society for Psy-



chical Research told me that it had been issued in the form of a directory and that, from time to time, "supplemental lists," as they called them, had been got out for the subscribers. I understand that a certain professional medium once left these supplemental lists in a street car and the finder turned them over to Dr. Hodgson. They were spirited away, however, apparently by some spiritualist, and have never been seen again. I found, upon inquiring from those who had seen them, that these so-called "Supplemental Lists" were in typewriting.

This *Blue Book* chase puzzled me very much. Everywhere I heard of it and nowhere could I find anyone among the investigators of fraudulent mediumship or the ex-mediums who had ever seen it. Finally I met, in the middle West, a dealer in paraphernalia and tricks for mediums. I am under obligation not to give his name nor to give the circumstances which led up to his speaking to me as frankly as he did. It is enough for me to say that he appeared to be telling the truth and that many facts which I have discovered since proved the truth of certain other things that he told me.

He says that the *Blue Book* was started as an enterprise about the year 1903. It was not a book, at all. That is the thing which has put us all off the track in looking for it. It was a sort of directory. It was a kind of agency for information, a great deal like "Bradstreet's." They had agents among the professional mediums in every big city in the United States. It was the business of these people to send them classified information on habitual "sitters" and to keep that information well up to date. These agents were paid partly in free service from the *Blue Book* and partly in cash. My informant is under the impression that those who had its privileges paid a certain sum each year as subscribers; that entitled them simply to the privileges of membership, as it were. Then, when they wanted information in any district, any street or any city, they wrote to the *Blue Book*, which sent them typewritten lists according to the amount of the service rendered. For example: a medium could write from New York, asking for the whole *Blue Book* on New York, or he could write for all the *Blue Book* information on the theatrical profession, let us say. Again, he might write for all the sitters listed on Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, between 60th and 75th Streets. My informant is under the impression that the charge was regulated solely by the number of names furnished. The so-called "Supplemental Lists" which the Boston Society for Psychical Research has seen, were probably only the Boston lists, furnished in typewriting by the *Blue Book* people in Chicago.

The plan, it appears, did not work very well. My informant says he thinks it practically died in a year or two, although the original projectors of the enterprise made use of the lists they

had for some time. It was too expensive to keep up, as the subscribers, being professional mediums, could not be trusted to keep the lists to themselves. One medium would get a list for a certain street and then peddle it out to the others in her region.

This name of "Book" has caused great confusion in our conceptions of this institution; moreover, the term "Blue Book" has been adopted into the slang of the profession. Any agency for the dissemination of information among mediums is now called a "Blue Book." To the best of my belief, such "Books" are in existence in Boston and Chicago. I got this information, also, from dealers in supplies and paraphernalia in those places. I approached these dealers in the guise of a professional medium coming to buy paraphernalia and tricks. As I talked the slang of the profession and could assume a wide acquaintance with other professionals, one of them did not suspect me. The other may have had his suspicions, and I am a little in doubt about the frankness of his revelations. In Boston I talked with W. D. Leroy, 103 Court Street, who conducts what is called a "School of Magic" there. It is simply a house for furnishing supplies to conjurers, which does a big underground business in tricks and apparatus for mediums. I had better say, just here, that this traffic in supplies for mediums is much more profitable than the traffic in straight conjuring apparatus. It pays the heavy tariff on contraband goods. The dealer who told me about the *Blue Book* was once in the business of supplying conjurers. He found that there was no particular profit in that. The conjurers were working open and above board, knew the value of the goods, and, if they were overcharged, would go to someone else; but the mediums, working in the dark, always afraid of exposure, would pay eight or ten times what an article or a trick was worth. This fear of exposure on their part leads them to do ridiculous things. My informant of the *Blue Book* once had his business in Chicago. He says that they never dared come to his office. They would make appointments for some remote place and at some unearthly hour of the night. There they would meet him and give their orders. He had to go to the same trouble to deliver the goods. Once, he tried moving out into the suburbs, but even then, when he was living in a plain cottage, under an assumed name, they would creep out very late at night. It got to be such a bother that he moved away from Chicago.

To return to Leroy: I have every reason to believe that he took me for what I purported to be. I spent two afternoons with him, bargaining for spirit robes, reaching-rods and new tricks. It is a professional point with these men never to reveal the name of any customer to any other customer. I did ask him several times, however, about "test books," saying that I was in hopes of picking up some business in Boston and that, as I was new,



test books would be a great help to me. Leroy protested that he did not deal in test books, saying that it was not worth his while, but that there was a man who made a business of trading in test books and of gathering information. "He drops in here every now and then," said Leroy. "The last time was about two or three months ago." I asked Leroy if he could put me in touch with this man, but at that point he seemed to get a little suspicious and I thought it best to change the subject. I returned to it later, however, and Leroy then told me that I had better get in touch with some of the other mediums and let them put me up against the *Blue Book*. At the close of the interview, when I had nothing further to lose, I asked him where the *Blue Book* was published, but he only said, "Why don't you talk to some of the other good mediums?" I found nothing more definite about the Boston *Blue Book*, not having time to work that town thoroughly for information, but I noticed this significant fact: That everyone connected with the inside of the faking, professional mediumship in Boston takes it for granted that there is a *Blue Book* and mentions it, just as one mentions the directory. Personally, I have no doubt that such a book is in existence.

My experience in Chicago took me to "Professor" Philip H. Meyers, 32 Sherman Street, whose ostensible business is the manufacture of wax figures and practitioner of facial massage. Meyers is a talkative, imaginative young man. As a matter of opinion, I don't set too much store by any of his statements. While he sold me a lot of "spirit" apparatus, including a reaching-rod and silicate flaps for slate-writing tricks, I had a suspicion, toward the close of my second visit to him, that he understood my motives as well as I understood his. That, however, is only a feeling. He betrayed it in nothing he said. In the course of our conversation, which lasted, altogether, five or six hours, Meyers dropped the following facts concerning the *Blue Book* and the trade in information and tests: The old *Blue Book* is dead long ago—so long dead that he can't remember just who it was that ran it; moreover, Meyers, like Leroy, keeps the names of his clients.

The Chicago *Blue Book*, on the card index system, is kept by an old medium and is pretty well patronized by all the mediums in Chicago, who pay her regular fees for the information. A good deal of business, apparently, is done over the telephone. This came out in several of the tales he told me, just dropped accidentally. The medium, wanting information on Mrs. John Smith, excuses herself for a moment, goes to the telephone, gets the *Blue Book* and asks for everything they have on Mrs. John Smith. Meyers asked me what I thought of those "pony books." I told him I didn't think much of them, thereby leading him on to reveal that these are little private test books on Chicago which

the mediums are peddling around a great deal in that city now, until getting into the *Blue Book*. They consider the *Blue Book* rather badly kept and rather a back number. These books are up to date and include a lot of sitters. As the success of the *Blue Book* depends upon mediums sending in all of their information continually, of course, these pony books hurt it a great deal.

Meyers told me something I never heard elsewhere, and present, therefore, with some misgivings: That two of the mediums established, not long ago, what he called a traveling *Blue Book*. They went from city to city making collections of test books, putting them together, and then peddling out information to other mediums. He said that this did not work, and, about two years ago, these two people went out of the business. Another one of his stories has an interesting bearing on this case. A certain professional medium—a man—apparently in some way connected with the two people who ran the traveling *Blue Book*, had published secretly a book, whose title escaped me before I could get it down on paper, but which is a sort of Manual of Fraudulent Mediumship. It is so written that, if it fell into the hands of the police or of investigators, nothing could be proved by it. It appears to be a masterpiece of double meaning. I quote from memory some things which Meyers quoted to me from it: The author says, (of course, I am putting this in my own words): "Conditions for slate writing and most physical manifestations are always better when the table used by the medium has rubber tips on the legs. This, in some mysterious way which our minds cannot comprehend, helps to attract spirit magnetism. . . . Always arrange your circle with the most experienced 'sitters' and the deepest believers nearest to you, and put the sceptics at the rear of the room or, at least, furthest away. This is to insure unity and harmony in the circle. The presence of a sceptic near the medium is frequently fatal to the best manifestations of mediumship." I think these samples will show just what the book is. It is a treatise on the finer points of the medium's art. The price is \$25 a copy, and Meyers says he would recommend 'any young medium like me' to invest in it, as it is well worth the money.

Perhaps I may do a little good to the cause here by digressing a moment to say that the Bangs Sisters, according to Meyers, are the wonder and admiration of the profession for their work in spirit paintings and their original system of slate-writing. I have never sat with the Bangs Sisters, and I neglected to ask him what the externals of the trick are. Meyers says he himself has never quite fathomed it, and that the other mediums have gone in flocks to learn the secret. Of course, no one has any idea that they are genuine. It is just a general belief in their expert trickery. Meyers declared that he *did* know how they produced their



spirit paintings. He said it was largely a matter of chemistry, and needed for successful performance a permanent abiding place. He offered to sell me the secret of this trick—saying, however, that it would cost a good deal. I did not invest.

So far as my investigations went (and, of course, it must be understood that they were comparatively superficial, seeing that I was doing a popular and not a scientific piece of work) I am convinced that the exchange of information and 'test books' among fraudulent professional mediums is almost universal. Meyers remarked, off-hand, "They're carrying this test book business too far; everybody is crazy about it. I believe in working alone, the way they used to; it takes more work and more talents, but you have got things that nobody else gets and your work is much more original. The best mediums I know work alone, but you can't get the most of them to say that it is the best way." I think that all the mediums in a given group—say, those in one ward of Brooklyn—usually stand together, passing sitters on from one to the other and sending information in advance.

Here is something which I know about test books—second-hand really. A professional "spook" who played spirit in cabinets for several fraudulent mediums on the Pacific coast, once made an elaborate confession to a friend of mine, a man in whose word I have absolute reliance. He says that in the far West the 'test book' business is the very kernel of fraudulent mediumship, particularly for those mediums who travel. A medium first enters a certain district, and, by his "clairvoyance," his visit to the graveyards and his gossip around the saloons and stores, prepares the "test book;" then comes to San Francisco or Denver, meets a medium who has been traveling on another circuit, and makes a trade with him. Then they exchange circuits and, of course, the book is very valuable for a medium just "hitting a new town." I know by personal experience that in San Francisco information is exchanged all the time. Madame Myers was a well-known "ten-cent-circle clairvoyant" on Macallister Street, I think. I went to her very often. She pumped out of me a good many things, some of them true, some of them lies of mine, told to confuse her. Gradually almost all the mediums on Macallister Street would repeat some of the lies I had told Madame Myers, just as soon as they saw me. I succeeded in getting the fiction of a sister "Nellie," who I never had, implanted in all that group of mediums.

I notice, in an exposure of a materializing medium lately published in the "Progressive Thinker," that mediums in this case called their test books "Generals." That seems to be the latest slang. I remember now that Meyers dropped that phrase once or twice in my conversation with him, and that I always jumped

the conversation quickly at that point for fear of betraying myself, since I did not know what he meant. This leads me to say that mediums have a regular "Yegg" slang among themselves, a few phrases of which I know, and much of which, undoubtedly, I do not know. It enables them to know each other, and to pass information without betraying themselves to an outsider. In reality it is very largely a sort of sarcastic turn on certain words. For example: the word "spirit" in connection with a materializing séance, means just what it purports to mean; but the word "spook" refers always to the person who is playing the part of the spirit. "The spook for the spirit of Mary Brown was Mrs. Smith," is an example of a piece of conversation I heard from one of them once. Again, to speak of a man as a "believer" means just what it seems to mean; to speak of a man as "my believer" means that he is one of those persons hired to get up in a public clairvoyant séance and acknowledge the truth of some wonderful revelation which the medium has made to him; and so on, down the line. I understand that it is possible for two professional mediums to carry on a conversation of double meaning, without once betraying themselves to an outsider who sits in the same room. It is a singular fact—reasonable enough when one considers it—that the numerous exposes of fraudulent mediumship which have been published from time to time are in great demand among professionals as test books. Leroy, of Boston, and "George L. Williams," of Syracuse, Indiana, carry a full line of them, including the "Revelations of a Spirit Medium," "The Vampires of Onset," "Spiritualism: Bottom Facts," etc. "Williams" gets out a catalog of books on spiritualism which includes all those exposure books. "The Revelations of a Spirit Medium," which is, undoubtedly, the best of these old works, is practically out of print now, and I had to pay \$5 for a copy. The man who sold this to me would buy up the copyright of this book and get a new edition, (so great is the demand in the profession) were it not that he cannot find the publishers. There is a great mystery about this book. Again I digress to speak of it: The Society for Psychical Research, I believe, has tried for years to find out who was the author. Just after it was published, the publishers suddenly went out of business and moved away. The dealer in apparatus who told me about the *Blue Book* says that it was either the work of a medium named Thompson or his partner—he does not know which.\* Both of these men went to Eng-

\* I think this is an error. There is a book now long out of print, entitled *The Confessions of a Medium* (Griffith & Farran, West Corner, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; and E. P. Dutton, New York), with which this book is probably confounded. My reasons for thinking so are the following: There is positive evidence that the book entitled *The Confessions of a Medium* was written by Thomson's partner, because he fre-



land, of which one was a native—when they had made enough money out of the business to retire—and both died there. The dealer said also that he considered many other so-called “confessions” of mediums to be partly untrue and imaginative, but that this one was “true from the ground up,” as he expressed it.

Mr. Carrington's book, *The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism*, being the most complete exposé that has been published as yet, will probably be in great demand as soon as it begins to be passed around in the profession, and, in fact, all the dealers have it already.

WILL IRWIN.

I must now draw this lengthy Report to a close. I regret that it is not more favorable to the claims of Spiritualism than it is, as that is a creed I should much like to see scientifically grounded and established. I have great sympathy for the belief, and, as elsewhere stated, I myself am more spiritualist than anything else. I have always held to the belief that there were genuine phenomena—which belief has been accentuated since my sittings with Mrs. Piper. Nevertheless, it is essential that the conditions existent at all the Spiritualistic camps should be thoroughly exposed, and the position made plain. Whenever physical phenomena were produced, fraud was always found to exist. So far as my own experience goes, I have never seen any genuine physical test, one that was not palpably and obviously fraudulent;

quently refers to him by name throughout the pages of that book, and relates their experiences together. The name of Thomson occurs very frequently. He is, in fact, the “hero” of the book. Now, as to the author of *The Revelations of a Spirit Medium*. A number of us have, for some years, been endeavoring to find, with certainty, the author of this book. I tried, and came to the conclusion that it was a medium named Mansfield, because a well-known medium of that name published, some years ago, a little pamphlet entitled *Spiritualistic Phenomena*,—explaining a number of slate tricks, materialization frauds, etc., and in it gives one to understand that he is the author of the larger book, from which he freely quotes. He is careful not to assert that such is the case, however. Dr. Hodgson tried, and probably came nearer the truth than anyone else has. In the course of some correspondence I had with Miss Edmunds, after Dr. Hodgson's death, this question of the authorship of the book came up, and Miss Edmunds referred me to a gentleman, living in the West, who had in his possession a copy of this book,—on the fly leaf of which were the following words:

[At top of page.] “Is the author Donovan or Pidgeon?”

[At bottom of page.] “Miss H— writes on December 8th, 1903, that she is sure the author of this book is Donovan. Mr. Bundy had told her, but that Donovan had slipped her memory, but was recalled by my note.”

R. H.

and I say this after a prolonged personal study of the facts and phenomena,—in the theoretical possibility of which I still believe, in spite of my own unfortunate personal experience. I can do no more than investigate; and whenever I have investigated, I have found fraud, and nothing but fraud. It is unfortunate; but it is a fact. It was the same at Lily Dale. Doubtless a few genuine trance and test mediums go there every year, (who are themselves disgusted with the prevalent conditions); but, with that exception, there is nothing to be found in the camp that even suggests the genuine; but, on the contrary, much that suggests that all is fraudulent. And it is the duty of every scientifically minded person to assume that any phenomenon is produced by fraud if the possibility of its having been so produced is present,—and there are no reasons for our thinking otherwise. Until like phenomena are produced under conditions which render fraud impossible, we must always assume that fraud is in fact the actual explanation; since the *onus probandi* always rests with the spiritualists, and not with the sceptics. Or, if it be objected that this is an unfair attitude to take, it may be pointed out, at least, that the existence and reality of the phenomena can never be proved to exist, to a sceptical world, so long as this other interpretation of the facts remains open and possible. It must always be remembered, in this connection, that it does not matter a particle whether the facts *really exist* or not; for purposes of conversion, we must always depend upon what the *evidence proves*. This is a distinction that cannot be kept too clearly in mind. But when, as at Lily Dale, not only is the possibility open for our interpretation of the phenomena as fraudulent; but when there is, on the contrary, abundant evidence to prove conclusively that they actually *were* produced in that manner, what are we to assume—what are we justified in assuming—but that fraud and trickery is the true and sufficient explanation of all the physical phenomena (slate-writing, materializations, trumpet tests, and what not) that were offered in the name of Spiritualism, and witnessed by me during my stay at the Camp in question—the leading, most noted, and most respected Camp in America?



## BOOK REVIEWS.

*Animal Magnetism.* By J. P. F. DELEUZE. Translated by Thomas C. Hartshorn. Fowler and Wells Co., New York.

*Psychic Life and Laws.* By CHARLES OLIVER SAHLER, M. D. Fowler and Wells Co., New York. 1901.

*Human Magnetism: Its Nature, Physiology and Psychology.* By H. S. DRAYTON, LL. B., M. D. Fowler and Wells Co., New York. 1895.

*Psychology and Pathology of Handwriting.* By MAGDALENE KINTZEL-THUMM. Fowler and Wells Co., New York. 1905.

The first volume has now nothing more than a historical value. Deleuze has collected a large number of facts, current in his time,—which was at the end of the Eighteenth and the beginning of the Nineteenth centuries. He uses the term "magnetism" in the parlance of that time, much as Hume spoke of "animal spirits" and others of "vital fluids." But the book exhibits phenomena that indicate clearly enough how Immanuel Kant could study Swedenborg so carefully. There is no such application of critical methods in regard to either the verification or classification of his facts as is now insisted on in psychic research. This, of course, could not be expected at that time. But historically the book will have its value even tho its views have long since been superseded.

Dr. Sahler's book is the fruit of his work in the sanatorium which he has established on the Hudson, and is a popular representation of his views of the psychic processes associated with the various forms of mental healing. He does not discard normal psychology in his treatment of the subject tho its use is not and perhaps could not be incorporated in the work to any large extent. There is some admixture of his religious views of the subject. But as a whole the book would help many people into a more intelligent conception of the subject with which he deals.

Dr. Drayton's little volume is a later summary of facts than those of Deleuze. It also includes some discussion of the supernormal and quotes some of the experiments of the English Society for Psychical Research on Telepathy. It is seriously and carefully written, with no tendencies to run off into side issues or cranky theories. General readers not familiar with the subject of unusual mental phenomena would obtain a clear conception of them here in less space than in the more scientific volumes.

The work on the "Psychology and Pathology of Handwriting" would have been much better if the author had not tried to determine some definite relation between certain people's handwriting and their character and intelligence. I do not believe that we have in handwriting any invariable index of men's intelligence or character. The subject deserves study from the physiological side, and it is interesting to find here specimens of handwriting that will interest all of us, whether as scientists or as collectors of autographs. The relation between handwriting and the growth of intelligence deserves study, but "psychometry" and "palmistry" and similar things, even if they do bear the same relation to a scientific investigation of character as alchemy does to chemistry, have discouraged a real examination of the phenomena.

JAMES H. HYSLOP.

# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## American Society for Psychical Research

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### I.

#### REPORT UPON THE CASE OF MISS EDITH WRIGHT.

By Rev. Willis M. Cleaveland.

[The following report is by a gentleman whom I know well. He is an orthodox minister and has given much patient study, so far as his other duties would permit, to one phase of the problem of psychic research. I knew of the experiments at the time of their occurrence and saw the record. I recently asked for it that it might be published. I know Miss Wright personally and can say of her all that Mr. Cleaveland says. I had had two sittings with her myself. One of them has been summarized in my "*Science and a Future Life*," and the detailed record of it will be published in my next Report on the case of Mrs. Piper. She has never given sittings for the public and has endeavored to stifle her powers as far as possible. They have at times given her some trouble. She is what would be called the nervous type of physique, tho not mentally so in her appearance. But she had fears of unpleasant consequences if she permitted promiscuous experiments. I think her fears were her only danger in the matter. But that is neither here nor there in an issue like the present. The chief point is her character and freedom from the suspicions that have attached to mediumistic cases generally. The reader may assume without question that Miss Wright has no temptations even to do anything amiss. She received no remuneration for any of her few sittings with Mr. Cleaveland and myself, and moreover has refused many of her friends even gratuitous sittings. She had some curiosity as to the



meaning of the phenomena and fearing that she might in some way be doing the writing herself was willing to experiment sufficiently to convince herself of the genuineness of them.

The record represents one of those private cases that illustrate the character of the phenomena which have been so plentiful in a few investigated instances. Mr. Cleaveland has indicated the points where the stress of scepticism may be placed regarding crucial points and perhaps taken alone the case would be nothing more than a stimulus to investigation. But I think, under the circumstances, and considering the gentleman concerned, that the report may do something more than merely invite inquiry into such phenomena. It may do something to confirm better attested facts and to illustrate the type which it is now necessary to have for the sake of studying the personal equation in such experiments. With this statement the report will explain itself.—Editor.]

### Introductory.

In January, of the year 1902, while interested in the alleged scientific proof for the future life, I learned of a young woman who possessed some sort of psychic power. She was connected with one of the best families in the town of some 3,000 people where I was living. She had never been a professional psychic, only using her power for the sake of pleasing some of her possibly over curious friends. I can vouch for her honesty and Christian character; no one who knows her can think otherwise. Through her uncle I obtained an introduction, and, expressing my interest in the possibility of evidence of the future life, obtained her consent to give me some private sittings. I named all the conditions, which were, that they should take place in my home in daylight, and in the presence of two or three friends. Miss Wright (an assumed name) cheerfully agreed, only saying she feared they would be useless for scientific purposes, not fully believing their source spiritistic. As for myself, I had no theory whatever to cover the kind of phenomena she illustrated.

A word as to the type of phenomena in her case. It is something like that of Mrs. Piper's: automatic writing. Miss

Wright seems fully conscious, her eyes are open, she hears all said to her, her hand seems controlled by some force that manifests intelligence; she speaks as the influence wishes; at the same time her hand makes motions in writing the same words she speaks. Most words written are not legible. Now and then a word is clearly written; it is the same word that she has spoken while writing it. So we may rightly assume the words not clearly written are also the same as those she simultaneously speaks. Of this I have no doubt. As my experience with Miss Wright is limited to the three sittings I held at my home, Jan. 7-8-9, 1902, I will now present them. I took most careful and accurate notes of my questions and replies received. The originals are in my possession.

### Report of Sittings.

First sitting, Jan. 7, 1902, 2 P. M. Present, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. X.\*

Now what do you want of me anyway? I mean business (the pencil point broke) that's right, shorten the point.

(Indicate your presence.)

I want a harmony of thought first.

(How may we secure it?)

Young man, you are on the wrong track.

(How is that?)

Well, you are not started right. Now, my child, I cannot write and be subject to these interruptions. Now what do you desire most?

(I desire definite evidence.)

Would you like to get "Hannah?"

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\*The symbols used in the records of experiments are the same as have been previously explained (Vol. I, p. 594). They have not been adopted in the record of Mr. Monson, owing to reasons explained in that paper. But in the other records they are as follows:—

Matter not in enclosures of any kind represents what was said or written by the automatist, and hence purports to be communication of some kind.

Matter enclosed in *parentheses* ( ) represents what sitters said on the occasion of experiment.

Matter enclosed in *brackets* [ ] represents explanatory notes or comments made afterward in order to make the record intelligible, or are descriptive accounts, as in parts of Mrs. Lambert's paper, of phenomena not produced by automatic writing.

*Asterisks* \* denote undeciphered or illegible parts of the communications.

*Dots, ...* or several periods, represent omitted or incomplete words or sentences.



(Who is "Hannah?")

A spirit friend. Now, do you desire one of two things?

(What?)

There is one thing you are constantly saying in your public teaching, that is, that our life is largely one of faith, that we cannot have proof of that which guides, leads and effects and uplifts, yet you will not accept one thing that cannot be proven. Now young man, you cannot prove \* \* [I did not get what she said] you will never progress fast until you lay hold on faith—you know as well as I that faith cannot be proven don't you know that the mind grasps intuitively that which is never proven for years, for centuries?

(I know that.)

Well, why do you put that which is of secondary importance first?

(Do you wish an answer?)

Yes.

(It is because I want to be able to know that man is immortal and that there can be no doubt but that he may communicate.)

O, come, we have had enough.

(Was that a courteous answer for a spirit to give?)

You tried me so I cannot speak—what if when you were giving a public utterance some one should step up and ask you to halt every other breath, could you keep your train of thought?

(I will be quiet if you wish me to. I want you to do all you can to help me prove that there is a life after death.)

No, I cannot do you any good—I feel like a person put on the witness stand and an unprincipled lawyer seeks to entrap him—he knows in his heart the witness is true yet he seeks to make him contradict himself. I am Hannah and I spell my name with a final "h." Your mind is divided—you don't sit down like an eager listening child and let me talk to you.

(Am I not quiet now?)

No, you are ready to jump. There is a turbulent spirit besides me seeking to distress you by her longing to speak that which will neither convince nor uplift—she merely seeks this because of repentance—I will dispose of her and get you quiet and then I can talk—there is too much levity here—now what do you want?

(I have told you.)

I am Hannah.

(What more?)

Hannah W.

(Please write the name beginning with W—prove to me that you are a spirit.)

How shall I do that? You prove to the woman beside you [Mrs. C.] that you have a mind, if you can.

(I think that I could prove it.)

What you want of me is to launch into some—well I won't spend the time. If you do not want to receive what help I have for you I will not write.

(What is that help?)

What is the greatest gift ever bestowed upon the world?

(The bringing of intelligence into relation with finite matter.)

Not much. What do you term intelligence?

(A manifestation of the infinite mind.)

Well it is not.

(What is it please?)

What you term intelligence—O come, put up that paper and I will write plainly. [I did but had to take it again to get the words straight.] What you term intelligence is the courser part of mentality—that has been dwarfed and perverted by man's inheritance. Now we know that soul is as much finer and keener than what you term mind as the mind is higher than the body. Now I wish you could see your possibilities. Write that down my boy, use capital letters.

(What words shall I begin with capitals?)

Evidently you expect me to say that the word "you" should be capitalized [laugh by us all]. Let me ask you how man was created?

(I replied telling her that I thought that there might be truth in the theory of evolution with the probability of the intervention of the creator at certain epochs in the history of the cosmos—that I didn't know how or when the creator intervened.)

Well I should think that you might have that degree of humility. You are fast drifting away from the belief in a personal God [this is false and absurd], now, if you lose yourself from the great infinite Spirit you are a lost soul—you are only a part of that great universal spirit—now, you little insignificant boy you, you are getting altogether too beastly [note this for language for an exalted spirit to use] scientific. What is God anyway?

(God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.)

That is what I ask you to do; not worship man's conception of him twisted and perverted until God is all out of the popular belief of that which animates and individualates all. What first thought this universe into being?

(This universe is an expression of the Divine mind.)

Then treat it as such—when you are trying to bring home to a needy soul the inspiration that will uplift and outlift do you answer patiently and convincingly when he says—Let me see the Holy Spirit and I will believe?



(I try to help all I can.)

Well, I say, how was this universe—thought into existence?

(That is a secret of the Divine mind, can you tell?)

You do not regard it any secret of the divine mind, simply ignorance on the part of man's mind.

(I see that you cannot tell any more than I can.)

I can tell you that there is a Divine mind and that is more than you know. You think the whole thing a sort of growth from the inferior order—now, let us be reverent. The mind of God never took any form of inferiority. God leads and guides this world—His Spirit within man is the part that has always seen beyond—some have it to a greater, some to a lesser degree—into all He has breathed the breath of life, given a little of His Spirit. We are truly His children—God leads us by signs and wonders, by miracles. When He wants a decalogue He gives us a Moses—gives, creates. He doesn't happen on this universe and evolve and grow up and grow out His creatures. It has so pleased God to lead His world. He does not take man by the shoulders push—pull and \* \* [crould?] him this way and that, but leads by the Spirit—by the lesser spirit responding to the greater spirit. What part of yourself is it that speaks first? responds first? Isn't, with an understanding friend, speech a hindrance to understanding? Thought is flashed to the other mind before words gave utterance to thought—now this is the way God speaks, deals, leads. People are drifting away from God—it is the new thing, the loose thing that holds the multitude.

(Do you know about the subliminal self?)

I wrote many abstract articles when I lived which were published in two leading magazines—one was a religious paper.

(Does the subliminal self ever become conscious?)

Yes and no.

(What is it anyway?)

It is the part that we—well, in a sense, imaginative part—the part that one-half receives an impression. I will talk to you more about this when it is more private.

(All right.)

I want to know if I may speak to you again and if you will accept me as a teacher?

(I am willing and glad to have you come to me. I cannot surrender my reason to any one. I may yield my will. I cannot my reason.

There is no difference between the reason and the will—both are different names for the same impulse.

(All right, come to-morrow P. M. at 2 o'clock.)

I will.

### Second Sitting.

With Miss Edith Wright at my home. Present, Mrs. C., Mr. C., Miss Wright and Hon. Chas. H. B. The messages written as before, Miss Wright being in the normal condition with a tendency to the trance state of fainting, I am not sure which.

(Things are all arranged now, I am ready.)

Everything is so disappointing to me, I want you to sit down where you can look up at me, you have not put yourself in the proper attitude.

(What do you mean?)

You didn't get yourself *prayed back* where you belong. Now what do you want? Do you want to know who I am?

(Yes.)

I am one who desires earnestly to help to forget self and live for the betterment of the world, yet my own longing crept in and I lived for self, crushing all the time the higher impulses. I lived not resigning to the last and earnestly longed for happiness which never was mine. Instead of sanctifying this sorrow I let it control my life and I never did what God meant me to do. I fell short of His perfect ideal. I saw myself as God saw me when my spirit left the flesh. I was a sensitive creature and when I stood before a misused life I resolved anew to bring to my fellow men a strength which should support them and animate them to true self-sacrifice. Then I began my struggle, I thought it a—well long ago—I thought it an accomplished, but an opportunity to bring to myself just the joy and happiness I sought in life came back to me with renewed opportunity—I had within my grasp my victim and I fell back to the lower level of seeking to bring to me rather than send out to others joy. Joy is not happiness you know. Well, became master of the strange circumstance which brought to me the life I could mold and captivate and lead either for—what word shall I use?

(Good or ill?)

Not at all. Well, it was within my power to uplift or to plunge into selfishness a life which was strangely thrown into my power. I could say, now, I hold you, spurn me if you choose, you are a free agent—and, there was no power of choice—the mind was swayed and swung by my own thought, by the freshness and keenness that comes to a mind in later years animated and quickened by reminiscence. Then, I had sent out to me from an earth soul this eager question, are you living close to God? are you seeking to bring these messages to uplift or to gratify



your self? Put in the word "another" there—another self—I was not perfect in my leading and guiding of the new strange power that was given me to use. I used this power for my selfish exultation. Well, we entered into spiritual conflict and I did not conquer. I put at last my own self back to where I was one summer morning when a true spirit looked me in the soul and said, why do you grieve so? then I fought again the fight which was doubly serious because I had fallen back even as a spirit not encumbered by earthly restrictions. Then, from that day, I have not felt my strength of sufficient [?], to rest upon a strong enough foundation to say I am now ready to guide man but, I can stand before you today not proudly but thankfully and say, "I am seeking each hour to forget my own desire to lead and do my little share towards bringing each heart to the great father heart, to say father oftener. Now, how much shall I say?"

(Miss W. Have you ever been to me before?)

You ask a foolish question.

(Miss W. Say yes or no.)

[No reply.]

(Miss W. Well, have I in any way have had any knowledge of this struggle brought to me?)

You should not ask about yourself.

(Miss W. Are you the one [spirit] who wrote me an account of the way you went out of the flesh?)

I am she.

(Miss W. Have I ever had your correct name?)

That does not matter [to me]. I think she was real selfish to interrupt—wasn't she friend?

(I don't know, why she should want to know about you.)

(Miss W. I think I shall send him this account of your sudden death.)

You needn't trouble at all, it is none of his business. I am possessed and earnestly animated by a desire to live in the soul that which I lived only partly in the flesh. Now, I have an opportunity to do in one short time, in one short month as much through your agency—you, my friend—than I could have done in all my life [earth] than any ten people unaided by spirit influence can accomplish. I cannot do this without a complete belief in me on your part.

(May I ask questions?)

Yes.

(Give me your name.)

I will give you two initials that signify more. N. N. Two capital N's.

[Miss W. entered into an explanation of this communicator's actions, supposing it to be N. N.]

I hope she feels better now. Well, what do you want of me?

(I wish you to prove your identity, if you want me to let you work through me you must prove your identity.)

I shall not sell my identity. I will give you sufficient proofs that I am who I say.

(That is just what I want, go on and do so.)

But if you have the 9 you will want the 10, if the 10th you will ask for just one more.

(I will be satisfied if you will give me 7 facts out of 10.)

I was a writer—my father was a clergyman of the purely orthodox order.

(What denomination?)

The water kind. Well, I possessed a bright vivacious nature—I lived near the K River.

(What river?)

It was in the state of—of that has the longest coastline of any of the New England states—well, I think that you have had enough now. I have given you six.

(You said that you would give me 7; you gave your promise.)

What shall be the 7th one?

(Your full name.)

Will you hold it as a sacred trust?

(I will.)

If you will let this psychic put her hand on yours I will write the name.

[I did so and the name I have in a sealed envelope was slowly written. So far so good; how can I find out that this is a true name?]

You may write to an acquaintance of mine if I did not at one time live.

(Will you give me his name?)

He is a most Royal individual.

(I must have his name and address if I am to find you out; will you give them to me?)

Yes.

[This was done in the same way as before with the name; the name and address of this man are in the sealed envelope.]

I am sacrificing a good deal to gain you as a spiritual educator. Do you realize how much the world needs God?

(Yes.)

Well, why do you delay?

(I don't understand.)

The bringing this world nearer.

(I want to do all I can.)

Do, then.

(I'll try.)

Submit.

(To what?)



To the influence.

(I am submitting.)

Believe.

(As much as I can.)

Do you know what will best help your unbelief?

(No, what?)

[The sitting came to an abrupt stop. Miss Wright began to show signs of going into a trance or a faint, I did not know which. Mrs. C. and I restored her to consciousness by the use of ammonia. She said that she was not tired and that the sensations were very pleasant. This ended the sitting.]

### Third Sitting.

Transcript of the third sitting. Present, Mr. and Mrs. Cleaveland. 10 A. M. Miss Wright did not seem well. She requested that she be not allowed to go into a trance.

(I am all ready now.)

I shall write in my own way—who are you my son? Why should you say this one shall come and you shall stand in the background [?] I want to tell you first, that you are most terribly mistaken as to my motives in regard to the nature of all of my messages. I am not a selfish woman—I am not an ignorant woman. I am animated solely by a desire to help but, if you think we have not carried with us our old interests and affections and aspirations then you know little of the whole secret of the universe.

(Who is this that is now writing?)

The same one who has written to you on two previous occasions.

(Do you mean "Hannah" and N. N.?)

Yes.

(And do you mean that you are the lady who gave me her name so carefully?)

Yes.

(Are all these three names the names of the same person?)

They are, and do allow me to say right here that I have used no power to convey my thought in a mean way as you fancy.

(We will drop that—will you explain these three names?)

Hannah is N. N., corresponds to the name I gave you.

(I cannot see, what do you mean, please?)

My Christian name was as I gave you first, yet I was commonly known by the name beginning with N.

(You didn't give me any name beginning with N.)

I did, my last name, I said. Were you to write to that party, the initials N. N. would signify all you desired to know prove.

(Does this party know your full name?)

He does. He also knows the other six facts I gave you a few hours ago.

(Did Miss Wright know these six facts?)

No.

(What shall I write this friend?)

Ask him if he ever knew any one by the name which I gave you—then weave in the other facts I gave you.

(Shall I do this in a second letter?)

No, in the first letter.

(Miss Wright. I do not think he will answer your letter, Mr. Cleaveland.)

He will reply very courteously and honestly.

(When I get a reply and the facts are as you have given me I shall believe.)

Will you believe in my integrity then?

(I shall watch you. I can tell better when I know you better.)

Why don't you talk with me today? I will answer honestly any question that I can with the conditions as they are.

(Why did you do what you did with Miss Wright?)

Because I was selfish, because I desired to prove my identity to him [her friend] and, for reasons in connection with that man that you would not understand and I shall not give you until you have had some conversation with him. Will you please note right here that I have kept every promise made here in regard to this case from that hour.

(Explain please.)

I refer to the shutting out of my presence with her when I had gained a possession of her mind and I sought to bring back an interview and she ought to be able to recall it. I said, "I will never misuse the power you give me again if you will trust me." I said I would prove that I meant what I said and an occasion was given when I might have conveyed another message and I did not grasp it.

(Miss Wright. That is so as I recall it.)

I want to say that I possessed a stronger influence than others who came and I interfered for a long time with those who came.

(I cannot see that it was right for you to try to deceive Miss Wright and use the name of Hannah when you had no right to do so.)

Now, Hannah is a part of my name—if, on the occasion of my first return I had said "I am N. N." the influence would have been immediately shut out and your instrument would have abruptly refused to furnish you with any communications from me, therefore I simply said "truthfully too" I am Hannah.

(I do not see how all this is, clear it up for me, please?)



There was a controversy at my christening, the name that begins with B. does not mean what you think—it however conveys much to the mind to whom you will send out an inquiry.

(What about Hannah?)

Well, to either my father or mother Hannah would signify as much.

(Tell me more facts if you will.)

My mother is dead—my father is dead. I never knew much about my mother [?] when I died I was along in middle life. I was not married in any true sense, my death was comparatively recent. I used to have a good time in life. I went to the theatre—I belonged to the church—I wrote a good deal and earned much money by writing; our home was the gathering place for many young people both of kin and those who were not in any way related by earthly ties. I do not remember very well my brothers and sisters because I have not had a brotherly or sisterly tie strong enough to hold.

[Miss Wright now began to faint or enter the trance condition. I checked it by the use of ammonia. She came out all right and began to talk with Mrs. C. and myself when she showed signs of a relapse. I used the restorative again and soon she went home.]

### Consideration of Alleged Facts Given in the Sitzings.

The reader will readily see that a "spirit" pretends to communicate with me. Several alleged facts are given, and I shall tabulate them below. They can be easily found in the above detailed report. I will premise my tabulation by saying that the assumed "spirit" is entirely unknown to me, or any one present at the experiments.

*Tabulation* of so-called facts bearing upon the identity of the spirit (?) who gave me her name as A—— B—— N—— (full name given and in my possession.)

1. Temperament was nervous.
2. Name first given as "Hannah."
3. Imperious in nature.
4. Name afterwards given as "Hannah W."
5. Wrote many abstract articles which were published in two leading magazines. One paper was a religious one.
6. She desired to live for the betterment of the world.
7. For a while she lived for self, crushing out all the higher impulses.

8. She longed for happiness which never came.
9. This disappointment (her love for Mr. B——) controlled her life.
10. Initials given as N. N.
11. She was a writer.
12. Her father was an orthodox clergyman.
13. Her father probably a Baptist—she said of the “water type.”
14. She lived near the Kennebec River in State of Maine.
15. Gave me her name as Amelia B. “Norton” [assumed name.]
16. She was commonly known as Nellie “Norton.”
17. The initials N. N. mean Nellie “Norton.”
18. Her father and mother are dead.
19. Nellie Norton was in middle life when she died.
20. She was never married.
21. She used to have a good time in life.
22. She went to the theatre.
23. She belonged to the Church.
25. Her message to me shows an imperious nature.
26. She admits her selfishness.

Here are twenty-six facts given to prove the identity of this assumed spirit. But two questions are before us. Since nothing whatever about them was known to be either true or false by any person at the three sittings outside of the psychic. These questions are:

First.—Did Miss Wright know them?

Second.—Are they true?

We will consider both questions. Are the facts true? Did Miss Wright know them? I questioned her carefully at the close of the sittings about these alleged facts. She said:

“Mr. ‘Brown’ (pseudonym) is the friend mentioned by N. N. (Nellie Norton). I know nothing about the truth of the facts given Mr. Cleaveland.”

EDITH WRIGHT.

I do not think she knew them; there is only one conceivable source from which she might have obtained them, viz., from this Mr. L. C. Brown, whose name and Boston and



Brookline address "Nellie Norton" gave me. I at once wrote Mr. L. C. "Brown" a most careful letter of inquiry. Mr. "Brown" is a very prominent merchant in Boston, Mass., the head of an enterprise that extends all over the United States, an honored member of society, with unquestioned social position. I quote from his letter of Jan. 17, 1902:

I will answer the contents of your letter and you can decide for yourself.

I was out in the town of Sharon very recently and called on an elderly gentleman who was a manufacturer there when I resided there as a boy in my teens. To my surprise, as we were reviewing old recollections of fifty years ago, he spoke of a Miss Norton that he said I was sweet on at that time.

The facts of the case are that Mary B. Norton, who always signed herself Nellie B. Norton, came there, a young miss about my age. We were, I guess, ardent lovers but in the course of two years I left the town and she did, and I knew very little of her for a few years after that. I think it was about five years later that on my way from the White Mountains I stopped off at her home in Maine which was beside a large river. I feel sure this was the Kennebec River. Her father was an Orthodox minister but I do not understand the meaning of the "water type." I think some two years later she was residing in Fairhaven and sent me some papers that contained letters written by Mary B. Norton, but from that time—some over forty years—I have not seen her. I heard that she died some years ago and think she must have been about 50 years of age.

As to the meaning of N. N. They possibly refer to Nellie Norton. Of the letter B, I cannot see the significance at all unless it was her uncle's name, Dr. Bacon. I see she gave my address as Boston, also Brookline. Would like to know if she gave the number of street.

"Nervous in temperament." I think this would answer her description. She was vivacious and fond of horse-back riding, one who I think did enjoy life.

Imperious. I will not pass an opinion, or selfish.

Yours Truly,  
J. F. BROWN.

A second letter of inquiry was sent, with the following reply:

Boston, Mass., Jan. 21, 1902.

Rev. W. M. Cleaveland,

Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 18th duly received and in reply would say to your first interrogation as to what could be meant by "Amelia," that I do not feel perfectly sure that her name was not Amelia. I only knew her by Nellie B. I supposed that was her pet name and it seems to me that it might be a natural change. Possibly she did not like Amelia very well therefore took the name of Nellie which seems very plausible.

As to the name of Hannah. I cannot think of any name that could be applied to her or her family yet I must say half a century ago seems like a dream and most of her relatives that I knew have passed away. There was a lawyer, Rufus Choate, in Beverly, that I once visited with her, now dead and gone.

I feel very confident that Nellie's father was an Orthodox clergyman. The name of the town I could not give, cannot remember, but I remember the river on which we spent a little time in boating; her father's house was quite near the river.

Would say that the address of my house in Brookline as given is correct.

Yours very truly,  
J. F. BROWN.

Upon further careful questioning of Miss Wright at the close of my three sittings I learned a most interesting and significant fact which must be taken into account in a true estimate of the case. Previous to my sittings, she had given the Mr. L. C. Brown two sittings, whose name and two addresses, Boston and Brookline, were correctly given by this supposed spirit N. N. Miss Wright also told me, a Miss M. S. Jones was present at her sittings with Mr. Brown. Miss Jones is a personal friend of Miss Wright's. In response to my questions about these two Brown sittings, Miss Wright said:

"Mr. Brown spoke of N. N. (Nellie Norton, the alleged spirit) once in the second sitting as Nelly B. This may account for the B. in the name given you. In the first sitting with Brown nothing occurred of an unusual nature. In the second sitting the incident I told you occurred. The writing stopped and I was completely controlled and I went and sat down beside Mr. Brown—kissed him—and talked wholly controlled by this spirit N. N. I was conscious but I was powerless to resist. I was greatly embarrassed by this incident and I refused to have any more sittings



with Mr. Brown. Mr. Brown would never answer a single question of mine about this Nellie B. (Nellie Norton.)"

EDITH F. WRIGHT.

I will add a series of additional questions I asked Miss Wright with her answers:

1. Q.—How long ago was it when you had your first sitting with Mr. Brown?

A.—I do not remember exactly how long ago it was that I had the first writing with Mr. Brown but think it was *three years ago* (making it in 1899.)

2. Q.—How long between this one and the next one?

A.—The second was here in the house (in Somerville) sometime during that same winter.

3. Q.—Who were present at these sittings?

A.—At the first writing several people were present, some six or eight different people, I think. At the next, only the family here. And Miss Jones tells me that I wrote again. Miss Jones was present at all these sittings.

4. Q.—Did you know Mr. Brown before the first sitting?

A.—I did not know Mr. Brown at all at the first sitting.

5. Q.—What did you tell Mr. Brown at the first sitting? What at the second? What did Mr. Brown say to your friend N. N.? What did your friend N. N. say to you about what you had already told Mr. Brown in these two sittings?

A (to all above).—I cannot recall anything of importance that was written at any of these times, only that she (N. N.) dwelt much on the past and wrote a little on abstract subjects. But even if I were able to recall all that was written I should not feel justified in passing it on without the consent of the one most interested, for I have always regarded this power as a sacred trust and one wholly independent of myself. The others are able to recall no better than I what was given only in a general way.

6. Q.—Did you ever meet Mr. Brown at any place or time before this first sitting?

A.—I first met Mr. Brown at the home of my friends, and knew nothing regarding him previous to this.

7. Q.—What did Mr. Brown say to Miss Jones about the sitting or about this N. N.?

A.—Miss Jones says that she cannot recall definitely what Mr. Brown said to her regarding his impression of the sittings, only that he said N. N. seemed very natural, and that he knew that an instance like this was free from fraud.

8. Q.—Will you state anything else that might bear upon this case?

A.—I was quite surprised to receive a call from Mr. Brown one day last week (1902). I told him all that I could recall about the three sittings I had with you—he answered every question I asked him about N. N. with frankness, thus dispelling all previous fear I had had she might never have been a living person. He seemed much surprised that the name and address should have been given. Said if I were to have given them direct to him it would not have seemed so wonderful; but that he was very glad you wrote him and the message should have come at all, especially as he had just lost a daughter and this intelligence came as an assurance of immortality and a comfort to him in his sorrow.

9. Q.—Was anything said as far as you can recall at either one of the previous sittings with Mr. Brown in any way like the facts given me?

A.—I should say the *facts* given you differed from those furnished Mr. Brown, while the *character* of the writing was similar, yet cannot remember the detail sufficiently clearly to judge.

10. Q.—Did you ever know Mr. Brown's Boston address?

A.—I did, as I told you.

11. Q.—Did you know his Brookline address?

A.—I did not know his Brookline address.

12. Q.—Did Miss Jones know his Boston or Brookline address?

A.—Miss Jones knew his Brookline address, but says that the number was indistinct in her mind.

13. Q.—Did Mrs. Raymond (who had been at a sitting in which Mr. Brown was present) ever know either address?

A.—Mrs. Raymond's acquaintance with Mr. Brown is slight. She has probably met him *fewer times* than myself.

EDITH F. WRIGHT.

Further correspondence with Mr. Brown with my questions and his answers are as follows:

#### Questions.

1. Did you ever tell Miss Wright that Miss Norton's father was an Orthodox clergyman?

2. That she used to live near the Kennebec river in Maine?

3. That Nellie Norton (the alleged spirit) died in middle life?

#### Reply.

Boston, Nov. 3, 1906.

Rev. Willis M. Cleaveland,

Dear Sir:—I would refer you to Miss M. S. Jones (pseudonym). I think I had some talk with her at the time. If Miss



Wright got any information in regard to N. B. (Miss Nellie Norton, the alleged spirit) it must have come through Miss Jones—no other way possible. Miss Jones is a school teacher and I believe perfectly reliable.

Yours truly,  
L. C. BROWN.

I, of course, wrote Miss Jones. My questions and her answers are below:

Nov. 5, 1906.

My Dear Miss Jones:—

Mr. L. C. Brown, whom you know, has suggested I write you about the possible information he may or may not have conveyed to Miss Wright about the friend Miss N., known as N. N. in the sittings I had with Miss Wright some four years ago in New Hampshire. I think you will recall the case and the supposed spirit N. N. What I want to know is this:—

- 1.—Did Mr. Brown ever tell you that N. N.'s father was an orthodox clergyman? No. (in subsequent letter.)
- 2.—Did Mr. Brown ever tell you that N. N. used to live near the Kennebec River in the state of Maine? No.
- 3.—Did Mr. Brown ever tell you that Miss N. N. ever lived in the state of Maine? No.
- 4.—Did Mr. Brown ever tell you that Miss N. N. died in middle life? No.

M. S. TURNER.

I have left spaces underneath each question for your answers, will you please write them there as indicated and return this letter to me at once.

You may have answered these questions to Miss Wright, but it is important that I have your answers direct to me. I am preparing this case for publication; no names will be used; all names will be changed so no one can know who the real parties are.

Cordially Yours,  
WILLIS M. CLEVELAND.

### Summary and Conclusion.

All the facts that I could ascertain in this most interesting case are before the reader. It is possible some facts have not been discovered that might throw more light upon it. My

researches have been as painstaking and thorough as I was able to make them. I have personally met all parties involved in the case. I am convinced of the honesty and good faith of Miss Wright, Mr. L. C. Brown and Miss Jones. I do not accept the possible theory that these three persons are parties to any fraud, concealment of facts, or scepticism of any kind. The fact that Miss Wright did not believe N. N., or Nellie Norton, to be a spirit at all until after she met Mr. Brown again after my three sittings and Mr. Brown then told her she was an old friend of his early days, argues strongly against conscious deception on her part. The character and social standing of Mr. Brown is against any attempt of his to deceive me.

Lapse of memory on the part of Mr. Brown and Miss Jones must be considered. It is possible Miss Wright got the facts given me at the two sittings she had with Mr. Brown, although hardly probable. Mr. Brown declares they were not so given. Miss Jones also so states. Miss Wright says the name "Nellie" (belonging to the alleged spirit) was given. It is possible other facts were given. If so, it only presses the problem a step backwards. It is possible Mr. Brown may have given to her some of the facts I afterwards got in my three sittings with Miss Wright, in response to statements by the alleged spirit to him; he admits this may have been so in some respects, but denies any possibility of his having received or stated any where near such a complete statement of facts as I received. To my mind it is not reasonable or probable that he gave Miss Wright these facts, yet the reader may form his own opinion as to the probability.

Telepathy from Mr. Brown may account for the facts, if telepathy can be considered a legitimate hypothesis in the case.

Unconscious mental action on the part of Miss Wright,



without fraud, lapses of memory in the cases of Mr. Brown and Miss Jones hardly explain the case; there were too many facts given that proved upon examination to be correct. Unconscious mental action may account for considerable of the subject matter of the sittings, but not for the proved facts.

The last theory of the case that Nellie Norton is a spirit and that the facts were given by her to prove her identity, is certainly possible to rationally hold. It will explain the whole case, but until every other possible explanation is set aside as untenable cannot be accepted as conclusively proved.

I make no statement of what this case proves. The facts are before the reader. He must form his own opinion. Certainly it is a case which deserves to be placed on record, and as a contribution to science it is presented for consideration.

## II. CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS AND OTHER EXPERI- MENTS.

By James H. Hyslop.

### INTRODUCTION.

The following record is of experiments with members of the same family. Dr. B——, the brother, called my attention to the phenomena which had occurred in the early period of his own and his sisters' lives and they interested me sufficiently to make the experiments here recorded. The opportunity offered was a chance one in which I had to make a journey to Toronto and the arrangements were made to try as many experiments at clairvoyant diagnosis as the occasion offered. Dr. B—— is a practicing physician in that city and bears a good reputation. I discovered no criticism of him except such as was directed toward his interest in unusual and supernormal phenomena. In my acquaintance with him associated with a remarkable case of dual personality and probably attending supernormal incidents I found him taking a perfectly scientific view of it and far in advance of his fellow-physicians in such matters. He had probably suffered for his avowal of this interest, but he was far from being in any respect a "crank" in such matters: was in fact cautious and conservative in so far as attempts at explanation were concerned. This disposition had fitted him to be the counsellor of his sisters and they never showed any but a private interest in the phenomena told of them.

Unfortunately no record was kept of what he told me regarding the earlier experiences of the family. They were observed, and some experiments made, to satisfy individual curiosity, and not feeling that the time was ripe for considering them they dropped into oblivion, except so far as memory had preserved them. Apparently several members of the family had supernormal powers. The doctor himself had shown them and had often relied upon them for suggestions in his diagnoses. But seeing that scientific method required different criteria in diagnosing experiment with the super-



usually involved in the diagnoses. But it was under the circumstances and with the small facilities and to manage the experiments as the case required. Nearly all, the patients were such as were not seriously ill—time and perhaps no physician would have found important troubles than those mentioned, tho in a the diagnosis expected and desired failed. But in was there an opportunity to diagnose serious ailments that could be concealed. Hence the results must be judged by those who can estimate the probabilities of and chance coincidence.

I cannot assume any medical knowledge on the part of ——— as a help in the work, and I am sure that any of this would have availed little to detect certain speculables that were named. But Mrs. W—— had no training for this, tho her brother had years before, sing her for some of this work, educated her somewhat in physiology as a help to the location of troubles. But this on was perfunctory and had not been used for many

It must be remembered, also, in estimating the evidence that Mrs. W—— was very "rusty" in the work, not having done any clairvoyant diagnosing for many years. It had not been thought that she would ever be called to repeat such work. Hence she was out of "practice," and if any evidence exists for supernormal results they must be estimated with that fact in view.

If the opportunity had suffered to diagnose patients in the hospitals I should have seized it. But there was no chance for this and I had to be content with such as could come to the lady, and these did not offer strikingly troublesome maladies or difficulties distinctly separated from commonplace pains and aches. But in many instances certain specific difficulties were named that were not naturally associated with such usual ailments affecting every one and it is on these that the question of guessing must turn. The only problem here, however, is to decide whether any diagnosis was effected that was not due to chance guessing. If there was any supernormal and clairvoyant discovery of physical troubles that result is so much in favor of investigating such phenomena thor-

oughly. This was all that I wished to ascertain, namely, the question whether a more complete investigation was justifiable. I think the results show that it is, and it was my intention to put the case to a severer test, but neither funds nor opportunity have come to me since that time for the purpose.

One thing I must emphasize for the reader, as it is important for excluding the assumption of normal means of determining the diagnosis. Mrs. W——— does not touch the patient. All the movements indicated in the record and stating the actions of Mrs. W——— refer to her own body. All her acts of feeling different parts of the body apply to herself and not to the patient. For the ordinary person this is absurd, but as student of the results we need not care whether such actions are absurd or not. It is not a question of their meaning or how they affect the result. But it is a question whether they are connected with normal means of ascertaining the difficulties of the patient. If Mrs. W——— felt the organism of the patient we might conjecture all sorts of ordinary hints and inferences from the behavior of the patient. But as all suggestions are excluded except such as might be conveyed to the sense of sight we have no ground for ordinary suspicions. We have only to remember that the very manner of diagnosing the ailments suggests the unusual and the attention involved does much to shut off the consideration of unconscious hints and suggestions from the patient. Besides the fixed stare which Mrs. W——— always maintained aside from the patient, not looking at him or her directly, while she manipulated her own body, shows decided limitations to the influence of normal suggestions from sitters.

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#### Explanation.

Ontario Canada, November 17th, 1904.

I have had Mrs. W——— under observation for two days and I find the utmost simplicity and honesty of character. She acts the part of a perfect lady who has none of the conventional characteristics of manner that betray self-consciousness. She is not a person who thinks herself important or



needing to exhibit qualities which she does not possess. No one would suspect her capable of fraud of any kind in judging from her manners and openness of heart and mind.

I find on talking with her neighbors that she has this character everywhere and no one even suspects her of a dubious character though somewhat familiar with types that are dubious. She is highly respected wherever she is known. She has not practiced her art in the place except in a few instances where it could be done privately. She has not allowed the people of the place to know anything about her powers except as they get abroad in conversation and is careful to appear only as a citizen of the town like all others. In short, she is known as a simple, honest and normal lady everywhere.

I made the acquaintance of the Presbyterian minister in the place and he knows her well and has known her for some time. He speaks in unequivocal terms of her as above suspicion. He said to me that, if it were not Mrs. W—— that did these things he would not believe the facts, and it is not necessary to accept the facts as supernormal to appreciate this testimony. His testimony is that of an intelligent man, as I found him, interested in this subject rather sceptically and cautiously.

The experiments in this town must be imperfectly scientific in its best sense even if they prove supernormal knowledge. I am myself personally confident that Mrs. W—— knew nothing about the difficulties she mentioned in connection with Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. Aiken, and only one or two of the difficulties in connection with Mr. Burch. She certainly knew nothing about my main difficulty at present. But the sceptic may not care to accept my judgment on this matter, and I think that, whether he accepts it or not, the better reason for scepticism would be the explanation by chance coincidence and guessing. I am not sure that this will explain the facts. But I do not think fraud is involved in any way, though it will take much more to prove anything supernormal in the phenomena.

**Report.**

Canada, Nov. 16th, 1904.

The following is the record of an experiment made last night with Mrs. J. H. W—— of this place. She had been apprised of my coming and my intentions by her brother, Dr. B——, of Toronto. My first task was to ascertain from her own mouth the origin of her power to diagnose disease clairvoyantly. The following were her statements:

Her brother had apparently discovered her powers without any knowledge of them on the part of Mrs. W——, and one day gave her four lessons in travelling clairvoyance by means of normal suggestion. He did not attempt hypnosis, but suggested to her that she could go through space without any difficulty and she seemed to feel this. The appearance of this power followed an attack of nervous prostration, and some experiments were performed for a time, when the brother, discovering that she was pregnant, ceased them and there was a rest of some months, from May till October.

When the baby was six weeks old a patient came in with a sore finger, the index finger. The brother called her down stairs to look at it, and she did so, seeing the bone and described the condition of the finger, saying that she could see a collection of pus inside. The next day the brother lanced it and found the description to be true.

A man came in the next evening and she could see into his stomach and tell what he had eaten for supper. She looked him over and saw a roughness on his left lung, not a cavity, but a rough spot. The man said that he had been examined by a doctor who found the same difficulty by the use of instruments, and was much astonished at the result by Mrs. W——. From this time the experiments in diagnosis were kept up for a long time until perhaps a thousand patients had been clairvoyantly examined.

In response to some questions how she could tell when she was in a condition to diagnose disease she said that she simply sat quietly for a few minutes and when she felt herself floating off into space, or objects withdrawing from her she knew she was ready. She remains normally conscious all the time that her work is done.



We then proceeded to the diagnosis of myself. It was quite possible for Mrs. W—— to have known that I had had tubercular trouble, as this was advertised by the papers in the United States three years ago, but there were no external evidences of it at this time, no one suspecting that I was ever troubled with anything of this kind. My other troubles at this time no one knows but my housekeeper and my physician in New York. Hence I had a fair opportunity for a test.

Mrs. W—— explained her method of procedure to be one of starting at the head and examining the various parts of the body downward. She does this in her own person and not that of the patient. She feels her own body with her hands with the same care and minuteness that a regular physician might examine that of his patient. She also explained that what she did with her right side corresponded to the left of the patient and her left side to the right of the patient, who sits directly opposite to her, making his right symmetrical or correspondent to her left and his left to her right. She does her work very slowly and deliberately. I shall give the present record with all the details of her actions and statements at the time and place of their occurrence.

" [Feeling head especially in front and left side.] I get nervous headache. You don't look nervous, but I get a little with you. There is a little ache here [front] then at back of the head.

[Looking at her hands as if at a mirror.] I find the eyes all right. . . Very good sight.

[Snuffing her nose.] I get a little nasal trouble, a little dropping in the back of the throat. [Feeling the ears.] Ears all right.

[Feeling her right cheek and neck between the ears and the chin, and then the left.] I find an enlarged gland, both a little large, but left side larger [my right.]

(What is the matter with the gland?)

I find an enlargement, thickness, inclined to think it like tubercular trouble.

[She then began coughing and remarked that what she did reflected my condition.] I don't find the normal condition in the throat, but it is much better than it has been. There is a little difficulty just below the larynx [pronounced 'larnix.']

[Hands feeling on breast and shoulder at upper lobes of the

lungs, the right hand on left and left hand on right lobe.] I don't find any trouble in the lungs, they are not expanded right. Rather hollow here [pointing to the two upper lobes.] I don't know whether you are a public speaker or not, but I find speaking lungs.

[Hand pressing and massaging left side left of heart and under arm, then both hands pressing same region.] I get something like a stitch here, may have rested against something. Seems to be more on the surface.

[Left hand on her back between shoulder blades.] I get tired shoulders. [Both hands over her heart.] I don't find anything wrong with the organism of the heart, but it may be a little irritable at times.

[Hands on stomach] You are something of a dyspeptic, but I don't find anything wrong with the stomach. There is a feeling of fullness.

[Hand feeling upper bowel.] You must feel a little despondency at times. It comes with the stomach. You get very tired and feel like giving up, but make a start again.

[Feeling lower bowel, right hip and small of the back.] I get a feeling across the kidneys. It may be when you are tired travelling or sitting a good deal, but the kidneys don't present themselves as anything being wrong.

[Moving right leg and feeling hip.] I get a good deal of back-ache, due to being tired and overdone. Limbs in pretty good condition.

[Feeling about the lungs again.] All your difficulties are up here. Nerves get pretty well unstrung at times.

[Began working her hands as if trying to find out something in hands and arms.]

(Examine both arms.)

I felt this at first and was going to say that you do a good deal of writing. This much [placing left hand on muscle of right arm above elbow and back of arm] I would say. It is from writing. That explains the stitch in the muscle here [placing hand on left side about four or six inches below the arm-pit.] You are subject to a good deal of neuralgic pain, but this is caused by the nerves. [Feeling back between shoulders.] I get pain in the back and shoulders. I don't find you as strong a man as you look.

I don't feel any corns bothering you.

There is a good deal of aching comes between the shoulder and the back. [Feeling right arm above elbow and on back.] That muscle bothers you there.

(Do you find anything on the legs below the knees?)

I think that I can tell that you have varicose veins, on the shin at the side."



Mrs. W—— then said that she had been successful at reading persons' minds at times. I tried an experiment but it failed. She explained that it had always been spontaneous with her and never the result of direct experiment.

This diagnosis is substantially correct all the way through. There are a few mistakes, notably the statement about varicose veins. I have none such and do not think I have any tendencies to them. I had asked the question about my legs simply as a test. There are some bruises on the sides of both shins, caused by contusion some time ago. This often occurs and it is long in getting well. The red spots from the bruises are very distinct at present.

I do not have headaches of any kind as a rule. In fact I have had but a few headaches for thirty-five years and those few very recently. Whether they were nervous headaches or not I do not know. I do not know enough about headaches to say. If nervous headaches are sharp ones mine were not nervous.

My eyes are good. No trouble with them. Do not wear spectacles at fifty. I have nasal trouble, having had it all my life, and at present am quite bothered with it, from effects of a cold. There is a constant dropping of mucous into the throat. All this, however, might have been guessed from my voice, which shows the effect of a cold.

The allusion to enlarged glands I cannot deny or corroborate. It is possible. My father died with laryngeal tuberculosis, as I now believe, though thinking at one time that it was cancer of the larynx, as diagnosed by the physicians. His throat on the sides was swollen where the glands are and he or the rest of us did not understand the cause of it. I have a slightly affected larynx, but not yet serious. There is some throat trouble from adenoids but these are much better and I suffer very little irritation as in the past. I have for years suffered from an inflamed Eustachian tube and inner ear on the right side.

The allusion to the upper lobes of the lungs was correct, as those were the parts attacked by tuberculosis three years ago. The last examination found them in good condition. I have been advised by others to take breathing exercises to

expand the lungs. I have done much public speaking, but no significance can attach to this.

There is a very sore muscle under my arm-pit two or three inches from the arm and a little above the point assigned by Mrs. W——, and it is on the surface. The cause of it will be mentioned a little later. I have recently suffered from a severe attack of intercostal neuralgia, or something like it, and a prolonged attack of neuritis in the right arm and shoulder. The "tired feeling" mentioned is exactly the feeling I have all the while. I suffer pain from it, and this feeling is mainly in the shoulders, especially the right, which is the worst. My heart action is good. I do not know of any irritability in it.

I do feel very despondent at times, but it is not for any reasons of bowel trouble that I know of. I have had a long discouraging struggle to get something to do, and it is this that causes despondence. Apparently the connection of it with the bowels is a reflection from the old tradition that it is caused by bowel disturbance.

A recent careful examination of my urine shows that my kidneys are in good condition. My lower limbs are in good condition. Mrs. W—— was correct in the statement that all my difficulties center about the region of the lungs and shoulders. There is no backache of a definite kind, though I often suffer from weariness in the back.

The description of my arm and its difficulty was perfectly correct, even to the exact point of the pain. The last two weeks have been a period of perfect torture to me in my right arm at back of it and above the elbow. I have not been able to sleep well on account of it or to do much work in the day time because of it. The "stitch" below the arm-pit is due to the same difficulty. The trouble has been neuralgic in its type of pain and to neuritis as diagnosed by my physician in New York. He said it was due entirely to nervous depletion. The pain is intense in the shoulder blade and between the two shoulders. I have no corns bothering me. I have two callosities, but they give me no trouble.

Mrs. W—— might have guessed lung trouble from my voice and occasional cough which I could not suppress, as I



have chronic bronchitis, and am suffering with it and sympathetic effects of the neuritis. But it was not possible for her to know anything about my neuritis and its effects in the arm and shoulders. Moreover it has been caused, not by writing too much, but by the use of my typewriter for three years very steadily. I use my right hand at this twice as much as my left. Mrs. W—— felt her right arm when she said that I wrote too much with it. According to her own standard she should have meant my left hand when she described the pain and its cause. But she probably makes a natural mistake in such descriptions in the use of her standard, and this is probable when we note that she spoke of the condition being due to writing, as no one would naturally suppose that writing was done by the left hand, though it is an occasional fact. It was a mistake to say it was due to writing, as it was due, according to my physician in New York, to the excessive use of the typewriter. This is substantially the same as writing, except that the same muscles are not used or not used in the same way.

After my experiment a lady came in by the name of Mrs. C——, a resident of the place. She had not met Mrs. W—— until yesterday morning, though knowing of her. She says that she had told Mrs. W—— nothing whatever about herself, and never had a diagnosis. I seized the occasion for a trial. The following is the result, indicated in the same manner as mine. But I shall leave out the description of Mrs. W——'s manner. The reader has only to remember that before saying anything about any particular organ or locality of the body Mrs. W—— feels herself in the place indicated and then announces her judgment. I shall therefore simply give the diagnosis and leave the manner to the imagination of the reader.

"I find a pretty good head. [Moved her chair and remarked that it was getting warm.] I get that lump in the throat. Sometimes it is pretty hard to swallow. I get an indigestion pain under the left shoulder blade. The stomach bothers me very much. A spasm of pain comes up through the stomach and also below. Get bloated sometimes around here [feeling about waist.] These waves are from the stomach. There is a little stomach cough. There is a pretty bad feeling and I seem filled with gas. It is gas

that makes it so painful. It gathers around the heart. Find difficulty sometimes lying on the left side. Liver pretty good. Nervousness accompanies stomach trouble and a tiredness. I find you get internal difficulties, but your condition is better than it has been. Nothing is found in way of a tumor. Seems to be more weakness of tissue. I don't find any ovarian trouble. Kidneys are all right. I get a condition of diarrhoea more than constipation.

[Beating stomach.] Summing all up, this is the region of the trouble."

I questioned Mrs. C—— as to accuracy of this and she said it was all true, except that she did not know whether the internal trouble was less serious than she feared. She said she had some internal trouble on the left side about the womb, but did not know what it was. She suffers from most distressful pains due to the excessive formation of gas in the stomach. Mrs. W——, she said, knew nothing of these facts. She goes to see Mrs. W——'s brother, Dr. ——, today for consultation. Mrs. C—— says that she has tendencies to diarrhoea and none towards constipation.

After writing down the above notes and record I saw Mrs. W—— and she said that she does not always tell all she knows when diagnosing cases. She then went on to say that Mrs. C—— was very hysterical and that this was the cause of her stomach trouble; that she gets worried and the spasms come on as a consequence of it. Mrs. W—— said that she herself did not know this fact of Mrs. C—— until she discovered it in the diagnosis, and that Mrs. C—— had never told her of this hysterical condition, and she does not even know whether Mrs. C—— is conscious of it. She said also that, as she left the house, Mrs. C—— said: "When anything worries me I suffer dreadfully."

On the suggestion of Mrs. W—— I called on the Presbyterian minister in the place, whom Mrs. W—— knows very well. He is a graduate of Toronto University and I found him a very intelligent man indeed. We talked over this case in particular and the whole field of the supernormal. I found him receptive and interested. He consented to have a diagnosis of himself made and we went over to Mrs. W——'s house. The following is the result.



Mrs. W—— showed a fixed stare a few moments and then closed her eyes. The first remark was that she found a headache, but that it was not necessary to suppose that this existed now, as she had known it to have existed in Mr. B—— before. This was true. But she went on.

I get a headache from overworked eyes apart from the headache that comes from biliousness.

[Looking at hand as if in a mirror.] You have overdone sight. Were you to rest from reading for a time your eyes would recover fully. [Snuffing nose and feeling it.] You haven't any catarrh. The nose is free. Good hearing.

[Coughing and feeling throat.] Well I get what I can't call inflammation, appears more like a little paralysis of the vocal cords. There is a difficulty just here [placing hand below throat] rather below the larynx [pronounced "larnix."] You are so very susceptible to changes of atmosphere. [Coughing.] Some of it comes from nervousness as well. You are nervous about it and this nervousness affects you here. [placing hand on throat below the larynx.] You have a good chest and lungs. The bronchial tube is sensitive. You would not say that you even had a very severe attack of bronchitis. I get chills, you chill easily. I find the heart all right. A good deal of gas round about the stomach, you have a good appetite and sometimes eat a little more than you should for the amount of exercise you take, which accounts for the gas.

[Feeling the bowel.] Find everything here in normal condition below the line of the stomach. The liver is a little sluggish, just not as active as it might be.

[Hand under arm-pit as in my case.] I feel a soreness there, may be a muscle has been strained from doing something in which the hands were held up. I get a corn, but it is on the third toe on my left but on your right. You have worn a tight shoe.

Sometimes when there are two people present I get the influence of both. I get an ache across the shoulders. I guess he feels this.

I get a condition of hemorrhoids. You may not be suffering from them now, as I don't get them very keen. I feel quite a good deal of nervousness.

[Moving hands and arms, as if testing for rheumatism, but nothing said.] [Feeling throat.] This is where all the difficulty is that amounts to anything apart from disordered stomach at times. With this nervousness and stomach trouble there is a little indigestion. There comes despondency in which you are either up or down, more up than down."

In response to inquiries Mr. B—— says: "No headache today, but I often have it. My liver has been very sluggish for years and I have to massage it every morning of my life. The

statement about my eyes is probably true. I have some trouble with them. I do not know of any such corn as is mentioned. I have a corn on each little toe. I had a growth on another toe, but have forgotten all about it. I am very susceptible to changes in the atmosphere. Going from here to Toronto (57 miles) makes the greatest difference. I cough a great deal there (difference of altitude 1,300 feet.) My bronchial tubes are very sensitive, and I am easily chilled. I think it due to my sluggish liver. I never had any difficulty with my heart. I do not know of any soreness under the arm-pit. I know of no tendencies to hemorrhoids."

If Mrs. W——'s statement that she is sometimes influenced by the second person present be accepted the allusion to the soreness under the arm-pit would apply to me, as the previous record indicates. I can also be said to have hemorrhoidal tendencies, though not marked. I had them frequently as a young man. There are only symptomatic tendencies present now.

I also called on a lady who had had her child's difficulty diagnosed. It was a case of whooping cough, which Mrs. W—— probably knew. But Mrs. W—— also said that the child had had an attack of pneumonia, which was true and known only to Mrs. K—— and her physician at the time. I ascertained no other important fact from the lady. But she has perfect confidence in Mrs. W——.

A trained nurse at the house of Mr. B—— told me her experience. Mrs. W—— called one evening when all others were out. Miss C——, the trained nurse, was in bed and answered the bell call by going to the window and said she could not come down, saying she was sick. Mrs. W—— said at once: "Don't tell me about it and see if I can tell." Miss C—— said nothing and admitted her, and the diagnosis revealed that she had pains in the left breast with reflex sympathetic pains in the right. This was true. Miss C—— had been suffering from pleurisy and was affected by pains as described. Mrs. W—— had not known she was sick.

Mrs. A——.

I had called on a Mrs. A—— whom Mrs. C—— had mentioned as a desirable person to try with a diagnosis. She



agreed to come at 4.30 p. m. for an experiment. She came promptly, and we sat down. Mrs. W—— had not yet gotten ready for the diagnosis when Mrs. A—— fell over in an apparent faint. We waited some minutes for her recovery. The woman was intoxicated and coming in from the cold air into a warm room had brought on the fit. I observed some interesting marks of amnesia after she had recovered from it, but these do not require mention at length here. As soon as she was ready for a second trial she sat down and we began again. But Mrs. A—— soon showed signs of fainting again, and I tried to hold her from pitching forward from the chair. I at last suggested that we lay her down, which was done and the diagnosis went on as follows:

Mrs. A—— had spoken of a pain in her back and side before we began, so that Mrs. W—— had the chance to know two things that it was intended should not be known.

[Fixed stare a few moments, eyes then closed and head began to nod.] She suffers good deal with her head, nervous headache, top of head. [Mrs. W—— shows signs of muscular relaxation as if she would fall.] She gets weak and powerless here in the knees. I just get a feeling as if I wanted to talk and talk. [Mrs. A—— shows a very voluble tendency to talk.] She is a nervous wreck. Her hair has turned gray from nervousness. [Mrs. A—— thirty-six years old and quite gray, began to get gray at sixteen.]

She has a peculiar feeling, not of real sleepiness, but just to be quiet and not to be bothered. [Feeling breast and shoulders.] I find good lungs, bronchial tubes her troublesome part. Her attacks of bronchitis may not be severe, but a cold affects her here. Cough is a kind of stomach cough. She has a heaviness over her which makes her feel tired. I get a heavy feeling. I would say she enjoys a pretty good appetite, eats pretty well. She may not think she does. Heart acts badly sometimes. I get a palpitation. She is troubled quite a good deal with gas.

[Feeling upper bowel.] She is very large here, quite an enlargement all around here [pressing bowel.] I think if you could find the truth she has had a number of miscarriages. She has had a good deal of trouble that way with hemorrhages and the like. I don't get any soreness with this. [Feeling back.] She gets very sick spells. Hurt herself here when she fell [placing hand on left shoulder.] I guess she will complain of it. The pain in the back is low down.

(Find what it is due to.)

She has some womb trouble.

(What is it?)

This is an enlargement of the womb. I think she has not been properly bandaged. It got large from that pain in the back and comes around the sides [moving hands around the front in the groin.]

(Examine the womb very carefully, all parts of it.)

It was so long coming there is quite a soreness and sensation around here [feeling left side about the womb.] There is a good deal of pain through here, a little like labor pains. It may be she has come through a good deal of that kind of thing. She suffers a good deal during menstruation. The inside of the womb presents itself as being all right. This enlargement must be with the wall.

The trouble in the top of the head is connected with the womb. She suffers from shooting pains here [pointing at lower bowel.] It is a little inflammatory here. She cries a good deal. I find in looking at her she is like a patient under chloroform or ether. When under chloroform I do not get things as keenly.

(Is there any organic trouble with the womb?)

There is no growth, but it is very large and tender.

(How about the ovaries?)

I did not find any ovarian trouble. The ovaries are all right. I don't find any trouble with the bladder. There is a little chronic inflammation of the cervix. That will cause the tenderness and darting pains I find. She might have a cancer some time, but I see nothing that way now. She twitches and jerks in her limbs. In bed she gives starts like that. [twitching.]

Later, after the woman came out of her second faint, Mrs. W—— discovered trouble in the ovarian tubes, but insisted that the ovaries were all right, and located the pain in the right place according to the testimony of Mrs. A——, though this may have been affected by suggestion. Mrs. W—— also said that Mrs. A—— had vomiting spells, and the fact was assented to emphatically by Mrs. A——.

In conversation with Mrs. A—— after the experiment was over I learned that she has very severe pains or headaches in the top of the head. Mrs. A—— complained of excessive weariness just before and after the first faint but this was probably a way of hiding the feelings of intoxication or a concomitant of it. She has an enlargement of the bowel. I did not notice it and could not detect any sign of it until after the séance was over and it could be slightly remarked to



an observer and would possibly be more noticeable to a woman. It seems that she had complained of it to her physician and he said it was simply fat. She has had three miscarriages, and the way she spoke of it, I would imagine she had more. With them were very severe hemorrhages, as perhaps is always the case. She is very tender and sore in the region of the womb, and a sharp pain troubles her most of the time in the back and right side near the groin. She has very sick spells.

I have made inquiries in regard to palpitation of the heart and Mrs. A—— says she suffers from this at times and that she has some heart difficulty whose nature she does not know. I have only to say that her testimony on this point might be questioned as she is too hysterical in her manners and judgments to ascribe unequivocal value to her statement, and this judgment of her may apply to some other statements. But study of her leads me to think it does not apply, as the confirmation of the other incidents came out in spontaneous statements which were not answers to direct questions, except the headaches and in this she made spontaneous statements that made her testimony indubitable.

She does not suffer from gas in the stomach to any especial degree, and does not suffer especially in menstruation.

November 17th, 1904.

As it was a Dominion holiday I was unable with all my efforts to secure a patient for diagnosis, and hence in the evening I suggested a trial at travelling clairvoyance and diagnosis. I had in mind a gentleman and his wife, living in the United States, some five hundred miles distant. It was agreed to and as soon as Mrs. W—— was ready for my suggestion I was to direct her to the house. She knew nothing of the persons that I had in mind, as I was exceedingly careful not to give a hint of them or their identity. No names were mentioned and no place until she was ready for the travelling experiment. As soon as she was ready I directed her to the place as I would a traveller. The following is then a verbatim account of what was said and done by Mrs. W——:

"Before I begin I get swollen feet and limbs. [Pause after which I said that it was a lady I wanted diagnosed, as the reference to 'swollen feet and limbs' made me think of Mrs. D——, to whom it applied, and I turned my mind from Mr. D—— to her. I asked if she could find anything else that fitted the person with swollen feet and limbs.]

I get a very anxious feeling of some one in the house, anxious I guess about her state of health. I want to cry. She feels very badly. [Feeling bowel.] I get a feeling of dropsy. You can see for yourself I am all swollen about here. [pointing to her own bowels.] [Feeling groin.] I get distress with the bladder. I get what they call dropsy. I fancy you ought to see the swelling on me. I don't think she is able to have her clothing or anything tight on her. I don't feel anything with her head. [Hand on heart.] Heart pretty bad. I find quite a hoarseness, hoarse voice.

[Feeling her legs and moving them about and out as if resting them on a low chair.] She has to have her feet up. I don't get pains and aches. Trouble with the heart and shortness of breath. Pretty nervous."

Mrs. W—— then said this was all and I directed her to the man in the house and asked for his diagnosis.

"I get a tear with him the first thing. [Belching and moving on chair as if in pain.] I don't get that these are old people, that they are aged. [Moving head about and hands feeling the forehead and cheeks and points near the ears.] I seem to get a sensation about the muscles near the ears. I get a pain in the right shoulder at this point [placing hand on top of shoulder.] [Feeling side of neck.] I get a little trouble in this gland and down here [pointing to shoulder.] Stiffness when he moves face forward, quite a stiffness around here [hand moving about the right side of neck.]

[Arm moving as if writing and testing the muscles.] Does he do office work?

(Yes.)

His arm is something similar to your own. [Moving left hand.] Rheumatism in this hand and arm, runs down into the fingers.

[Feeling chest.] Hollow chested man. [Feeling right lung.] Find a little soreness just here [placing hand about center of right lung.] seems to be more on the surface. [Coughing.] Would not like to say his lungs were very good. I find tenderness at back of lungs. May be he has had a touch of pneumonia at some time. There is weakness in perspiration.

(What weakness?)



He perspires freely and it goes with his lungs.

[Feeling bowel.] I get a better feeling as I go down. Well, I think he has a very 'pernickity' appetite, [laughing as the word was used.]

(What is that?)

Can't eat everything and anything, you know. Don't find any stomach trouble. Fancies things not good for him. Gets sharp pains through the bowels that are from intestinal indigestion.

[Feeling elbow.] Elbow bothers me. [Feeling legs.] I get a little swelling with his feet. I don't get it with the limbs, just with the feet. I am tired, feel pretty tired at times.

(Do you find anything about his kidneys?)

I did not find anything. He is troubled quite a good deal with gas. The feet indicate that the kidneys are not in normal condition.

(Can you find out what is the matter with them?)

I think I can. A reflex pain under here [placing hand on side.] I don't see any abscess or anything of that sort, although the left one on my side looks larger than the right one, looks as if swollen. I don't get any sharp pain in the back, but a dull aching pain, but there is a sharp pain here in the side underneath that rib [placing hand under last rib near back. This comes with the kidneys. Altogether he has pretty bad feelings.

(Can you find any general cause for this trouble?)

That is something I have not been used to looking for.

(Well, I want the general condition that brought it on.)

This work is so new that I am afraid to give what I get. I get that he thinks himself that it's been from lying or sitting in a room that is damp.

(How is his blood?)

Would call it anaemic. [Moving right leg.] I get pain down here. This is with the nerves. Might feel this anywhere.

(Could you find what he has suffered with at any time in the past?)

Anything I get may have been in the past.

(How about his circulation?)

Circulation is not good. Think you would find when he awakens in the night that his hands would be numb. [Rubbing hands.] Awfully tired of him."

Experiment stopped at this point and as soon as Mrs. W—— resumed normal condition, which was in a few moments, she referred to the soreness on the surface of the breast, and wanted to know if any blisters were ever applied to the skin. I replied that there had been. She then remarked that there was a third party in the house that was

in the neck. Nor do I know of any stiffness in moving the face forward. But he has exactly the same trouble with his arm that I have had with mine, except that the numbness of his arms has been much worse than mine, and the physician has said that it involved a danger of paralysis, which was suspected in my case. He does much office writing and it is possible that the susceptibilities of the arm have been affected in same way as mine. I do not know whether he has rheumatism or not, though he has some symptoms of its like in the finger joints, as they are swollen somewhat. I would not consider him a hollow-chested man. I do not know of any tenderness at back of the lungs and I do not know that he has ever had pneumonia. I rather think not. It is possible that there is a tenderness on the surface of the breast, as he has had to use blisters very freely in some of his attacks.

[I learned later that he had long suffered from rheumatic gout. It is possible that the allusion to the lungs had some meaning. Two years later Mr. D. died and one of the primary difficulties was oedema of the lungs.]

He has had much trouble with his appetite and has to be very careful about what he eats. The slightest violation of the physician's advice about certain foods brings on an attack of what is called indigestion, but which seems to have its seat in the nervous system more than elsewhere. I do not know whether he has any sharp pain through the bowels. I know only that for years he has suffered from constipation which he has constantly relieved by the use of Beacham's Pills. His elbows bother him constantly, and also his arms more especially when he walks after a meal or walks too much.

During the experiment Mrs. W—— belched a great deal, far more than was usual with the diagnoses that I have witnessed. The allusion to "a good deal of gas," therefore, has this pertinence, that Mr. D—— is afflicted with gas in the stomach to an excessive degree, especially when he is not well. He belches a great deal. Apparently his kidneys are not in a normal condition, though he seems to have recovered from the inflammation which he had in 1894. The only evidence of an abnormal condition in the kidneys, if evidence it be, is the condition of his urine, which is not good. I do not



know whether the fact indicates trouble in the kidneys or diseased functions elsewhere. I am told that there is no Bright's disease. I do not know anything about the "reflex pain" under the lower rib, nor about any dull pains in the back. He is in a very miserable condition all the time. His blood is anaemic and its circulation is very bad. The physician makes this the chief cause of his trouble. He is constantly tired.

There is a third party in the house and she is "anxious about the woman." But this does not mean what would be naturally understood by the expression. It is not a daughter or relative, and the "anxiety" is not of the solicitous kind. In fact the reference is too vague to suppose that it refers to what I know of the affair which grows out of domestic trouble. I cannot treat the reference as having any value evidentially, tho it is curious to have a third party mentioned, this being very suggestive.

In looking over the record I note that I neglected to remark that Mr. D—— perspires very freely in warm weather and easily perspires at any other time, and is very careful against the danger of getting a cold from it.

I do not know that Mr. D—— thinks his trouble has been from lying or sitting in a damp room. I doubt it very much. He is always careful not to expose himself to damp air or drafts of air at any time.

November 18th, 1904.

I called on a young physician in the place for a patient or two on whom I might try the diagnosis. He had none that I could take with me, but named two on whom I might try travelling clairvoyance. One was in the country at a place named Mona and the other living over the Bank of Hamilton. The following are the results of the experiment.

I had at first intended to try the case in the country and said so, naming the place but not the person. But I thought just before beginning that it might be best to try the case near at hand first and said so. This was done. I shall summarize the cases, however, as many of the incidents in the first were unknown to the doctor and not at present ascertainable, while there was some possible confusion between the two.

Miss I—— was the name of the lady to be tried and living over the bank. She was said to have a nervous headache and later to suffer from bilious headaches. The latter was true. Her organs were pronounced to be generally all right, and that if she had any trouble it was nervous and mental trouble, good deal of gas in stomach, sick stomach at times and vomiting, backache more when she is tired, sometimes soreness in bowels rubbing pit of bowel. That not with her now. Stomach principally. Bilious headache. Gets very tired, no rheumatism. Feels cold and gets chilly easily. Chills come with biliousness. Something here [pointing and feeling bowel over womb] that interferes with bending over. I get a soreness a tenderness on outside here [groin.] Fullness here below the stomach, but I diagnose it as gas in the intestines. Condition does not come readily."

Doctor reports all as not involving any complaints by Miss I—— to him, except her bilious headache. Her heart was said to be all right, but a bad feeling about it. No complaints made by her of it. No appetite but no complaint of indigestion. No vomiting or sickness of stomach reported, and no backache or soreness of bowels. Is very subject to cold.

Mrs. G—— (Mona).

Some references to her being clairvoyant, as lights could be seen about her, and said to be an elderly woman. "These lights keep before my eyes. May be an interesting case. [Feeling side of head, snuffing nose, gaping.] Not altogether free in nose. Don't find many people that are. [Feeling upper back, shoulder and breast.] Find her all right. . . I don't find gas in stomach. [Feeling right bowel, hanging hands, feeling right arm, side, moving feet, feeling bowel, right side at groin, and both sides.] Only thing I find is a pain between shoulder blades, but I get a feeling of prostration. I think she is one of those cases that are nervous. She can't walk it appears. When she tries she goes zigzag. She may complain of feelings here [rubbing bowels] but I find her all right. I get this prostrate feeling. Her trouble must be mental, that affects the body.

The physician reports this as all false. Mrs. G—— is



a young woman, about twenty. She is pregnant (about two months) and is often sick at the stomach and troubled with vomiting. But feels no prostration or weariness.

The doctor remarked, however, that all the symptoms mentioned of Miss I—— apply to Mrs. G—— and all mentioned of Mrs. G—— apply to Miss I——. Miss I—— feels tired all the time, works very hard, and suffers from a severe pain between the shoulder blades. This trouble is all she complains of and is all he is doctoring her for.

Of course we cannot attach any weight to this cross coincidence, though it is a curious circumstance, especially in connection with my intention at first to have taken the reverse order in the patients.

The next case is one which a Doctor T. H. Carson gave me. It was a young girl suffering from polypi, a fact that he told me before I saw her. When I came to take her to the house I noticed that her voice was such that any one who heard it would suspect nasal or throat trouble of some kind, and I cautioned her not to say a word while the experiment was going on. I did not introduce her when I went in and she did not utter a sound until after the diagnosis was over and then only in response to questions. When she agreed to go she showed much embarrassment and fear and showed general fear when we went into the house, as the experiment had not been explained to her and I was a total stranger who might have had any designs you please upon her. She was, in fact, almost trembling when we went in. The following, however, was the diagnosis.

“This is a nervous patient. [Remarked before any effort to get into condition was made.] [Pause to get ready.] I am as nervous as if I were going to have a tooth extracted. I get a very, very nervous head. I get this nervous feeling that when the head is bad, if trying to put two things together, she could hardly do it. Seems to affect her touch. [Explained that she meant difficulty of adjusting things together.]

[Feeling forehead, examining eyes, snuffing nose, feeling about ears, forehead, back of head, eyes again, right hand on side of head and trembling, hand on throat, left again under ear.] I get a nervous affection of the throat at upper part of throat. [Feel-

ing upper part of lungs and breast, then heart.] Palpitation of the heart, thumps pretty well.

[Feeling stomach.] Stomach is the cause of the nervous system being disordered. Right shoulder and arm felt, and back between shoulder blade. I get an aching pain in right shoulder, she may not notice it much, but it is there. When her eyes are closed she sees purple bluish colors before her eyes like rings or waves going off. [Examining leg.] I get a condition of fits, spasms. This leg wants to go [trembling.] [Feeling bowel.] May have been some bladder trouble some time, but she is not suffering from it now. I just get a little. A little bronchial difficulty, nervous condition of stomach.

(Do you find anything about the ears?)

Itching or tickling feeling in one ear. I felt it first, but it left me so quickly I did not get it. Whatever it is it is not acute about the ears. When chronic, people don't feel it. I do get something underneath the ear.

(How about the Eustachian tubes?)

That is where the trouble is.

(Does it affect her throat any?)

I got the clearing with that, that is with the throat. She has had pains here along the jaw.

(How about the eyes?)

[Testing eyes.] Would say she required glasses. I get short or near sightedness. She has to get up close. The throat trouble is high up. She wants to be clearing the throat all the time. She has suffered quite a good deal with her head altogether. I get an aching sensation around the eyes.

(Examine the nose.)

It is not altogether free, but so much better than back of the throat.

(What is the matter with the back of the throat?)

I get a catarrhal condition at the back. I don't think she does any breathing or inhaling with the nose which is not free at all.

(What is the reason?)

May be a polypus. I get this side [feeling left side of nose meaning the patient's right.] I get an earache now. There was so much nervousness at the beginning that I did not get the other. [Feeling ears again.] [Feeling nose again.] I don't find anything more.

(Is the polypus on one or both sides?)

May affect both sides, but more prominent on one side. neither side is normal. [Feeling breast, and lobes of lungs.] These collar bones ache, I think it is from the trouble above."

In answer to inquiries the girl said she had felt no aches in the collar bones, no pain in jaw. She has earaches at times



and gets hoarse. Has trouble with her eyes at times, having suffered from ulcers, as she says. I suspect this is a misnomer for something else, possibly conjunctivitis. Has been blind twice. Has worn spectacles. Has headaches, but not often, and says she has never seen purple bluish rings floating before the eyes.

The doctor has not examined her sufficiently to answer some of the questions and the girl cannot be relied upon to answer them. The doctor says that there are polypi on both sides and that she suffers from tonsilitis which would be brought on by the polypi very probably. Mrs. W—— had said the girl had tonsilitis when she began the diagnosis of the next case and after she had heard the girl speak. I do not know whether this could be inferred from the voice or not. I noticed that she breathed with a little difficulty just as we started to Mrs. W——'s, but this had apparently disappeared when we arrived and she sat down. I could not notice it then. Whether Mrs. W—— may have noticed it or not and inferred the polypus from it or not I cannot tell. The doctor says that he has not yet been able to ascertain whether the polypus is worse on one side than the other.

The next case is of a gentleman, the husband of Mrs. K. C——, who had an earlier sitting. He had never met Mrs. W—— before and she has seen him but once before and that in a carriage. He was curious to have an experiment, and the following is the result.

"I get a headache the first thing. [Feeling forehead.] [Snuffing nose.] I did not tell you before, but I get enlarged tonsils with the girl.

[Feeling about ears and eyes.] I think you see fairly well for a man of your age. Your hearing is not so acute as it has been. You suffer some from the back of your head. That may be from reading without glasses. I don't know whether you put them on or not, but you would be better with them.

[Feeling throat.] You have had sore throat at times, probably from cold, but I don't find any chronic trouble. Inclined to hoarseness. The bronchial tube is susceptible to colds. [Feeling arms and head.] I get a pain over the eyes, comes around here [moving hand around to back of head.] may not be suffering with this at present, but it is with you. [Feeling over heart.]

I get a weak action of the heart, though not propelling so strong like....

(Like what?)

As it might be. [Feeling elbows, moving hands and arms as if testing muscles, rubs right hand on back.] A little stiffness with this hand [pointing to right hand] and feel a little rheumatism in this elbow [pointing to left elbow.]

[Stomach.] Pretty good liver. Troubled with gas, but don't feel it painful like Mrs. Clarke's. [Feeling back about the kidneys.] Feet and limbs swell sometimes, particularly the feet, pretty heavy, and legs down here [rubbing shins.]

[Feeling bowel about the groins and hips.] Don't find kidneys exactly normal, but still not very much wrong. He feels his back down here sometimes. I get the feeling of lifting, as if he has ever done heavy lifting in which he feels his back. [Examining nose again.] More or less catarrhal condition. Seems to come with a little cold and with that is this pain over the eyes.

(What would you say about him in general?)

Where his troubles are?

(What general condition?)

I don't see that there is any organic trouble with the heart, but it is performing its function just rightly. Kidneys a little out of order, stomach not bad, liver good, breathing apparatus good with exception of bronchial and catarrhal condition. All seems to go together."

As soon as the experiment was over Mr. C—— exclaimed: "You hit me exactly. That is it exactly. There are no mistakes."

I then made inquiries and ascertained that he reads with glasses, and that his eyes give him trouble if he tries to read without them. He is troubled with rheumatism in the left elbow and the right hand is a little painful still. He was a farmer and used to lift a great deal and occasionally suffers from sore back when he lifts much or does much work. His kidneys are affected slightly, but he does not know of any swelling in the feet. He suffers from headaches which begin in front and run around to the back of the head, probably neuralgic in character. He has some bronchial difficulty, but slight.

He thought the diagnosis perfect, and conversation showed that he had been at Lily Dale, New York, where he had tried mediums and was very much impressed with his



experiences there. Inquiries into Mrs. W——'s statement showed that there were some mistakes, so that his judgment of the exactness of the diagnosis has to be qualified as the statements of men of this kind. There was enough specific correctness in it to impress him with the coincidences and he evidently did not mark or remember the failures.

Toronto, November 21st, 1904.

Mrs. W—— came to Toronto for experiments where we hoped to secure patients about whom she knows nothing and about whom it could not be easily said that she could know. The first case that I obtained was one mentioned to me by Dr. T. A. Carson of O——. I called on her at the General Hospital and found that she had had an operation for appendicitis and was at the present time suffering mostly from constipation due to the effects of the operation and of her habit of purging herself too freely. She said she had no other difficulty according to the physicians, except indigestion and great weakness. It is the same case which I tried with Mrs. W——'s sister. The following is the result of the diagnosis with Mrs. W——.

"There is a pain here at the top of the head. I get it more prominent on left side. [Feeling around the left eye.] Soreness around this bone here. [Feeling various parts of shoulder, head and throat.] I get something with the upper part of the throat. She had some throat trouble at some time. [Feeling lower parts of body and especially right groin.] Suffers with a pain down the inside of the leg and has some rheumatism in the knees. [Pause.] She must suffer quite a good deal with her head. I feel my head hot. I get a pain here [small of back.] [Right hand on groin and left on back.] I am trying to see whether it is ovarian trouble or just the tubes. [Pause.] I think she has suffered with her back. Her head is what I feel most. She may have felt worse than now. She is sensitive to colds.

(What would you say of her stomach?)

I feel as if she was on diet pretty well. I did not examine it closely for. . . . If it was bad it must have been better.

(How about the bowels?)

The bowels don't present a normal condition. There is intestinal indigestion. I get a feeling of diarrhoea, but not any diarrhoea. Still the stools are not what they should be.

(What has been the cause of that?)

I don't know if they are treating her for the stomach. I don't think they have thought so much of that. The trouble is mainly intestinal. There is gas in the intestines.

(What is her general condition?)

I don't know. She must suffer from headache. I don't know whether it comes from the intestinal trouble. I don't get a nervous person. Eyes water. But the bowels are her greatest difficulty.

(Do you find any mark on her body?)

I can't find whether there is a lump on the breast. I get a soreness and have a suspicion of cancer by this feeling. There is something there, but I can't tell what it is. She may never have said anything about it. She is a little bit large here [bowels.]”

This diagnosis is an entire failure. The allusions to the bowels, which seem accurate enough as far as they go, are absolutely worthless for any purposes of evidence. There was no allusion to the sore which remains from the operation or appendicitis and none to the constipation. Rather the condition was said to be the opposite of what it is in fact, as the reader may see. I know of no other troubles than those mentioned by the lady herself, and those mentioned by Mrs. W—— are too common to have any value.

The next case was also one of travelling clairvoyance and represents a case obtained from a physician in the city whom I had not mentioned to Mrs. W——. The following are the results, after directing her to the place, half a mile distant, where the patient lives.

“ [Feeling shins and knees.] I get numbness of limbs. They feel rather heavy too. [Pause.] [Feeling side of face and under left eye.] I get a feeling of erysipelas in the face on this cheek left. [Hand back of head.] His head bothers him up here on the crown. I don't get much, but he must have had erysipelas some time. Is he medium in complexion?

(I don't know. Describe him.)

He is medium. I would get rather a thin face, and thin in the jaws. I don't get rheumatism. I get that he must have a nervous affection. I find it pretty hard to get a tight grip. [Feeling breast and lung.] He is pretty hollow here. I wouldn't diagnose good lungs where they are not the best, but he don't fill out the upper part of the lungs. I get an irritable heart which is easily frustrated. [Stomach.] I get a pretty tight feeling around here. I get a good deal of gas about the stomach and the heart as well.



I think there is a condition of swollen feet and limbs. I get a poor circulation. The kidneys are out of order. Shortness of breath and a little inclined to asthma. I don't know whether it is true or not, but there is a feeling of burning cheek and I feel erysipelas. I don't find the heart good, that is, does not do its work. Some indigestion. He is quite nervous. I believe he sits in a chair and rests himself on the elbow. It gets tired and sore. Good deal of gas in bowels. He has the habit of rubbing his knees. He sits like this on his elbows."

After the close of this experiment Mrs. W——— remarked that, on the train to Toronto, she had a feeling of appendicitis. This remark would have had coincidental value in connection with the hospital case.

At time of making this record I do not know whether any of the incidents of the above case are applicable or not. I shall have to ascertain the truth or falsity of the diagnosis by inquiry. I have not seen the man and was not told his ailment, so far as I can remember.

Since writing the above note inquiry shows the following facts in regard to the case. The man has no numbness of the limbs, or at least complains of none. There is no erysipelas in the face and none known to have existed at any time. He has very severe headaches in the back of the head which radiated from the occipital region to the crown of the head. He is a man of very thin face and jaws. He has no rheumatism, or complains of none. He is a man who is excessively nervous and tends to fly off into nervous convulsive muscular action. He does everything in jerks and has a quick grip in muscular action. No paresis to affect the grip. Very much troubled with gas in the stomach, nervous dyspepsia and indigestion. Digestion very bad. Heart not affected except indirectly. No swollen feet or limbs. Kidneys not good, but not organically affected. Their action is the result of urinal disturbance elsewhere. Some shortness of breath when walking, but not special. No asthma. But he has the habit of sitting in his chair resting on his elbow and also of resting his hands on his knees and swaying his body back and forward when he is talking to you, but he does not rub his knees in the manner indicated by Mrs. W———.

But the primary difficulty for which the diagnosis was un-

dertaken was not mentioned. The specific physical difficulty is prostate trouble due to a lesion and stricture of the prostate glands, instigated by gonorrhea. This gives rise to some sympathetic difficulties in connection with urinal processes and functions, but nothing organic with the kidneys. How far his nervousness is due to prostate affection is not determinable, but the physician thinks his neurasthenic troubles are only aggravated by the other.

A few days later we learned that on the second floor below the one in which the patient we had in mind was staying was a gentleman who was suffering from erysipelas and various symptoms as described by Mrs. W——. This was not known by the physician living in the same house and another apartment when he consented to the experiment with his own patient. It was not possible to make more specific inquiries regarding the applicability of details to this case.

November 21st, 1904.

The next set of experiments were six in number conducted the same evening, as dated. We had tried to secure patients and failed to obtain such as we desired from physicians not known to Dr. B——. At last Dr. B—— requested a friend to bring in some friends unknown to him, and six of such were brought in for an evening set of experiments. The following is the result with omission of all the details of Mrs. W——'s actions that are not necessary to an understanding of her statements, which I took verbatim. The pauses between utterances, occasioned by the physical examination of her person, for the discovery of the trouble, enables me to take down every word she utters.

"I get a little headache in the front part of the head. It is a nervous headache. I think you have sittings with some one and see lights before your eyes. It is when you are trying to see that you get a little nervous headache. [Feeling about eyes.] I get neuralgia on one side. Your eyes are overdone. I think you have tried glasses. I don't know that you have, but you need them.

I get some indigestion, but not to a great extent. [Pause.] I feel hot waves or flashes with the stomach. You had some trouble here in the side [right side.] You have been threatened



with appendicitis. I don't get so much wrong with you now, but you have gone through with a good deal. There are some shooting pains in the limbs. I get quite a feeling of perspiration and weakness with it. I find more or less pain in the region of the appendix.

You are subject to bronchial trouble. You have not practiced breathing very much, lungs are not expanded enough. You are better through here [lower part of lungs.] It is the same old story of gas in the stomach. You are inclined to bloat a good deal, and feel very full below the stomach. I don't get rheumatism at all. Blood not very good. That is caused by the stomach trouble. I don't get any acute pains with indigestion. I feel some little pains with the bowels. A little trouble with the bladder. I get a pain here in the head, and a kind of shooting pains down the side of the leg. Your bronchial trouble begins right here [neck.] This pain begins about the hip and works up the side."

The lady's comments on the record were that she occasionally has a headache when she is nervous and that she used to sit for development of mediumship and the only effect that she ever had was that of seeing lights. She has neuralgic pains around the eye and down the side of the face as indicated, but only occasionally. She had started to wear glasses only about a year ago. She had tried them before but put off getting them. The doctor had told her that she should have had them before. She has to be careful about her eating in order to avoid indigestion. When she eats certain things she has an accumulation of gas, but no pain with her indigestion. She does not think that she is threatened with appendicitis, but thinks she has womb trouble and said her pain was on the right side very low down. She has no rheumatism and no known trouble with the bladder. She has burning and shooting pains on the inside of her leg and pain in the hip extending down the leg.

Second lady.

"I get a rather peculiar sensation at the top of the head. I get a pain over this [right] eye. I don't call it a headache, but there is a great deal of heat at the top of the head. I get a headache above the eyes. I get a little catarrhal affection back of the nasal. I don't know that this is all the time, but it is more from a cold than anything. I get a stiffness here on this [right] shoulder by the neck.

[Feeling right arm.] The arm feels more comfortable at the back. There is a rheumatic pain in the wrist. [Feeling back.] I get a headache. [Feeling right leg, bowels, wrist, arm.] I get rheumatism. [Belching.] Indigestion. I get such tired spells and want to yawn and that sort of thing. It is due to the stomach, I get a condition of rheumatism, but I am inclined to think you are over it and not suffering with it as you were.

You are troubled with gas and there is difficulty sometimes in getting it up. I get a little rheumatism at the knee and ankle. I don't think she is feeling it very much now. The most she feels at present is the stomach. You have headaches sometimes. [Feeling bowels and belching.] You may have rather bad feelings, but it comes with the stomach trouble. I don't find that she is suffering very much just now. I do get a good deal of yawning and feel tired."

The lady comments as follows. She has headaches all the time and feels a terrible heat at the top of the head and above the eyes. She says she has all kinds of headaches. There is no trouble with her arm. She was very tired today and has been yawning much. I noticed none of this at the experiment. She has had a tired, weary feeling about the right arm principally. She thinks she has indigestion, but has never had any rheumatic trouble so far as she knows.

Third lady.

"I get pains up behind the ears and headache at back of head. There are pains at the back of the head. The trouble with this patient is at the back but may be something of a headache at the front, but a good deal more at the back. I get it with trying to see. I don't get good eyesight. She may not know it, but she would be better with glasses. It is that that gives rise to these feelings at the back of the head. She gets despondent spells as if to cry. I rather think she does cry.

I don't get any trouble here [heart.] I get some indigestion. [Feeling groins, and legs.] I find a good organism with this girl. I find a little tenderness here [left breast.] Some time she may have needed a mustard plaster, but it is not of any account. Well this is all I get with her. The trouble is principally with the back of her head and I get this in connection with her eyes. She has nervous headaches sometimes. There is a little despondency with the nerves."

The lady states that she has a pain at the back of her head. Her eyes have never been examined. Occasionally she has



the blues, but doesn't cry very much. There is no tenderness on the left side, but she cannot lie on that side.

A gentleman.

This is another psychic. You notice that when you close your eyes that the colors are red. At first they are little red spots and then they get into large red size.

Well I get a head worried a good deal. I would not call it a headache but this man does a good deal of thinking and a good deal of worrying. I get a feeling on the side of the head. He would feel better if his hands were this way [pressing hands on top of head.] A pain through the temple. A soreness in that one [right side.] I don't get it on the other side. This is another man that requires glasses, but I think you had pretty good eyesight. [Belching, and feeling heart.] You had some bad feeling here. Sometimes you have been nervous about it, but it seems all right now. Did I ever look at you before?

(I don't think so.)

I get a sore spot here [about the heart.] that has hurt you very much some time, so that you could not bend over. That brought a bad feeling here about the heart.

You don't get any pains or aches in this part [stomach.] I get a better feeling here than in the back. What I get I don't think is with you now. But I get a pain across the back and it may come from your work, but it seems to tax your back [feeling small of back.] Well I run through you pretty well with the exception of the stomach where there is a good deal of gas. If there is very much wrong he has kept it from me. He enjoys good health."

The gentleman says that he has not seen colors lately, but when he used to lie down after dinner he generally saw clear red colors when he closed his eyes. Often, he says, he put his hands up as indicated when thinking. He does not wear glasses, but should do so. He has had a bad feeling about the heart, but not for the last six months. In the small of the back he has had pains and finds it difficult to bend over.

Fourth lady.

"I get a headache in front part of the head about the eyes and a feeling of the muscles almost being stiff. She bends the face down like that from headache [moving and bowing the head.] On the top of the head as well. The neck is a little bit larger here [sides] than it should be. I feel a little enlargement, but I wouldn't call it goitre.

[Feeling breast.] (Mrs. W——: If you have any troubles don't think about them.) I get this weariness with her again. I find a little trouble here [right, appendix.] It is not of any account. I can't say there is none. She gets a pain in this side [left, womb] more of what people call a stitch. I find her organs all pretty good, just a little tenderness down this side [right, appendix.] A headache is what I get, and feel a little enlargement there in front of the neck."

Lady had a headache at the time and felt it about the eyes and not the temples. There was a stiffness of the muscles at back of the neck and hindered bending it toward the front. She doesn't know of any enlargement of the neck or on the side of the throat. She often feels weary, and generally at the end of the day. There is a tenderness about the womb on the left side and she is not regular in her menstruation. At certain times of the day she feels rheumatic trouble, in the ankles, but this was not mentioned by Mrs. W——.

Fifth lady.

The lady remarked as she sat down that she did not think she had any trouble.

"I get a nervous headache here in the front part of the head over this eye [left.] She has suffered with her head from her eyes. I get a little feeling of neuralgia from the temples down. She hasn't it now, but has felt it. So many bad feelings come from the stomach and still they don't count for anything. I get tears. She cries. This yawning is a species of indigestion. She has good organs. The trouble I feel in the head has come with her eyes. She is nervous."

Occasionally the lady has headaches, but oftener when her spectacles are not on. Then her eyes feel as if a string was pulling on them. Has had neuralgia in the temples. She says she cries easily, but only when sympathy is expressed for her. Otherwise not. She cannot tell whether she is nervous or not.

November 23rd, 1904.

The first experiment this morning was one of travelling clairvoyance. Mrs. W—— was sent by address to a certain place to diagnose a case of sciatica in a young man and



totally failed. All that she said was false and no allusion was made to the sciatica.

The next case was that of my host and it was arranged that his wife should be diagnosed next by simply sending Mrs. W—— to the house, she having arranged to be in the parlor at the time. My host was with me at the sitting.

Dr. McC——.

"I get a feeling round here [temples] as though it was tight when you try to think or read. I get it in this portion of the head [temples.] and you have suffered with your head from your eyes some times. When you read or do any work with your head you feel as if you did it from the back of the head. The effect is from the eyes.

[Correct except that the feeling of pain was on the left side of the head, *mostly behind the ear.*]

[Testing nose, ears, throat, breast, back.] You get tired across the shoulders, across the shoulder blades. You feel like getting back like this to rest them [leaning back.] [Feeling right arm.] Overdone muscles here in right arm [moving arm and hands as if writing.] You get it with using a pen or pencil. [Feeling right arm on inside and on the large muscle between the shoulder and the elbow.] This muscle comes right up there. I get a very tired arm.

[Correct as to the arm symptoms.]

[Moving the arms.] I don't get any trouble with the joints. There is a little palpitation of the heart, but is caused from the stomach.

[Not correct.]

[Feeling bowels and groins, back and legs.] I find the organs all pretty good. There is more or less of indigestion, but I get no spasm of pain, but it interferes with his heart. It makes his heart palpitate. I am not saying he has heart disease, you know.

[I have never had palpitation of the heart.]

[Feeling back and shoulder.] What I get is just from work [moving right arm.] in the shoulder and right arm. What I seem to get about the head is brought with the eyes. He thinks a good deal and feels it here [over left eye.] I don't get stiff joints."

Mrs. W—— kept examining the left eye for some time and located the main difficulty of pain above this eye which had been affected by a double cause. He could not keep his spectacles off, as the effect would be a severe pain. He

thinks and writes a great deal and has trouble on the inside muscle of the right arm as described. The locality was correctly assigned with remarkable accuracy, and only the right arm is affected. Mrs. W—— kept feeling it and repeatedly went back to the inside muscle. No allusion was made to his having recently had a severe attack of sciatica, unless the allusion to not finding any stiffness in the joints is a negative way of discovering it.

After the experiment to diagnose Dr. McC——'s wife at a distance Mrs. W—— took up Dr. Mc—— again at his request, since he wanted to ask some questions. The following were the results.

(Is the tightness in the head more on one side than the other?)

This feeling of expansion feels as though the head would  
—— [rest not caught.]

(Could you say whether there is more on one side than the other?)

I think it is more on the right side.

(Is there any pain in the eyes connected with this?)

It is due to using this portion of the brain [temples.]

(Is the feeling in the arm connected with the brain or is it merely mechanical?)

I find on examining closely that you have suffered from your eyes.

(Is it from accident or use, or defective quality?)

It seems to be the optic nerve. The touch there is sensitive.

(Which eye?)

I get it with this one [putting hand up to left eye.]

(Left eye?)

Yes, there is a good deal of pain about here.

(Is it due to accident or use?)

Overwork with both eyes.

(Is there any acute pain?)

It seems more of a dull ache. You are not suffering from it at present. But [feeling right arm again inside between shoulder and elbow.] I don't get that connected with the arm. What I get is with the arm.

[Any eye pain that I have had came from accident and is correctly located and described.]

(Is there any other disturbance in any other part of the body due to the same cause? You mentioned already that it was due to indigestion.)

Some of the arm trouble may be due to indigestion.



(Is it a common or occult form of indigestion?)

Yes.

(Could you not distinguish?)

I get just now that you assimilate very well. Many people have stomach trouble and yet assimilate well and their flesh keeps up. I don't find that the eyes have anything to do with the arm.

(Is my sleep affected by the nervous affection due to the eyes?)

Yes, the eyes keep up a nervous disturbance.

(In the eyes or in the head?)

I get it in the head, but the eyes are the cause.

(You don't find any pain about the trunk? You mentioned the shoulder.)

I got the shoulders [feeling shoulders] just across the shoulder. You generate a good deal of gas at times. You are middling careful about what you eat.

(Are there no pains in my limbs?)

If you stand you get a feeling at the ankles. I don't feel any acute pain."

[I have had sciatic symptoms—subacute. I have always had good digestion. It has not yet been decided by experts whether the arm or even the head symptoms—or sciatic symptoms—are due to eye strain.]

Mrs. Mc——.

This experiment was one of travelling clairvoyance, with the following results.

"I get something of this condition that I don't usually get. I feel sleepy. There are spells when she feels overcome, almost with exhaustion and sleepiness. I don't get a stout lady.

(What do you mean by a stout lady?)

I mean a big stout lady. This is what I don't get. [Pause.]

I get a person of medium size and she suffers quite a good deal with the top of her head. She feels heat at the top. [Feeling forehead and temples.] She gets a headache at the back of the head. The head is sensitive to touch when she has a headache. There is pain round here around the temple [left.]

[Not correct as to pain in top of head, occasional pain at the back and in the right, not the left temple; always sore to touch at such times.]

[Testing eyes.] I fancy she wears glasses to read, but has not put them on until she needed them badly. [Pause and smiling.] I get somewhat the same feeling with her heart as I get with you.

[Correct—have occasional sudden palpitation.]

[Feeling right groin.] I find a little trouble here. I wouldn't say it was the ovaries. There is a tenderness here on the side which comes with the womb. It causes the feeling in the top of the head. This is all I get with her organism.

[Not correct.]

I don't diagnose rheumatism although she may suffer with pains. When I get rheumatism it is with the joints.

(Examine both arms.)

I get it here and there. It don't stay in one place.

(Does she feel them when the part is not touched?)

I do.

(You do?)

I feel this when I don't touch. But of course she feels them much more when the place is touched.

[Not quite correct: only rheumatic pain ever felt is in the left arm above the elbow.]

I have looked the organs over pretty well. They present themselves in a very good condition.

(How about her sides?)

She feels her clothing against her here on the sides [pressing waist.] [Pause.] I was waiting to see what it comes with. It is around here [feeling waist with both hands.]

(On which side?)

I get it on the right side. It is something rather unusual.

(Is it more on one side than on the other?)

I get it more prominent on the right side, although I feel it down here on the left side. It don't come to me as rheumatism. She may call it that though. It comes with the condition of the blood. [Pause.]

[Not quite correct, tho there is soreness on both sides, but of a neuritic character.]

I feel my clothing on me with this little trouble makes her conscious of feeling a little tight all the time. When we are all right we don't notice it. [Feeling left elbow.] I feel this elbow sore. My hand wants to go in that position [holding the elbow bent.]

(Is there any place in which she feels a definite sharp pain?)

I did not get her condition readily at all. I get a pain under the left shoulder blade there.

[Not correct except as to occasional neuritic pain through the left shoulder blade.]

[Feeling right hand.] I get a pain more like rheumatic pain here in the wrist.

(Do you think it is permanent?) [Pause.] (What symptoms are induced by loss of sleep?)

I get that she don't sleep. I get a good deal of wakefulness. She has what we call a gone nervous feeling. That comes from



the nerves. If she is overtired she finds good deal of difficulty in resting. In conversation she will want to go on, but finds difficulty —— [rest not caught.] There is a feeling of exhaustion. When she gets completely exhausted sleep comes. I don't feel she can leave everything behind and drop down and sleep. There is a light feeling with the head."

[Correct only as to sleeplessness, but such a condition is only occasionally the case.

The diagnosis is correct as to points I have indicated—in other symptoms quite wide of the mark.]

Mr. S——.

"I get an overdone head. He has worked pretty hard. He feels his head a good deal, particularly on this side [left.] I don't find the nasal in normal condition. [Feeling shoulder and stomach.] I get an indigestion pain underneath the shoulder with this young man. I get quite a good deal of indigestion. There is a pain with it across here [breast.] There is so much gas [belching.] It is painful. Gets pretty well filled through here. [Hands and fingers pressed upon breast bone for some time and feeling as if for some difficulty.] You have felt a pain just there. Well that is all I get. When you take a long breath like that [imitating] you just get caught right there [pointing to breast.] All with indigestion. I get pains through there [breast.] It is from accumulation of gas. I feel as if I wanted to get rid of a good deal. [Feeling wrist.] You have done something, strained a muscle up here [wrist.] It may be from writing. I don't get this here [arm] but here [wrist.]

You feel your head hot at times, more at one side than the other. I get an overworked head. You have worked hard at some mental work. You have feelings of despondency. [Yawning.] The yawning is with the stomach. [Right arm moved as if writing.] When you begin to think you feel your head particularly on one side."

The young man told me after the experiment and away from Mrs. W—— that he often has overworked feelings and that they affect his head so that he often goes to bed as early as nine o'clock to rest and to get rid of them. He is a student at the University of Toronto, and from his looks I would infer that he worked hard. He says that he does not feel able to keep his mind on his work, and that the feeling in his head is more on the left side. He has had his nose smashed twice and thinks the bone on the left side is enlarged, though I could notice no traces of it on the surface. But the

point is slightly turned to one side, but noticeable only when your attention is specially called to it. His nose bleeds easily. He does not know of any indigestion. He has not strained any muscles in his wrist.

He had an injury to his breast in playing a game of foot ball, and afterward a lump grew on his breast on which an operation had to be performed. He has had very sharp catching pains there and has especially felt them when taking long breaths. He could not laugh on account of it for a while.

Mr. J. Mc——.

This case was an entire failure and is not worth recording in detail. The young man was a friend and mate of the previous case and was in perfectly healthy condition, save a slight pain in one knee and in one foot. These difficulties were not hinted at, but various other imaginary troubles were named in connection with the head, stomach and eye. All were false. So were the references to feelings of prostration.

Mr. Sh——.

Mrs. W—— did not know this gentleman, though her brother did and was on friendly terms with him. This was his first experience at this sort of thing. He came in and sat down without an introduction.

" [Rubbing her hands vigorously and sighing.] This man has suffered from nervous trouble. [Rubbing her hands and twisting them through each other.] I get a head that has shown a great deal of work. He has a great capacity for work. I get a good deal of that feeling with it. I get it that he has suffered in this portion of the head [back] round to the front. The nerves bother me so much. [Mrs. W——'s hands slid off her lap to her side and were replaced to repeat the same act several times.]

[Examining eyes.] He requires glasses. I get a dry throat. I would feel that in the morning when he awakens there would be a little difficulty to get enough moisture to swallow easily. I don't know whether he ever had cold applications on the top of the head, but at times he certainly has needed them.

[Hands and arms fall again from her lap to her side and repeated several times.] My arms want to drop down. [Feeling and moving right arm up and down.] I get some overdone, muscles here. I feel little darts with them.



[Moving hands as if writing.] He must do a good deal of writing. I get all this feeling in the right arm. [Pause.] I don't know whether this is a mannerism of yours, but I feel my hands like this on my head [putting her hands on forehead.] I tell you that you find great difficulty in getting rest. You go to bed to get rest and sleep, but you go on and on, apparently with some line of work. [Feeling stomach.] I get an uneven appetite. At times you eat and enjoy your food, but at times you don't eat very much. [Feeling stomach and sighing.] I get a feeling of nausea. I don't say you feel it now, but it's with you. [Heart.] Heart is a little irritable. I don't find any of the organs in first-class condition, that is, just normal, but I get more of a nervous than any real organic trouble.

[Feeling legs.] I get a trembling sensation with the limbs. He appears to have very strong mental powers, stronger than the physical. He is anaemic. [Feeling legs again.] I get a swollen sensation of the feet. Must be more or less at times. There are times in which you are very despondent. I get a feeling of despondency.

(How about the back?)

Where I feel a nervous condition we would feel troubles all over. I get an aching across the kidneys at the lower part of the back. I get a very tired back and feeling in the shoulder here [right.] that comes from my arm. I get a little pain down here [side of right leg] but that's from the nerves. There has been more trouble with the bladder some time. Well, I don't get any acute pain in the back.

(Tell all you want about the limbs.)

I don't think I could walk very fast. I can't. I am looking for rheumatism. I feel this trembling shaking sensation.

(See if you find something else than rheumatism.)

[Rubbing and moving legs.] It don't come very readily whatever it is. The feet are not active. I feel a little stiffness. I feel something like an old man. I get a little darting pain here and there. The knees are not just as supple as they should be."

Mr. Sh—— stated after the experiment that he has neuritis and has suffered badly from it, and called attention to a stiff neck which he had on account of it. He also remarked that he had a distinct feeling of senility and that Mrs. W——'s description of his feeling in his legs was a good one. He has swollen feet and no kidney trouble. He stated that he suffered from deadly weariness and that from sheer lassitude his hands often drop to his sides, as indicated by Mrs. W——'s manner. He stated also that he had earlier

in life suffered severely from migraine and sick headaches, and that he had had sciatica for twelve or thirteen years. Later rheumatism took the place of this migraine. He has had writer's paralysis and has had to quit his own writing and depend upon dictation for twenty years. He has suffered from something like dryness of the throat and nausea, accompanied by a flow of blood on his pillow in the mornings, and attributed this to the use of stimulants, but since stopping their use he has not experienced this. He says that it is very hard to go to sleep for thinking on his business, and that often in order to get these things off his mind before going to bed he will play solitaire until he is worn out. He also suffers much from despondency when the depression becomes actually painful. He is quite anaemic, and all the doctors have told him so. The mannerism of holding hands on his head is correct.

Mr. Ca——.

November 23rd, 1904.

"This man has suffered from headaches here [front of head] and this part [near and back of Sylvian fissure.] [Feeling back of head.] If you have any difficulty about the head think about something else.

You have pain over this eye [left.] Sometimes you have had pains up the sides and at back of the head. There is an aching around this bone of the eye [left eyebrow.] The trouble is with the eyes. He has suffered from his eyes. This is from the nerves.

I get a catarrhal condition at the nasal and back of the throat. I get a good deal of nervousness. [Feeling forehead.] I get more of a headache above the eyes now. It didn't come very readily at first.

[Heart.] The heart is pretty steady at present. I get such a nervous condition apparently with the heart. I don't find any pains or spasms with the stomach. Of course there is a little indigestion, but. . . . This is a nervous patient. I get a feeling of prostration. He has a good organism. The heart gets fluttered. Thus a watch dropping down sets me into a flutter. He gets this trouble when he has a cold. There is a good deal of clearing and bronchial trouble. But it is the head more particularly at the front. The sight I get close."

Mr. Ca—— says that his eyes have given him great trouble for twenty years. He was going to a physician on



this day to have them examined again. His head was troubled with a cold. He has some heart trouble. He is not conscious of any nervousness, but thinks himself quite cool. He thinks he has been overstrained and overworked during this last year, as he feels much fatigued. There is no trouble about his head except with the eyes. He never has any pain.

In anticipation of a possible reference to the eyes, which I knew troubled the man when I asked him to try the experiment I asked him to leave his spectacles off when he came to the house. He had never seen Mrs. W——, nor she him. The precaution was observed.

I then tried travelling clairvoyance with his daughter who was at home in bed with a trouble not well understood, but which causes excessive nausea and vomiting without any pain. She has suffered with this ever since she was a child, coming on at frequent intervals. But Mrs. W—— did not approximate a reference to it. She named a large number of troubles which the girl does not suffer from at all. It is not worth while giving the detailed record as it is simply a mass of reference to equivocal and common difficulties that were wrong and expressed in similar language to that of other cases and that have more apparent interest.

Mrs. H——.

"She has suffered a good deal from her nerves. She still feels it over her head when she works at pencil work. The throat has been pretty full. She has had pains behind the ears and throat. It has been more to the upper part than down here [putting hand at lower bronchial locus.] She has always had difficulty here. I get a nervous affection.

Now I know what she did. She suffered from stomach troubles and nervous dyspepsia.

(Am I feeling better?)

Yes. The nerves are much better. I get a different feeling altogether. I don't think you have those nervous spells so much. They were from overwork. You taught school and (sewed) which soothed the nerves at the time. You are just a little worried. The stomach is affected, but is much improved. You get some headache here.

(Am I bothered back here?) [Lady feeling her hip and back.]

Yes, a little. I don't think you feel it all the time, just at times. I pronounce you pretty good."

The lady states that generally her health is now pretty good. She has just recovered from an attack of diphtheria, which was apparently alluded to in the reference to the throat. Has hay fever, and since the diphtheria has had pain in the back and hips. Has had trouble with the stomach and is nervous somewhat.

I must remark that the lady was well acquainted with Mrs. W——, but had not seen her for years, and Mrs. W—— had not known that she had any attack of diphtheria. Mrs. H—— thought the diagnosis fairly accurate.

Mrs. R——.

Mrs. R——, although she knew Mrs. W—— had never been diagnosed by her, and had not seen her for years.

"What I get about the head is just a little feeling about the eyes. It comes from the eyes. You feel it first when reading or when doing a lot of fine work. You may not have noticed it. You have paid some attention to breathing. I don't know that you have, but I feel that you have had an attack of bronchitis. I get a little nerve pain here [shoulders.] Well, I find fairly good lungs, but you are subject to colds. Any trouble takes hold of you here [throat.] But it is nothing to worry about. I get a little stomach trouble. The lady has suffered a great deal from nervous prostration. You get nervousness with your head. Other things are so much more that you need not pay any attention to it. The nerves interfere with the circulation. You may not have noticed it, but I observe that when you awaken sometimes you find your hands are numb. They feel as if they were asleep. I don't get rheumatism. I find with you as with people who suffer with nervous trouble little things here and there. They are just nervous disturbance.

[Feeling back and shoulders.] You get tired and . . . . I get a little feeling here in the back between the shoulder blades that comes with your stomach. You feel something from here down [back from shoulders.] It comes from the nerves, and is almost neuralgia, as near as I can describe it. You have felt little pains about here [shoulders.] The stomach is fairly good. You have felt trouble here [small of back.] I get hot flesh which comes with the nerves as well.

I find this lady so much better than she has been that she is pretty nearly out of her trouble. I find the organs good. I don't get rheumatism in the hands. At least I don't get any pains in the fingers. This is with the circulation. I find you pretty well."



Lady states that she has not noticed any feeling about the eyes, and that she has had several attacks of bronchitis, and is not nervous. There are pains in the shoulders and between the shoulders which are of a neuralgic character. She has indigestion, and thinks that it causes the trouble in the back. She has a tired feeling, and does not know about her circulation. She often awakens from sleep with numb hands.

Mrs. X.

This case was furnished by a physician well known to Dr. B——. He was asked to send a patient that Dr. B—— did not know. He did so, and had a lady go whose life and troubles were known only to himself. The following was the result, and it is complicated with some experiences by Mrs. C——, another sister of Dr. B—— and the subject of a separate report by myself, the evening of the experiment and before the lady came to the house. The facts were reported to me by Dr. B—— himself and his sister, Mrs. W——, as well as Mrs. C——. This was on the evening of November 22nd, 1904.

The lady lived about a third of a mile distant. About one-quarter to eight Mrs. C—— remarked in the presence of her sister and brother: "Something has come to interfere with this woman. I don't know whether she is coming or not." After a few minutes longer, she said again: "Yes, she is going to come." About twenty minutes later the lady came. She said that she did not know at first whether she would get there or not. Two friends had unexpectedly come in who were not in the habit of calling and came from wholly separated places. One was her brother and the other her brother-in-law. She said that she got rid of the first by asking her son to take him out, and at a quarter to eight was sitting all dressed, hat on, and ready to go when the second came in. She thought, "What will I do? I want to go." The man had come from out of town, and she asked him if he was going to stay all night, and he replied that he was not. She then said that she had an engagement and was ready to go, and asked him to come back another night. He then went away and she proceeded to the experiment. The following is her own report of the diagnosis.

You seem to have valvular disease of the heart, the liver is out of order, and you are a bilious temperament. You had a pain in the side. Oh, yes, there is a pain in the back, but this will not return again. You might need an operation, but treatment might succeed inside in reference apparently to the appendix. Your husband is away a great deal. You and he do not agree. Your husband drinks. There are four children, three are alive.

The reference to heart disease was correct and also the trouble with the liver. The pain in the back while true has no evidential value. Nothing known about trouble with the appendix. But it was true that the husband drank and that there was serious friction in the family because of it. They had four children, three of whom were living.

### **Mrs. W———'s Personal Experience.**

The experiments at diagnosis terminate with the above accounts and the next report is a personal experience which shows that Mrs. W———'s phenomena extend beyond the type we have been discussing and for that reason we may find in the additional facts some clue to ultimate explanation.

———, Ontario, Canada, November 17th, 1904.

The following story of her experience was told me by Mrs. W——— yesterday and which I took down verbatim from her lips. It is her only experience of the kind. All her other "phenomena" are of the diagnostic type. The present incident is apparently of the spiritistic type.

She had a step-daughter ill with consumption and past hope. The girl knew that she could not recover. Her name was Annie Florence W———. She died on September 21st, 1903. In June previous she had a dream in which she saw the details of her coming funeral. When she told it to Mrs. W———, who nursed her, she said: "Mamma I have seen the end," and told the following incidents.

She dreamed that she was out of her body and could see all that was going on about her. She saw a cream colored casket and she herself was dressed in a rose waist. She saw the hearse, the pall-bearers, and noticed that the casket was taken out to the hearse empty. She noticed that she could



not make her own presence known. Two things distressed her. One was the empty casket and the other the waste of flowers at her funeral. She noticed that some of the flowers were put in the coffin and some outside. After watching the funeral procession she came back into the room and saw it full of strangers and recognized but one person in it and this was a Mrs. McPherson. She also noticed that the service was conducted by a stranger whom she did not know and that the Rev. Mr. Dickey was not present, he being the pastor of the family. She also had some confusion about where she was buried, but at last found that she was buried near an aunt, naming the cemetery. There were two in the place.

As said above she died in September. Mr. W—— objected to putting the rose waist on her body and selected another which was tried. But it would not do and the rose waist had to be taken. When they went to select a casket Mr. W—— wanted a casket which is described an ashes of roses casket. But the undertaker had none whatever and the only casket that could be obtained was a cream colored one. Mr. Dickey, the family pastor, after the occurrence of the dream and before the girl's death, had received a call elsewhere and had moved west to Brandon, and hence was gone. The family tried two other ministers whom they knew, but a wedding in one case and another circumstance in the other prevented their coming, and they had to obtain a Rev. Mr. Bell, an entire stranger, to conduct the service. They had never seen him before and have not seen him since. After all was over Mrs. W—— noticed Mrs. McPherson in the hall, but there was a number of other friends present who were known in life to the deceased daughter.

Some two or three weeks before the daughter died she said to her mother: "Do you know mother I am satisfied that I can come to you?" "I said, if it is possible will you satisfy me?" She said, "Yes, but I don't feel that I can to any of the rest."

About a week after her death I was making a silk comforter for Annie's sister who was to be married and I had just gotten the last stitch made when I broke out into a perspiration and exclaimed, "Oh dear." Then I heard a hoarse

voice, such as she had before her death: "It's me mother. I am here." I cried. She said in a whisper: "Oh don't cry mother. That was a hard day, mother. I am so lovely. I am so well. Good bye, mother. I'll come again."

Last spring, about the end of March, she came again. When the first experience occurred I felt a hot sensation. On this occasion (March) I began to feel hot. At last as this feeling overpowered me she spoke. "It's me mother." I exclaimed: "Oh why have this." She replied: "It's the only way I can get your attention." A little later when I was cleaning the house she came again and said: "I am here. I like this."

A year or so later a Mrs. Ellis was trying to develop clair-audience. One evening we were having a sitting, and I felt hot, but Mrs. Ellis felt a chill. Annie came and said: "It's me. I am here. I am so pleased you have Addie here. I tried so hard to speak, but I couldn't. I very nearly did while Addie was standing at the table washing the dishes."

This Addie was very anxious to get a message from Annie and on that day she had washed the dishes alone.

In the city (Toronto) this summer there was a woman who goes into a trance and has circles for development at her house and among her friends. Her friends told her that I wanted to have a sitting. The woman agreed to it. As soon as we sat down the woman exclaimed: "Annie is here. She comes and puts a crown on your head. She brings her mother and her sister who is grown up." The sister had died a child and would have been a grown woman at this time. The medium said: "I like this. There must be something in it." She agonized and coughed a good deal like Annie and went through the motions of pulling something away from her mouth, as Annie had pulled a handkerchief from her mouth in her illness, having used it for sputum. Then the control came and said: "How do you do, strange lady. There is a number here, strange lady, and all for you. There are none here for Mrs. —— (naming a lady present.) Then Annie came first and said that her sister was going to leave the earth plane soon by the same trouble as herself, but that she would not linger as she did. "She is very irritable.



The spirit (living husband) with her is very irritable, and does not understand her, or why she is irritable. Please to develop her so that she will be on the same plane with me. Alma is tired. Let her rest. Don't tax her. I told you I could come to you. I came twice. You know all about it."

At the time of this experience the sister alluded to in the prediction did not appear to be ill. She was irritable and her husband did not understand why it was. She now shows clear symptoms of tuberculosis. Alma is a younger sister still living and Mrs. W—— says that last winter she had taxed her pretty severely with music lessons and that she was very tired at the time of this sitting.

The control also added a communication from another deceased friend. It said: "A lady, a beautiful spirit friend is here. You will recognize her by the fact that she would kneel by the chair and pray. She says that you and she used to practice singing 'Sweet Hour of Prayer.'" Then Mrs. Knowlton, the medium, sang it, and said: "The lady wanted to sing it for you."

Mrs. W—— recognized the lady as an old Sunday School teacher who used to kneel down by her chair and pray for the class. She used to practice singing hymns with her. Mrs. W—— says that although Miss Knowlton could not sing a note in her normal condition this hymn was sung most beautifully on this occasion.

MARY J. W——.

### Other Experiments.

———, Toronto, Canada, November 17th, 1904.

I tried an experiment with another sister of Dr. B—— and Mrs. W——. She seems to have done diagnosing also but also to have done clairvoyant work, if Dr. B——'s statements are to be accepted. In my experiment with her I allowed the work to take its own course. We first talked about her experiences and found that she claims to have coincidental and premonitory dreams. She told two or three having some interest. She remarked that her premonitory dreams are always connected with birds. Or rather perhaps, that when she dreams of birds and their association with a

particular person or event she can expect them to have a meaning and that she will find some event soon after corresponding to the dream.

For instance, not long since she dreamed of seeing four crows flying about in the kitchen. She caught them and put them in the stove. Rebuking herself for this cruelty she opened the door and found three of the crows charred and one of them standing on a stick unhurt. They were associated with the person of an uncle. Soon afterward a railway accident occurred in which her uncle was the only one of four persons that escaped unhurt.

She also stated that she had a dream of meeting a certain person on the cars on the way to this place where she arrived yesterday. She met this person as dreamed and there had been no prearrangement for the meeting and it was only a casual circumstance that they came together on the train.

With this introduction we started to experiment, I remarking that she should see what she could do. It will not be necessary to report the details of all that she said as it has no significance, except in the diagnostic hints. There was great hesitation in her utterances, so that I was able to take down every word she said. But most of it was wholly without significance for even secondary personality of an interesting kind. She was perfectly conscious all the while though her eyes were closed, as if she were in a trance.

Her first remark was that I was looking for something that was not yet clear to my mind, but I could get nothing definite about what it was. Suddenly she broke out into diagnosis, and that I shall report verbatim.

"Are you ever troubled with a lame shoulder? [placing her left hand on her right shoulder.]

(Yes.)

And indigestion?

(Yes, can you say more about the lame shoulder?)

I should have dealt with it sooner. It seems as if it goes out of joint at times.

(What makes it seem to go out of joint?)

Must be something like rheumatism or pain.

(Yes, that's all right.)



[Pause.] Your nerves are not very good. I get a feeling of a nervous person.

(Yes, go on with that.)

[Pause.] Is there not something the matter with the throat? Is it not hard to clear?

(Yes, what is the matter?)

Seems like bronchial trouble.

(What is it caused by?)

You have quite a good deal of sore throat.

(What is it caused by?)

Should think in the first place it came from a little cold.

(How about the liver?)

Should think it a little sluggish.

(The lungs?)

Should think you couldn't take a very full breath. I don't think there is anything marked about them. Are you troubled somewhat with gas?

(Yes, at present somewhat.)

You have chills and feel cold shivering feelings at times.

(Yes?)

You are overtaxed.

(Yes?)

I get this pain here. I got this before with you [placing hand over region at right of heart on right side.]

(What is the cause of the pain?)

Indigestion. It affects the arm as well.

(Yes?) [Pause.] (Do you notice anything more?)

No, not in the way of condition."

The reference to the pain in the arm and shoulder is correct; that in the side is not correct. I am overworked at present and the neuritis shows what the condition of my nerves is. The bronchial trouble might be inferred from my voice. I probably suffer somewhat from indigestion, as the assimilation of my food is not the best. For the last two weeks or more I have had much gas on my stomach. The pain in my shoulder has been intense. I have also suffered from chilly sensations this fall quite frequently, due to a more or less anaemic condition of the blood. How far the pain is due to indigestion I do not know, but it may be the primary cause.

As soon as the diagnosis was stopped I tried the experiment of having her tell what was in my purse, and the error was so great that the details need not be mentioned. There

was no approximation to what was there even after telling her it was money mostly. I tried what was in my vest pocket also, and though she named a knife as the only thing, when there were several other things which she could not indicate tho told there were other things there. The knife was wrongly described. What she said applied to every pocket knife ever made, or at least to most pocket knives.

Toronto, Canada, November 20th, 1904.

Dr. B—— brought a sister from Detroit, Michigan, for an experiment. She came last night and I was introduced to her this afternoon and had a few minutes talk with her before sitting down to an experiment. I had been told by her brother that her "mediumship" was of a different type from that of her sister, Mrs. W——, and that she described persons living and dead with consistent accuracy and distinction between the two classes. When introduced to her I talked a few minutes in order to know something about the history of her experiences and their relation to her family, and it seems that she has various significant and coincidental experiences about her home affairs in her waking state and after sleep. She remarked that when she wants to know anything she has only to wait until she has taken a sleep and she can awaken with the knowledge of what she seeks. She has three children, two girls and one boy. The two girls show mediumistic traits. With this information obtained from our conversation, Dr. B—— left the room and we began experiment. Mrs. C—— does not go into a trance, but does her work as the others in a waking state. I allowed things to take their own course, except that in response to a question before we started I ascertained that she sometimes did her work from articles placed in her hand. I had brought my locked box of certain articles with me and so at once resolved to try an experiment. I took out a ring, the wedding ring of my wife, and placed it in the lady's hand. The following is the record from that moment. The ring was wrapped in a piece of rubber and was not taken out of it by her until a little later.



"This is a ring, is it not?

(Yes.)

[Pause.] [Eyes closed and remained closed during the sitting.] This belonged to a woman that had paralysis.

(Yes.)

I get paralysis with this ring. Oh my hands are so numb. [Laying down ring and rubbing hands vigorously and showing signs of convulsive feelings, and sighing.] The person who wore this was a very nervous temperament and irritable. [Pause.] I am trying to see whether it belonged to some one that is dead. I don't see clearly. But it belonged to a lady who was very much afraid of death. I feel nervous conditions and depressed in spirit. Is that right?

(I don't know.)

I am positive that the person seemed to grasp and hang on to life. A lady comes with darker hair than mine, fair complexion, when in health there was color in her cheeks. She was about five feet six inches in height, but not a big stout person, but more of a mental temperament. Not big and fleshy, more of medium size.

(What was her name?)

Mary. Do you know who this is?

(Yes.)

Is that her name?

(Yes. Give her next name.) [Pause.] (Get her to spell it.)

I don't see her spelling it. She is standing there, but I don't see her spell it. [Mrs. C—— moves her fingers in right hand as if grasping something to write.] She don't give her name.

(Has she tried to do it before?)

She has tried to write.

(Yes.)

When asked to spell it she tried to write. The word begins with C. [Pause.] Her name begins with C.

(No.)

M. [pause.] M. I get Mc. Others are trying to put it before. I would take the person to be quite quick at thinking, quite a good intelligence. Eyes not black, gray or blue.

(Gray and blue are good. Ask her if she knows about that gray and blue.

more to the gray.

(Ask her if she remembers anything in particular about gray and blue?)

[Pause.] She was fond of the color blue, light or dark blue. She was fond of the color gray, but liked blue better than gray.

(Ask her if she can say anything about the color of my eyes?)

[Pause.] This belongs to your wife [referring to ring in her hand.]

(Yes.)

She tells me this is hers. You ought to know that she knows the color of your eyes.

(All right. Have her tell.)

[Pause.] That is very strange. She don't tell me the color. She says she was very much infatuated with the color of your eyes. I do not know.

(Tell her all right. Ask her if she wants to say anything?)

She tells me for you to go on going up the ladder. Keep climbing on. You will come to the top where you will see the lights burning. You may understand. I don't. [Pause.] She tells me you are going on a journey before long. It seems that you are going east. Are you going east?

(Yes.) [I had in mind my return home in a few days to New York.]

There is something more to the west. Something of benefit to you, bright light for you, some knowledge for you right near where you are inside a few days. There will be knowledge when you go east at the end of your journey. [Pause.] It looks to me in the past or to come as if I see when bright days were about you, and in another I see you down with cares and sorrow. Is that right?

(Yes.)

I feel clouds come heavily over you. But you bore up your burden. [I felt myself sobbing.] You seem to let it go easier than some people. You have very good control over yourself. Have you that?

(Yes.)

At times you feel overcome. I feel as if tears come to my eyes. You can't have all sunshine. We get the bitter with the sweet.

The ring belongs to a cheerful good-hearted person, though she longed to live.

At this point I took the ring and exchanged it for another piece of jewelry which did not belong to the same person and whose history I do not care to tell. The following is the result.

Do I go to another state, out of this into another country? I don't know whether the person was sick or not, but [pause] I get some kind of brain trouble or headaches. I am taken away into another state where the buildings are high. Am I right?

(Yes.)

I get a pain and trouble right here [feeling forehead.] Was that right?

(I don't know. Do you get any impressions what it was?)



Don't you know whether she was sick?

(Yes.)

I get something like concussion of the brain. That is what it tells me.

(Who tells you that?)

I don't know. I just hear it, from the person this belongs to. [referring to piece of jewelry in her hand.] It seems like she is elsewhere, not in Canada, but in the United States. This pin belongs to a lady that was unmarried, single lady, a lady that was not large, more to the slim, rather square foreheaded, a little long featured, not round.

(Right.)

The lady was about five feet three inches, and about 110 or 115 pounds in weight, the latter I guess. She was not broad and stout like I am. She was a person very neat and nice. Nervous, limp, active, kind hearted, shrewd, would make a good business woman.

(What was the color of her hair?)

Darker than mine, light brown, more dark gray hazel eye, not light like mine, but gray hazel. Pleasant, not sad, sour, but pleasant agreeable nature. Am I right?

(I don't know.)

I feel that way.

(Can she say where the high houses were?)

[Pause.] The city looks bright or has been bright to yourself. Where you have been. Have you been there?

(Yes.)

The buildings are not so high as they might be in New York. Is it so?

(No.)

A city not as large as this. It seems bright to you or looks bright to you. I get it in this direction [pointing to the southwest.] I don't seem to see the name of the city. But I seem to see you in different cities. You seem to go to Philadelphia, to Boston. I seem to see Philadelphia, and Boston where you have been more to the east. Is that right?

(Yes.)

[There was then further similar talk not worth recording and containing allusions to financial loss and mention of the name Flora which has no recognized meaning to me. Then followed statements that I was going to a rough country and when this was denied by me I was told that I had been there and reference was made to mountains and valleys. I admitted this. Then came:—]

I see some one more like a gentleman, with gray hair, positive and determined in nature. Is your father this?

(Yes.)

I get it that it would be your father. I get him positive, determined, not as tall as you.

(I don't know.)

When his hair was grown long it was curly. I go to another country, and I don't feel your father was born in this country. Don't think he was born in Canada.

(Right. Where was he born?)

In a foreign country.

(No.)

There was then a good deal of fencing to make the next answer, which was the United States, consistent with this last judgment, and I put another ring in her hand. I shall abbreviate results.

I was told that more than two persons had owned it, and that it belongs to a lady, saying that she got something about mother in connection with it. Referred to a "mixed condition" worrying and nervous feelings. Then came a reference to the stomach as the locality of sickness of person connected with the ring. This was followed by a reference to my relation to the spiritualists and nothing further mentioned about the owner of the ring.

November 21st, 1904.

I tried another experiment in travelling clairvoyance with Mrs. C—— today, and it was suggested to me that I try diagnosis with her and I indicated that we should try this first. She sat down, gave a fixed stare for a minute or two and as she closed her eyes I noticed that they rolled upward. At the close of the sitting she remarked that she could hear nothing in this condition unless the stimulus was strong. I was waiting for her to say she was ready, when she started off to get communications from my grandmother describing her cap and character fairly well, but failing to get her name. I was told that she was always with me. But there was nothing that might not be said of all grandmothers in the world. I then suggested the trial at diagnosis.

I directed her to the place and gave the name. The pa-



tient was said correctly to be very weak, and did not suffer any pains, but was weak and located the trouble in the bowels with indication that it was on the right side. This was correct, but not specially significant. Allusion was then made to the fact that she had had an operation which was also correct. Then mention was made to heart difficulty, of which I know nothing and think probably false, and then said she had a tumor, which was not true, so far as known, the difficulty having been appendicitis and constipation following the operation. Nothing further of importance was said, mere wandering talk with a possible allusion that she had come from the country, which was a fact.

I then called for communications from the lady with whom the first ring of the day before was connected. The initials "A. E." were given, but were false. The name Mary was given which was correct as before and much of what was said the day before was repeated and special reference made to the fact that she would like to communicate with me in writing. But there was nothing in the case that is worth detailing.

In regard to the first experiment involving a ring it deserves to be mentioned that this is the second time that paralysis has been mentioned in connection with this ring and almost immediately on getting it into the hand. I have elsewhere a record of a lady in New York who made the same statement before she knew it was a ring, as it was folded in rubber cloth, and she thought the contents were emory or sand, but stated that the person who had owned it and was deceased had had paralysis. This was instantly named on this occasion, as the reader will remark. Now the fact is that the ring belonged to my wife, who died more than four years ago, and for the last forty-eight hours of her life she was in a complete state of paralysis. She died from cerebro spinal meningitis. I do not know that she ever felt or expressed any fear of death. Her health was such apparently as to make it unnecessary to think of death, and from the start of her illness she was unconscious, being ill three days, and there was no motor action even to suggest fear. The description of her was not accurate. Her name was Mary.

But C. was not the initial of her middle name for which I asked, and in fact C. was not in it. But the Mc, as I have recorded it, may have meant for M. C., which would be false in the second letter. The reference to the color of her eyes was correct. They were a gray-blue. She was not "infatuated" with the color of my eyes, but had a peculiar way of describing them which was a teasing one. The reference to her wanting to write has an apparent significance in the fact that the communications through Mrs. Piper where she has communicated before are in writing. There is nothing evidential, but only coincidental in this incident. But the reference to east where I am to get knowledge soon seems to point to the same case, as I have sittings practically promised there. But on the whole I can attach no significance to anything coincidental except the allusion to paralysis, which taken with the same prompt indication a year or more ago in New York seems to represent something more than chance.

In regard to the second case the personal description of the owner of the pin is accurate enough, but of no significance. It is true that it belonged to a lady though it would be most natural from the nature of the pin to suppose that it belonged to a man. The direction and place of the city where she lived as southwest from here was correct. The reference to concussion of the brain was false, and I do not know whether she had any suffering from her head in her illness or not.

I know nothing about the incidents in connection with the second ring. Either their relevance or irrelevance remains to be ascertained. There was certainly nothing definite enough in them in any case to attach any evidential value to them.

### **Conclusion.**

In giving the title of clairvoyant diagnosis to this paper I do not intend by it either to beg any questions regarding the phenomena or to offer any explanation in so describing them. That term I regard only as a classificatory one. It merely assigns a place to the facts real or alleged. To me the term clairvoyance is not a name for any known process or cause,



but only for a group of facts which cannot be explained by known causes, if they have to be accepted as unusual at all. The term describes their place in a system of classification and nothing more.

The real problem for the scientific student in this case is to know whether the facts afford any evidence of supernormal faculty. The explanation must come later, and no explanation can commend itself until a large mass of facts has accumulated that have the proper unity to suggest a rational account of them. Whatever causal agency lies at the basis of so-called clairvoyance, it represents facts which are not evidence of telepathy or of supermundane realities, even though such be true in fact. It is a name for information regarding physical facts which may not be known by the person present. Whether any such process is to be assumed in the present case depends on the strength of the evidence for the supernormal, and this must be estimated by the character of the facts indicating the acquisition of information not due to chance coincidence and guessing. I think it will be clear to most readers that the precautions taken against information previously acquired by normal means were satisfactory and that the persons present were not previously known to the subject of experiment. In other words, there is no reason to suppose that any fraud was practiced or that it could be possible under the circumstances. There is certainly no need of supposing it, if we are to imagine coincidence and guessing as explanations. But the circumstances in fact seem to exclude the right to entertain fraud of any kind and to decide between chance and the supernormal.

The commonplace ills that are correctly indicated in many cases will seem to many critics to have no significance in favor of supernormal information, and this objection must be conceded its rights. We can certainly conceive that guessing might often be successful in such cases, and the frequent allusion to "gas in the stomach" would be a fact which suggests to the sceptical critic that guessing was the main reliance of the subject investigated. But while there are manifest appearances of this guessing it will not appear so plausible an explanation in the collective mass of incidents. We

must draw a distinction between the abstract and the concrete case. It is no doubt all very well to be on the alert against mistaking successful guesses of commonplace ills for genuine hits of a more serious nature. But while indulging sceptical views and theories there is no reason why we should expose our scepticism to easy attack and render it nugatory by ignoring the collective force of the facts. It is this last fact which all theories have to face and examine, even tho it be decided in the end that it is insufficient to establish a verdict for the supernormal. An individual instance may be vulnerable to objections, but we must not hide the truth from ourselves by indulgences which the real evidence will not justify.

But whatever force the objection of commonplace ailments may have it must be remembered that they are not uniformly mistaken, but make hits. These may not be often enough to escape the hypothesis of chance coincidence and it is true that the mistakes occur in these often enough to suggest and perhaps to more than suggest chance coincidence. But even in all this there is that kind of variation in the combination of such ailments and successful hits that suggest, on the other hand, the inapplicability of chance tho they may not prove this.

However such arguments and apologies do not make out a case in behalf of the supernormal, and they are not adduced for that purpose. I am merely insisting in this manner of treating the record that we gain nothing by trying to gloss scepticism into respectability and that we are as much bound to justice on the side of the supernormal as we are to the standards of doubt. In fact, we have no more obligations to scepticism than to belief in this matter, and I am not going to indulge in a *priori* hypotheses on the ground that they are respectable. Error on this side will eventually be discovered as well as on the other, and our first duty is fidelity to the facts and to any conclusion they enforce. There may be differences of opinion regarding the applicability of guessing and chance coincidence in any special instance, but it should be remembered by the advocate of this view that he who differs with this view has the right to ask for the proof of that



contention. An *ipse dixit* in this matter is no more to be tolerated than credulity on the other side. We are bound to weigh justly and dispassionately the evidence on one side as well as the other. It is the habit of certain minds to assert and believe all sorts of explanations without adducing one iota of evidence in their support. In a scientific court this ought not to be admitted, and I for one shall not admit this procedure into this suit. I shall admit the utmost application of guessing and chance coincidence, but I shall not shirk the duty to weigh the evidence on the other side. Consequently any one who proposes them in contention of normal explanations will be asked to produce the evidence that they are the true explanations. They no doubt apply to many instances: at least evidentially they are not refutable in certain instances and suffice to eliminate the application of the supernormal without accusing or suspecting the subject investigated of any conscious dishonesty.

We should remember also that the hypothesis of chance coincidence implies, or could hardly be admitted without implying, that the lady was deliberately guessing, and this would be to indicate a certain kind of fraud. But the slightest investigation of the case made it perfectly clear that conscious fraud of this kind did not apply and with this excluded we have to admit an honest belief on the part of the lady and her relatives that the phenomena were not usual and that there was an honest attempt to diagnose cases. Chance coincidence, therefore, remains as the only claim to assert against the supernormal, unless we have to coin the idea of unconscious guessing, which is a mongrel kind of theory as yet neither well defined nor adequately supported by evidence. I do not deny its possibility, but it is the last refuge to which we are entitled. But as long as we have excluded conscious guessing chance coincidence is the final hypothesis to be entertained before admitting the supernormal. So much I insist on, in so far as method of treatment is concerned. How far chance coincidence can ever be proved it is not necessary to discuss. But it should be remarked that the burden of proof lies on him who suspects it, and I shall admit nothing more about it than that it is merely a precau-

tionary hypothesis against the acceptance of other and more striking explanation in a hasty manner. It is a possibility that limits the acceptance of evidence: it does not explain. But an examination of the main points in the record will illustrate what I mean.

In my own sitting the detailed notes explain all that is required for the reader of such records. I must call attention to a few interesting hits not manifested on the surface or indicated by any physical signs. The nasal trouble, enlarged gland between ear and chin were relevant, tho there were no signs of the latter and possibly only inferences from voice for the former, tho I was not aware of anything inferrible from the voice. The trouble in the Eustachian tube might be tubercular, tho I have no definite evidence of it. Long after this time a physician manifested some concern about it, much more than I have ever felt. The reference to the larynx is very pertinent, but might have shown itself in a bronchitic tone of voice. The reference to dyspepsia tho nothing wrong with the stomach was a very accurate allusion, as I had suffered much with stomach trouble which turned out to be incidental and sympathetic and not organic. The hit of the pains in the arm, shoulder blade and arm pit were wonderfully accurate, and whatever suspicions we wish to entertain were not betrayed by anything that could be seen. The mistakes are not such as to reduce the right guesses to chance, even tho we are not satisfied with the evidence that they are more than this. Guessing should make more misses than are apparent. Moreover, while we have to assume the possibility of conscious or unconscious suggestions from my voice I think they had less influence than we assume, and I am rather certain that Mrs. W—— knew nothing of my tubercular trouble, tho I shall have to assume its possibility in the case. There were certainly no external indications of having had it at the time. I weighed forty pounds more than I had weighed for twenty years and was as I appeared the picture of health. But the striking incident was the location of the pains as described and taken with the absence of distinct failures suggests much.

In the second case, while the hits are interesting, espe-



cially that referring to the condition of the bowels, their value depends on their relation to each other. No value need be assigned to allusions to female troubles in general terms. But unless the condition of the bowels as described is a common accompaniment of such things as are correctly indicated the difficulty mentioned has its interest evidentially. I was not able to verify the allusion to hysterical conditions, tho Mrs. C——'s remarks as she left suggests that possibility.

The allusion to pains in the breast of the minister's maid was a good hit, tho comes as a statement rather than through experiment.

In the diagnosis of Mrs. A—— the mention of miscarriages, the pains in the top of the head, and the vomiting are not easily explicable by coincidence. They were not naturally inferrible.

The diagnosis of the two strangers at a distance who were patients of a certain physician showed no marks of success that could be used as evidence, tho it was interesting to find that what was false of one was true of the other and *vice versa*. The things mentioned did not seem to be mere guessing or chance coincidence for those to whom they were actually applicable. But as they did not apply to the right person no importance can be attached to them.

But it is not so with the diagnosis of the gentleman and lady who were five hundred miles distant. This was, indeed, remarkable. There was certainly no chance coincidence in these cases. The things mentioned were too specific and too numerous to admit of chance coincidence without making evidence for intelligence in any case dubious. The reference to blisters on the breast, to pain in the shoulder which had been excruciating and later was worse, to rheumatism which was apparent in the gouty condition of the fingers, not known to the psychic, to his perspiration, to the nature of his appetite, to the condition of the kidneys, which had suffered from inflammation, to his circulation which was so bad as to be the chief concern of the physician were incidents whose significance was unmistakable. Any one of them would have been a most interesting hit, but taken collectively they are very

striking and were the chief symptoms of the man's bodily condition.

In the case of the woman the allusion to crying, to dropsy, bladder trouble which was only functional and tight clothing were extraordinary hits, especially that they are not inferrible from any one of the troubles indicated. There are manifest indications of hysteria in mind, and this was correct, but the specific things mentioned are hardly due to chance coincidence. Other points might be mentioned, but they can be found in the detailed notes. I here call attention only to the most striking incidents.

The case of a young girl with polypi in the nasal passage contains two or three striking hits. The definite mention of a polypus was the most evidential, tho I do not know how much a shrewd person might guess from general appearances. Possibly my questions were hints as to this and I shall not insist upon the point. But the reference to the eyes, ear-aches, wearing spectacles, and bluish lights were hits, tho we can hardly give them any meaning but fact.

In the case of the man who followed this young girl the allusion to rheumatism in the arm was an interesting hit, tho the man's enthusiasm must discount his emphatic recognition of all of it.

The next case of travelling clairvoyance is interesting both for its mistakes and correct hits. The allusion to erysipelas and insistence on it is interesting as it turned out to be true of another person in the same building while it was strange that the primary difficulty of the man whose diagnosis was sought was not mentioned tho an unimportant incident in his life, the manner of holding his arm and elbow, was mentioned. There seemed to be incidents not due to chance here, but the confusion and error were such as to nullify the evidential value of the experiment.

I shall leave the other cases to explain themselves in the detailed records and notes, except that of the university student whose pain in the breast and catching of his breath and the allusion to his feelings in connection with his work and weariness were remarkably good hits. They are hardly due to chance.



But it is the detailed record and a careful examination of it that will be the only safe guide to a sound conclusion in the case. As I remarked at the outset the first natural suggestion is chance and guessing, and whether this be the only view will have to be left to individual judgment. All that can be said here in defense of scepticism is that it is true that the physician would desire more specific and detailed accounts of the maladies to be struck with the results. I can only say to this demand and point of view that I am not suggesting that such a method can be relied on for diagnoses. I am here merely estimating the evidence for chance coincidence and the supernormal. I do not care whether the results are worth anything practically or not. The problem here is not what use can be made of such a power as is suggested, but whether this power exists. Its utility or non-utility is not the question. It is clear enough that the record shows, both in its mistakes and successes, that no reliance is to be placed on the method at this stage of its development in the case of Mrs. W—— for practical diagnosis. We have still and perhaps always to rely upon the traditional methods of physiology. But the problem before me was not a new method of diagnosis, but whether such a thing as supernormal detection of physical ailments was possible. It seems that the evidence is in its favor, and possibly if Mrs. W—— had given her life to it she might have shown much more remarkable results. But this can only be a matter of speculative inference. The only question that a scientific man can raise in this series of experiments is whether chance coincidence suffices to explain the hits, and I do not hesitate to say that the evidence seems to favor the possibility of clairvoyant diagnosis, whatever it means.

As remarked at the outset of this discussion I do not pretend to explain the phenomena. Clairvoyance is only a name for facts not explicable by chance and representing supernormal knowledge not traceable to telepathy. It is only a most general term, and there are some things involved in the diagnoses which had no relation to any assumed process of that kind. They were little incidents which savored of the usual mediumistic phenomena. The experiments with the sister

who also diagnosed diseases suggest this association of functional explanation, and the spontaneous experience of Mrs. W——— earlier in her life shows the same association of psychic tendencies of another kind. Perhaps the manner in which she goes into some apparently unusual condition to diagnose troubles suggests the same general functions. The attendants of the work are those of the orthodox psychic and suggest the same general explanation, whatever that is. I found no trace of outside agencies in the phenomena. I was careful to make inquiries on this point and found no consciousness of independent agencies aiding or directing the work. But my experience with mediumship and "controls" does not make such a fact either conclusive or evidential against such influences. In nearly all cases of ordinary mediumship, either always or at times, there are no indications in evidence against the causality of external agents. Of course we cannot assume or assert them without evidence, but I indicate in this manner the limitations of our knowledge in order to show that the explanation must still remain an open question. I offer none, especially as there is no evidence of the spiritistic and as clairvoyance is only a descriptive term. At present I can only suggest that the evidence, so far as it goes, favors the existence of some supernormal method of acquiring knowledge about the ailments of the people diagnosed. The accompaniment of certain hits which are not naturally due to physical ailment and which suggest something else than clairvoyance suggests the propriety of widening the causal hypotheses before advancing them. But we cannot go farther than to say that the case justifies investigation and perhaps in the future we may be able to discover cases where some practical value may accrue from methods of this kind. But at present the only problem is to eliminate chance coincidence and guessing from the results.

I repeat that the mediumistic experiments are published



with the others because of their association with them. Their nature and explanation must go with the conditions that determine all of them. The value of these concomitant phenomena must be determined by the record and the notes and the reader is left to decide that. Suffice it to say that I have received the same facts, as indicated in the record, from more than one psychic in respect of certain incidents. That helps to protect them against the application of guessing and chance coincidence, especially when the name and other incidents are associated together. But of this I need not remark any special significance, as the primary point to be emphasized is the association of alleged communications from the dead with functions that have to be classified as clairvoyant, tho the assurance that this is involved in these experiments may be subject to differences of opinion. I think, however, that the limitations upon which I accept such a supposition may at least excuse the tendency to estimate the evidence affirmatively. I have no theory to advance or defend, but only the view that it is not easy to attribute the phenomena to chance coincidence.

## III.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE PLANCHETTE AND  
OUIJA.

By Egbert L. Monson.

## INTRODUCTION.

[The following paper explains its own meaning and the writer is quite capable of taking care of himself in the analysis of the matters having a psychological interest. The paper is published because it represents records made at the time and contains dates and circumstances which make it all but complete. We are reaching a stage of scientific interest when we shall want much that the writer has not given us. Perhaps he did not make as complete notes as the avaricious scientific man of the future will desire. But what he has preserved is unusual and receives recognition here as an illustration of what we desire for multiplying evidence of the phenomena which have been exhibited in the cases of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Smead, Mrs. Quentin and others. The reader will observe that unusual care has been taken in both experimenting and preserving the records. Oh! that others would do the same thing. But it has been the despair of many an inquirer to learn that the majority of people throw away pearls while they keep the dirt of life. This paper should be an interesting lesson to many an experimenter as to the value which science will place upon careful and minute records of his work.

Few records illustrate any more clearly the imperfections of such phenomena, the fragmentary and confused nature of them. It is not necessary to speculate as to the cause of this. If we were adducing the phenomena as conclusive proof of any particular interpretation we might be obliged to discuss the causes of this imperfection. But as the paper is only a record of human experiments with some claims to supernatural information of the same type as that which is more com-



plete in other cases we do not require to enter into a detailed explanation. Moreover it is not the desire of either the author or the editor of the *Proceedings* to emphasize the evidential features of the phenomena in this record. The primary importance of the facts is their relation to similar phenomena in other instances. No matter what theory we adopt regarding them there is a profound psychological interest in them. Place them on the lowest level of interest that they may be supposed to have and they have a transcendent importance. Suppose them to be products only of subconscious action, this eternal repetition of people's subconsciousness in the impersonation of the dead has a tremendous significance, whether you choose to regard it as veridical or falsidical, that is, as real or illusory. Psychology will have to consider the facts regardless of the despised spiritistic hypothesis, and I would like to see the philosophy and psychology which will survive the conclusion that they are all the products of inventive subliminals. They may be this, but I want to see our clergy and educators adopting that view. Our business as scientific collectors is to present the facts, and if the world does not like the spiritistic interpretation it may find a better. This challenging temper of the author is one of the interesting characteristics of his paper. Not that he is himself convinced that the spiritistic theory is the correct one: for his correspondence with me shows him properly doubtful, even perplexed, regarding the interpretation, tho having sense of humor enough to recognize that it actually explains. The real perplexity is apparent. It is the contrast between what we naturally expect of rational beings and what we actually obtain. With that as records of facts we have nothing to do. Science must accept any interpretation that is forced upon it and make the best of the unexpected and undesirable features.

The chief psychological interest of the facts recorded lies in their repetition of peculiar characteristics manifested in other cases, tho the record is not full enough to illustrate this as extensively as may be desired. But any one who will compare it with the reports of the phenomena of Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Smead and Mrs. Quentin will discover clear analogies with what is produced in them. That of itself becomes a fact

of momentous importance, and it has all the more value in this case from the circumstance that the record was made before Dr. Hodgson had published his account of such peculiarities. It is independent testimony to their interest and importance.

Some time in the future we shall be able to produce a theory of the limitations characterizing such phenomena, whether they have their cause within or without the subject of the phenomena. Why they take the form they do when we try to explain the facts by subjective agency is not at all clear. It would be most natural to suppose the limitations due to obstacles to the transmission of messages in the case of a spiritistic view, even tho we were not able definitely to assign the nature of these obstacles. But it is not necessary to suggest any explanation as yet. That will produce itself when people begin to see that the one characteristic of these phenomena produced independently all over the world is the same in respect of confusion and type of statement. At present we must be content to record the facts.

There is occasional evidence of the supernormal in the phenomena. Some names and incidents were not known by the parties holding their hands on the Ouija board. But this evidence is not so plentiful as would be necessary for independent proof of either the supernormal or of the theory which at least superficially suggests itself. But remembering that the paper is more illustrative than evidential we shall not find reason for controversy about the interpretation, while the recognition of a deep psychological interest on any theory whatever of the facts suffices to justify calling special attention to the record and its phenomena.

"Mr. Monson" does not care, in the present intolerant status of public opinion, to give his real name, and we shall have to stand sponsor for the *bona fide* nature of his communication. His paper speaks for itself, but inquiry shows him to be what the paper itself reflects, an intelligent, critical, and careful man, whose facts will have weight wherever intelligent men read.—Editor.]



### Explanation.

This account which I will give of personal experiences with such "communicating machines" as Planchette, Ouija and the like, is probably no more wonderful than many which have been given before, yet, with matter and manner considered as they will be from my own standpoint, and with sundry peculiarities set forth to view, something may nevertheless be gained by the perusal. All the incidents recorded have occurred in strictly private life, no professional "mediums" or persons of that sort, having had anything whatever to do with them, so there has been no temptation to make up a case for the sake of gain or otherwise, and volunteering the character of matter to be received on the part of the recipients has been generally avoided.

As to the honesty of my associates in the various experiments I have sufficiently satisfied myself. These have been of every sort, believers and non-believers in spiritualism, church people, skeptics as to the fact of a future life, mere inquirers and persons of various degrees and shades of intellectuality. Some brought with them a sort of knowledge obtained through previous experiments, but if any set notions seemed to have been formed as to what should or should not happen, I tried to remove them to the end that the outcome need not in any way become forestalled or unduly anticipated. Quite a number were without previous experience of any sort along these lines, and so "received" with genuine wonder. My aim in every instance was to secure in the participants as nearly complete passivity as was possible, and to have all present refrain from giving hints, even mentally, of who should "come" or as to what should be said by such, first, last or in the middle. If no message was received, all right. If a sentence stopped in the making, all right. If a word was left unfinished, there let it remain unless completed to suit whoever had begun it. Of course we did not abandon our own intelligence or perceptive observation and so a sort of guess or anticipative impression might quite often here and there involuntarily present its shadow in our minds, but the muscles at least, I judged, might be trained to great impassiveness so as to become the servants of other than our volun-

tary will. This in connection with a calm unruffled, passive condition of thought, counts vitally if one would ascertain the value of mysterious force whatever it is, that points out letters, or with a pencil spells complete, in these little machines, the matter purporting to come from minds not our own, and separated moreover from their once earthly bodies.

It will help the reader to understand some of the so-called messages if I explain that they were received when I was casting about to find, if possible, some method of receiving through a machine other than one having its movable portion pointer, indicator or what not, propelled by contact with the muscles of the recipient's hand. It was desired to obtain spelling, as for instance by a movable part so to be arranged as to receive the necessary force communicated from the body, while not actually moved by the muscles of the body. While I have not as yet secured such a machine, although in certain reports it is claimed that such have been discovered, I have found that, with almost any plan of construction in which a part of the instrument, to be used as an indicator, can be removed to point to signs and letters, when hands are placed upon it, intelligible matter is received. Such seem to be operative also for a greater proportion of people than are planchette or pencil writing.

For my own part, I have not found myself to be a "medium" to any remarkable extent, but for some reason have seemed to be a fair helper for many who find difficulty in receiving alone. With almost every one I have been able to receive more or less, though some are slow to "develop." The hardest case I have known was that of a gentleman with whom I sat nine times, on six successive evenings and the remainder closely following, without being able to get anything except a generally laborious movement of the indicator, a few letters pointed out, and short experimental words spelled like "LAY," "BAD," and so on. To add to the significance of this, he was a firm believer in the *ism* and had good reason to expect that he would be favored with things from the spirits. Although a difficulty has often thrown itself in mustering sufficient force, and in keeping up control, on the side of the supposed operators, the labored thought which is so often re-



recorded in accounts of this kind has generally failed to be present. Clearness and directness have much more prevailed except of course in cases where the desire to hint or dissemble has been sufficiently intentional and for a purpose.

My plan has been to sit patiently with hands upon the instrument and await some sort of movement and then allow the "board" to open conversation. In this way was received, not "some expected" thing or person or forced reply to ideas of our own, but what was ready to come, good, bad or indifferent, known or unknown as it might turn out to be. No other way has seemed possible than to address the intelligences which volunteer the matter as real entities giving them due respect as such, and carrying ourselves decently and in order the same as though conversing with persons visible in the flesh. I shall so treat the "communications," for the sake of convenience at least, as coming from such real entities, at the same time reserving, of course, the privilege of analyzing the matter received, to see if it is pure or mixed or of origin such as claimed.

The examples are taken from carefully prepared records, made either on the spot when the conversation was being received, or written down at once after the interviews were ended. Arbitrary names are substituted in all cases where it is not oppositely stated for the sake of privacy. Direct quotations from my original accounts where they are of length are enclosed in square brackets. Other quotations are condensed.

In studying the peculiarities of these "communications" I have noticed the following which seem to me important points, these being designated by letters which will be enclosed in parentheses as they are illustrated along the text.

A. With a new machine, or when new sitters come together, the working up of movements is generally slow. Initiation or preparation is for some reason necessary.

B. Readiness of movement, even with well developed recipients, varies at different sittings. Sometimes the motion begins at once, or there may be waits, at first or later. Sometimes it is as though there were no correspondent on the other side, or as though such were not ready.

C. The amount of force at the same or at different sittings is sometimes large and sometimes small. From almost nothing a powerful impulse often sets in, or when everything is going finely all operation stops short.

D. The style or characteristic of movement varies from time to time. It is slow or rapid, consists of long sweeps or short spasmodic hitches of curves or zig-zags. If there is a pointer and letters, the designation may be slipshod and careless, or with noticeable method and precision. Change from one style to another may be several times made at a single sitting, though the recipients remain the same.

E. Great persistence is often exhibited in the efforts to complete words or sentences when control of the pointer is difficult, the determined purpose of the operating power being made evident by renewed attempts at the same task over and over again, even through successive sittings.

F. Individuality is shown in both manner and matter. The style of words and composition frequently changes, also the mood of the purporting operators, as for instance, from grave to gay or *vice versa*. The words used, the composition, also the character of the subject matter, are often not such as would be likely to emanate from the knowledge or the habit of mind of either of the sitters, if there are two, or from the one where there is only one.

H. Names in abundance are presented, known or unknown, or playful hints of the same are given to be recognized in due course of time, as when friends meet after long separation, one revealing himself to the other by degrees, or remarks are given by those claiming to be the strangers, coupled with the statement that names are purposely withheld.

I. Natural expectation, if there be such on the part of the recipients, regarding who may "come" or what is about to be spelled after part is given or when a suspicion of something presently to be said or done has been somehow aroused, is many times entirely disregarded by the operating power, an intent being displayed not voluntary to the sitters.

J. Consultation is often found necessary between the sitters to discover if possible what was said during rapid or un-



certain movement, or what was intended when letters were evidently omitted a word was possibly misspelled.

K. Names and circumstances forgotten by the sitters are brought up to mind or things supposed to be well known are contrariwise or even wrongly stated.

L. Interruptions by conversation, or by taking off the hands, sometimes hinder the progress of communication and sometimes do not.

M. Success in receiving is better when sittings are regular, or when appointment with the supposed operators has previously been made.

N. Answers to mental questions already propounded may sometimes be overlooked by the answering intelligence, and have to be repeated, or if not made clear, may be asked for again by such intelligence.

Finally, summing up in advance of my questions, in order that the reader may be better prepared to notice the illustration of the various points as he proceeds, and granting for the sake of simplicity of treatment, if we take the various "personalities" at their word, that we sometimes talk in the manner brought in question with other than ourselves, and that these other are such as were once here in the body as ourselves are now, we might assume as a working theory, plausible and applicable just now of course to the cases here described, that the purported citizens of that to us invisible country are not creatures altogether glorified or distinctly abased, or indeed much changed, or particularly awed by reason of their new surroundings, but on the contrary, are "real folks" of the mind and habit as they were when with us in the flesh; that while possessed perhaps of some new powers, they are withal not omniscient or omnipresent, but come and go, now here, now there, interested or indifferent to our affairs, and with us or not with us as they may choose. We might add too, as supported by the present evidence, that when we call out across the border, some other than the one we seek may answer, making it desirable that we insist on credentials or even protest with usurpers who obstruct our way. We might consider ourselves, sometimes, like interested explorers who journeying to foreign shores are unable

at first to push their way up to the heart of things, so talk a while the miscellaneous rabble along the wharves, wondering meanwhile to what extent they represent the country. Further, as in the matter of our intercourse we yet suffer many disadvantages, arrangements inadequate, vibration often crossed, circuits easily become broken, echoes of our own thoughts, very liable to come back to us, we would not be wholly unjustified in supposing that many from whom we would like to hear are averse from making the attempt at all to talk with us, particularly as owing to extensive fraud and failure the whole "science" of communication may yet be held in something of disrepute, on that side as well as this. So much it seems could not be irrational.

If, on the other side of the problem, there are no "spirits" who can communicate, but only a curious something else, within us or without us; or if there are those able to make a show of knowing our affairs, who, though "spirits," yet never had their bodies like our own upon the earth; or if, whatever living things they are, shells or shades, or Satan's imps, they only come to mock us; we shall still have sufficient of the wonderful to face if we study the cases simply as they are.

#### **Record and Comments.\***

My first experience with the Planchette proper, was in June, 1875, at the house of two sisters living together in Boston. The instrument had been laid away in a cupboard for a long time, unused. Placing my hands upon it, with one of the ladies, I was rejoiced to see it move and gradually gather force. Finally, the name Helen (correct name) was written. This was not recognized by either of us, but on our inquiry, was said to be for me. I have several times had that name, once with a last name attached, while as often have I failed to connect it with any one I knew or ought to know. After a deal of writing without much result we were regretting that we had allowed the name to become scratched, at

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\*The usual symbols have not been employed in the record of Mr. Monson's experiments. The paper is published just as he sent it to us. It would have confused it to have converted his account into the form which is usual in these publications. Hence his record is left as it came.—Editor.



the same time criticizing the formation of the last letter, which was not well made. Suddenly instead of giving an answer to a question just asked, the pencil again wrote "Helen" on clear paper and with the *n* quite carefully formed. I was desirous of getting something personal as a test, and I inquired whether any of my own family were present. At this we got a beautiful "G," in writing, curved with precise care, as my brother Gilman used to make it, before he passed over some fifteen months before this time. Asking him if he had any message, "Dear Mo—" was written, when the pencil stopped. I said, "if it is for mother, finish it,—finish it for her," after which we got the remaining letters. I asked then for the rest of the message and simply got "Tell her," and could get nothing more at that sitting. The lady who was assisting was not aware until I told her after getting the initial that I ever had lost a brother. She was then surprised at the "Mother" message, for she had heard me speak of the death of my mother and had not known that my father had married again.

On the two following evenings I tried with the same lady for the complete sentence, which I supposed had been only begun, but was surprised to be informed that it was finished. Both times we got "G" and with that we had to close, when this slowly dawned upon me. He was peculiarly a mother's boy, clung to her, depended on her, and what more or better could he say than "Mother," and simply "tell her"?

There was other matter, some of it in ages and years given wrongly. My brother's age was given as 16. He died at 15, almost to a day. His uncle's initials were given, the first one with a small letter at our suggestion after a long and vain attempt, apparently, to make the larger, while the second, a much easier one, was given large. His age was given as 40, while the correct number was 42. The writing was confused when we asked the year of his death, so we finally called off the years, requesting that a straight mark be given, when we should reach the right one. 1871 was given. The correct year was 1870. Possibly we should have given more time for the mark to be made after calling. At this time I could not

myself have come within a good deal of naming either the age or the year correctly. I had to ascertain them later.

Query. If this was indeed my brother, how did it happen that upon this my first experience with "spirit receiving" of any sort he was immediately present? On the other hand, whose skill formed the "G" with the lower part brought round and round, so like my brother's? Again, supposing that our own minds had somehow conceived that a message from somebody to somebody's mother would be appropriate what impediment, from what source, fell in and blocked the progress of the message, incomplete as we supposed, the while we waited?

A long time now elapsed during which, although I was constantly making records of the experiences of others, very little came which I considered as of striking importance directly to myself. Finally in 1894 the road turned. As if by some concerted plan, trance mediums, automatic writers, clairvoyants, table tippers, rap getters, seers, and all such, crossed my path on every hand, and all in private life, ready without the demoralizing degradation of a fee to make known whatever of strangeness might be in them. Some of their feats, it must be confessed, were badly mixed, yet there was in many of them instruction. I quote from my records a description of one of the first of my successful "receivings."

[Dec. 18th, 1904. Visited Mrs. John J. Barden, at H., near Boston, and sat with her at a Ouija Board, she placing the finger of both hands on the pointer table, and I the fingers of my right hand, the pressure being very light, as I was convinced in her own case, and certainly so in my own. I could readily see the letters or figures as they were pointed out by the pointer-table or indicator, while her own view was shut off by that part of the machine itself, thus affording an excellent "test." She frequently asked if it was spelling anything, while as to myself, words which I had some reason to think would be spelled were not spelled, but others instead, and when I looked for the machine to stop it went on and when I looked for it to go on it often stopped. (i) All messages seemed to be for myself, nothing for Mrs. Barden. "She is



all right," so it said, and would answer nothing except for me or pertaining to my affairs.]

The interview was quite long, bringing as the first counsel, "Keep calm, be right, go ahead." Five friends were said to be present, together. "Only when you are in doubt." Time taken for recording in this case seemed to be no hindrance to control. (e) After all were talked out, I produced a small machine of my own construction consisting of a stick or broad ruler having a depressed portion down through the middle in which was stuck a strip of paper containing letters and figures, the same portion being also provided with a bit of card-board to act as a pointer, sliding back and forth upon the lettered slip. After we had placed our hands upon the sliding portion, we asked "Can you work this?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Will you tell us something on it then, just to show what you can do?" Ans. "No." (i) Then after a little, as we still waited, was spelled something we could not well make out, the movement being laborious and slow. "You have," we read, then "nough," and all operation ceased in spite of our entreaty. Puzzling over this afterward for a day or two, I allowed my imagination to work out a possible continuation as "You have nought," etc., etc. At last when picturing to myself the stops and starts, for I had scrutinized them very closely, I called to mind a move to E, a pause, a short motion, another pause, still at E, then the slow-going spelling of the final letters as above given. Suddenly the whole thing was clear. Two E's had been intended, an interval between them which made "You have enough." The message was all right, our understanding only having been at fault, mislead by the slowness of the operation as a whole. This illustrates points both *i* and *j*.

I will explain here that Mrs. Barden was a widow, already an old lady, and that the family were quite inclined to believe in the main claims of Spiritualists, having begun to interest themselves in such claims a few years before, previous to the death of Mr. Barden. Since his passing away the Ouija had worked with great efficiency for the remaining younger members, consisting of a son, Ernest, a daughter, Henrietta, and a lady friend, Miss Ellen Stevenson, and the name of Mr.

Barden, or "Father," came often at the sittings. Miss Henrietta would receive alone. All were exceedingly conscientious about their own agency in moving the indicator, resenting immediately and with vigor any supposed intimation of remissness on their part in allowing themselves to act otherwise than passively. The ready working under the hands of Mrs. Barden had been almost unknown until this, my first experiment with her. As for Mr. Barden, he had been old-fashioned, jovial and not always, I judged, a good speller. A word "almony" came to us one night in a joking strain which he had taken with his daughter. We could make nothing of it, though it was several times spelled over, until "alimony" was considered, which at once made the rest of the meaning clear. (j) A reply to one of my questions ran like this: "Don't see anything;" and then "to hinder," after which I quoted the sentence as complete, when the pointer moved to "No." After this was added, "you now." (i)

On Dec. 24th, 1894, trying again with Mrs. Barden, I received quite abundantly. Music was referred to and among other remarks we got "You don't sing like——" when the whole operation seemed to go astray. "U" was given, and we waited. There were hitches, repeats, hesitation. The pointer would move to L, then back off and plunge at U, then back to L, and again to U, as though U was somehow a sticking point. Finally "you used to" was spelled, when our eyes were opened. Our operator had wished to abbreviate by substituting "U" for "you" and had insisted on it, the movement to L several times in succession, meaning practically, "that's all there is to it," while we failed to pronounce the word intended and each time waited for what we supposed was a snarl to unravel itself. (f) (i) "We are getting tired" and "the force is weak," closed the interview. (c) As before, Mrs. Barden had sat in such a position that she could not readily see the letters and so had to depend on me mainly to keep track of what was given.

Query. If, as some suppose, we only talk with ourselves on such occasions, why this difficulty of ourselves about understanding ourselves? We might inquire, how many are there of us?



ing "mediumistic" qualities, apparent from childhood. At the time spoken of he was a member of a Baptist church. He had been trying Ouija with Mr. Bowman, one of the visitors, and it was making rather slow progress. I then took Mr. Bowman's place and had been waiting but a short time when suddenly Mr. Burnett removed his hand with a loud exclamation and astonished the company by jumping up and running about the room still exclaiming, as though in pain. Just afterward, although as my notes say, "not by any means at the same instant," a current of something like electricity followed up into my hand from the motor-board in a mild steady flow, then just following, three much stronger currents up my three fingers." Burnett said "He had felt something like a red hot coal on the back of his hand." "An influence seized him soon after as of some one seeking control." He felt exhausted, as though "all the snap had been taken out of him." Still afterward, while we were all seated around a large table, resting our hands upon it, the rest of us calm, he experiences a violent contraction of the muscles of his hands and arms, particularly the right, the one that had received the shock.

Query. Was this an over accumulation and erratic discharge of "Od" force such as was experimented with by Reichenbach? Do not our bodies, all more or less, contain a something akin to electricity yet in important respects unlike it, which they are capable of storing up and sometimes transmitting in considerable quantity to animate or inanimate objects; and is this something the agent of thought, through which will moves the muscles? Can it be made available, possibly, under right conditions, by the invisible entities for moving physical objects without the aid of mundane muscles? In the case under consideration did the intervention of an actual disembodied personality upset the balance?

Jan. 10, 1895, I brought a new machine to be tried at the Barden's, hoping that it would be made to go without the moving of our hands. After some time of sitting without success we took up the Ouija which after a feeblor motion than usual indicated a new operator, who spelled, "I am finding out more and more every day. \* \* \* \* Be firm

in this work you are doing. It will come out all right." A name was given of a person somewhat known to fame. We did not have many such. I asked for myself, "Do you know any of our family over there?" Ans. "All over here are one family." I said, "Yes, that is the way I want to find it, but what I meant was, any of our Monson family. Instead of an answer a new name was given, but it was not familiar to us. I inquired who this person was. "He is with you when you are studying." Ques. "Are there a good many here tonight?" Ans. "Very many." Ques. "How many?" Ans. "Do make another board." (i) Some names were then given of old friends of the Bardens, one of whom they had not had in mind for a very long time. He died twenty-five years previous. I inquired before the close whether I could be directed to any one in New York with whom I could experiment as had been done here. Ans. "You found this board." Emphasizing the word "this," the meaning was evident.

Query. Suppose for the moment that we were leading ourselves. Why such shifts of operating personalities, and such breaking up of the continuity of thought, as shown in these independent answers, our own questions being turned aside, seemingly as though subject to the will of others?

Jan. 18, 1895, I tried at the same place still another sort of machine. We had experimented with storing "magnetism" in water and now hoped to make effective a different plan for drawing the force and securing it in a sort of battery. We were informed that more time would be required. "Force was weak" for any and all purposes. Ques. "Is the force weak on your side?" Ans. "No." Ques. "On ours?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Does the weather sometimes make a difference with it?" Ans. "No. Get information from all your friends."

At this interview Miss Henrietta asked for the names of deceased persons present, when a lot of the most old-fashioned of country names, both first and last, were given, among which was one which caused her to laugh with unrestrained merriment. Mrs. Barden, overhearing it at a little distance from another room, called out, "There was such a man. I



knew him. He lived in Lincolnville. (In another state.) The operator continued, "Married Maria G——." (Correct name so far as given.) Mrs. Barden exclaimed, "I declare if he didn't! Yes, sir, he did!" All these names were unknown to us who were receiving. (g)

On Jan. 27, 1895, same place, after still more of my devices had been tried, with the usual result, Ouija when taken up struck a very trifling mood, both in subject matter and the antics of the indicator. After this followed something so interesting that I quote from my notes in full. [Then we gave up the board to Miss Henrietta and Miss Ellen Stevenson, who implored "Ouija" to sober down and give us something worth the saying. This message was given them: "Lucius Simmons says small figures means days." This was a puzzler until Miss Henrietta exclaimed, "O, he must mean on the calendar." Then after some thought she added, "But days? Of course they mean days, so do the large figures. They all mean figures just the same. At this Ouija added "in the year." Here with much jubilation Miss Henrietta cried, "Oh I wonder if they don't! the number of days in the year right along from the beginning. Go get the calendar and see!" The calendar was brought from the kitchen, where it had hung over a table which was set against the wall. It was quite a large one, having a sheet for each month in the usual style. In the upper left hand corner of each square containing a number was a minute duplication of the number so of course this being January, the numbers corresponded clear through the sheet, but on turning to the following leaves it was found that instead of corresponding they ran on consecutively through the months, winding up with 365 on the last day of December. The family had eaten supper at this kitchen table and had been discussing what these small figures could mean, one member then for the first time discovering them. The consultation had ended without satisfactory result and it seems Lucius Simmons, whose name Mrs. Barden recognized as that of an acquaintance who had passed away many years ago, had been lingering by and had thus informed the company of his presence and of the result of his own independent investigations.]

Query. By what strange freak of subliminal action on the part of these two recipients were their hands moved to spell out the name of this person in no way recognizably connected with themselves yet known to Mrs. Barden's friendly recollection; or through what proved process of open-eyed dreaming did they hit just at this moment upon the correct solution of a virtually abandoned, though simple puzzle, at the same time attributing their act to the old-time friend of the older Bardens?

On Feb. 30, 1895, at the same place, names of different persons interested in my experiments were given, these not being known to any of us. One was represented as an ingenious and enterprising mechanic from Hanover, N. H., and another as a scientific "Doctor" from Pittsburg, Penn. (True names of places given.) The name of one of these persons was given when Miss Ellen Stevenson and myself were sitting at the Ouija together, and particulars regarding him were added when my place had been given up to Miss Henrietta. My notes say, "we had some difficulty in getting some of these sentences correctly, so would ask back whether so far was right, and then have the rest repeated, the writer saying "No" to every departure from the intended version. (e) In one case my very thought was corrected by "No" before a word was spoken, in which case I found on repetition of the latter part of the sentence by the operator, that I was harboring a mistake.

On Feb. 14th, so suggestive a sitting was held that I shall quote my notes in full, giving actual names, wholly or in part, except in the case of the members of the Barden household:—

[Feb. 14th, 1895, visited Mrs. John Barden's at A., taking with me several attachments for my talking-board. After trying them by turns without success, I sat at Ouija with Miss Ellen Stevenson. After a while movement began and these words were spelled. "I am here." Ques. "Have you any message for us?" Ans. "Let many know of me." Ques. "Will you give your name?" Ans. "James L. Carlton." Ques. "From what place?" Ans. "Maine." Ques. "What town?" Ans. "Rockport." Ques. "Is there any one in particular to whom you would like to be



made known?" Ans. "David Thurston." Ques. "Of what place?" Ans. "Belfast." Ques. "To any one else?" Ans. "No." (g) Ques. "Is there any one else who would like to give his name?" Ans. "A. T. Hay." Ques. "Where are you from?" Ans. "Iowa." Ques. "What part?" Ans. "Burlington. Built the first steel bridge in the world." It was still further added, "I was an inventor." Ques. "What else did you invent besides a bridge?" Ans. "Mill." Ques. "What kind of a mill?" Ans. "Saw." (g) These remarks were then added: "We keep your courage. Never mind cold water." Ques. "Well do you think I am making any progress?" Ans. "Yes. Don't you think you are progressing?" My own answer was as follows: "Yes, I think I am, rather slowly." My machine lay on the table close by, with one of the attachments on it. The others were placed along in a row close to it. I asked, "Calling the attachment that is on the machine No. 1, the next 2, the next 3, the next 4, the next 5, which one do you like best?" Ans. "1," continuing, "We want you to work on it."

Here Miss Henrietta Barden, who had just come in, spoke up saying, "I want to ask a question of Ouija." I requested her to wait as I did not wish to break in on what this man might want to say. He then spelled, "Can't break conditions." Ques. "You mean that you can't break conditions to answer other questions?" Ans. "Yes." Now was added, "Sunshine behind the clouds for you." I added something to this effect, that it took a good while to come around to the end. The reply was, "You have the strength to hold on." I remarked that I seemed to be getting quite a circle of friends on that side. The answer was "Interested in your work, why we keep about you." Soon after was remarked, "Good page. Take it home," and later, "Welcome. Good night."]

Following Mr. Carlton's suggestion I wrote to Mr. David Thurston at Belfast, Maine, and had my letter returned. I then wrote the Belfast postmaster, inquiring whether he knew or had known a Mr. David Thurston. He replied that he knew the man, but he had gone away and he thought, was at another address, which was suggested. I wrote there,

but as my letter again came back concluded that the man I sought was still going. I never reached him.

Query. Who dropped these names, apparently true ones, into our deceptive minds, or worked them somehow through our fingers? Or were the names all false, and was it merely by coincidence that the Belfast postmaster had known David Thurston?

Unseen helpers seemed to be on hand without limit so long as I continued going to the Bardens'. All wanted to see a new device of some sort brought to perfection which should meet the "long felt want." One of these advised on Feb. 20, 1895, "You did not make a magnet, man; you need a magnet to make the machine go." Then several times was spelled, "Make a magnet," furthered by the caution, "You must not have many motions," "keep trying," and so on. It was further stated, "Another man must help you; a man you will meet soon." Whether this man was to be in mortal frame or otherwise was not stated, but it did happen however, that in a few days I started a series of sittings at Ouija with an assistant at my rooming place in Boston, and I was taken particularly in hand by one hailing from the other side whom we will call Arnold Kimball. From the outset he assumed authority, asserting on all occasions his fitness for particular instruction, while the interviews at the house of the Bardens somehow naturally dropped off.

This Kimball was represented through Ouija as a former inventor who had resided in Boston, one who had been in the other life a long time, "a spirit above fraud, desirous of putting these wonderful truths before the world through honest intelligences," "a powerful control who passed over before the world was ready for him, and who has come back to fulfill his mission through Monson, who will give it to the world as it is revealed to him." My assistant at the board on these occasions was Miss Ransom, a lady quite fond of delving into the mysteries of theosophy, astrology, spiritualism and the occult in general, whose conclusions by the way, I often found myself at variance with. At our first sittings she showed considerable tendency to anticipate the intention of the communicating power, which tendency I made great



effort to check at the very beginning, and with so much of success that she soon found herself surprised at the changed character of the matter spelled out beneath her hands, so different from what she had received when she took up Ouija more "as an amusement," that now it seemed instructive.

The style, as nearly as I was able to judge, was quite far from being like her own. I am sure it was not natural to myself, notwithstanding that on provocation my aberrations are perhaps capable of taking on considerable of variety. Many of Mr. Kimball's sentences are very long, in fact one day he lost himself in the middle of one of them and after some hesitation spelled, "Cannot convey my meaning." (g) I quote the following from my record:—

[I was obliged to stop occasionally to note down the sage advice given as, generally asking the consent of the writer. A stop considerably weakened the control in most instances. (i) Asking pardon for these breaks, I received this suggestion: "It would be well for you to practice memorizing."]

Under the difficulties encountered this last was advice easier given than put in practice. I was able to preserve much, but will only give extracts from here and there, regretting that so far, owing seemingly to "circumstances beyond control," I have not been able to materialize fully the assurances expressed:—

"Never give up. A great gift. A great destiny is before you. A great will power will help you preserve. Over here we will help you. A well-organized band are with you. Scientific men, inventors who understand this work."

"Never give up. A great world will appreciate your efforts. Keep at work. A rush will never help in your undertaking."

"Be shrewd and wise. Angels are helping you about your work. Near future will reveal wonderful things to those who believe in the mysteries."

"Necessary aid will be given without seeking it. A quiet passive frame of mind better than to be anxious and intense."

"A reward awaits those who seek diligently to know the truth and notice the laws which govern the universe."

"All progressive work requires diligent application and

persistent thought. Don't pass this instruction we have given you thoughtlessly by."

"A new revelation will be given to the world and a new song will be sung. A. Kimball can attempt through your organism a work which has never been given to the world and if you would cultivate this work you will observe and heed all this instruction which has been given you and you will stand at the head of science."

"A magnet does not always prove to work, but prove it for yourself and never feel alone when engaged in this work. A great deal of wisdom is needed in a work like this. Never despair. A great opening of wonders is before you."

"An anchor will be your symbol. Application, concentration and will-power are the best mediums for your work."

"This is a doubting world and nothing but facts will satisfy. A beginning of the end is in sight. Take our advice kindly, as it is essential to you. Goodbye and peace abide with you."

"The world will stand aghast and rejoice that a truth can be ultimated through honest people and superior spirits. A question of time and everything will be satisfactory and never be disputed."

"A life well lived always brings a just reward. You will satisfy a waiting world. Peace that passeth understanding be with you."

If the swing of the above, the thoughts noted, etc., be said to be such as might naturally evolve from a mind like what I have described to exist in Miss Ransom, let it be known that much reproof was nevertheless given her during her sittings, professedly from the same source as expressed these matters quoted. For instance, in reply to one of her questions, "I told you not to trifle with me." Again, in reply to her implied remonstrance at correction, "you need it, get wisdom." Again, "Don't be so impatient," and again, "It is not necessary for you to know. We will tell and give out instructions as we see you need it. If you would overcome this intense activity no one could tell the power you might attract. And still once more, "We know you and cannot carry out the work through you which we ought unless you



make better conditions and surround yourself with the good spirits you are capable of attracting."

At one of our trials of a new machine, one containing a magnet, we noticed quite a reduction of power when returning to the Ouija, as though some extra strain had used it up. Miss Ransom's hands, too dry when beginning, became quite wet with perspiration while at the magnet machine and we could hear little "snicks" under her hands as though some new condition had been brought about in an unusual effort.

A feature also of these sittings was that promise was given near the first that Miss Ransom would be redeveloped for automatic writing, a former power in that respect having seemingly failed her. This promise was fulfilled. One of her first successes was so far from having been in her ordinary manner of writing that she brought it to me for my assistance in deciphering it, while still the reading was found to be complete. I was urged personally also to sit regularly for similar writing, but my former attempts had not been sufficiently productive to warrant the addition of that experiment to what I had already undertaken. An account of two desperate attempts made with me in this direction on the part of the "power" would prove quite interesting.

A problem in connection with the Kimball interview is this: Where did the answers originate which were given to certain mental questions asked by myself at one of the last sittings, as we supposed the last to be had with Miss R. for a considerable time. I was expecting soon to be in New York City and was anxious to know whether I might be favored there with assistance of this same guiding personality. I therefore asked whether Mr. Kimball would be willing to reply to a few questions of this nature. The answer was "Yes." I then inquired mentally, "Were you with me at the last of two trials of my machine, before the one of yesterday with Miss Ransom?" The matter just previously received had related to "quiet submissive conditions" which attract "corresponding influences from the spirit world," and so on. Now in reply to my mental question our instructor simply continued, "These laws govern everything, and properly applied adjust things aright." I remarked then orally

that this did not seem a direct reply, and I inquired whether our friend was really willing to reply. My answer was "Yes," but as there was much hesitation, Miss Ransom expressed a doubt as to whether she was a proper assistant through whom to get these tests. With as much firmness as was consistent with politeness, I begged her to keep in mind that her requirement was to do absolutely nothing, mentally or otherwise, but to rest her hands on the indicator and remain in silence. This she took in good part and outwardly at least, appeared at ease, but there was continued hesitation, then a movement to certain letters, which, according to Miss Ransom's view spelled nothing. I was watching carefully, however, and read "Ask over" (n) which to me was quite unexpected, though reasonable considering the interruption. I then repeated my mental question as at first, but with slowness and care. The reply was, "Kimball is with you making you understand the working of these laws. Trust him." I next asked mentally, "Will you give me your name at my next sitting with some other person than Miss Ransom?" Ans. "Everything works by divine law, and to know the law of divine correspondence in the spiritual world will attract the influence and bring you what you seek." I requested the writer, orally I think, as this detail is **not recorded**, to excuse my insisting somewhat. I would change my mental question. I then pronounced in my mind, "Would it *be allowable* for you to give your name, etc.?" Ans. "A very good wave of darkness is what you need to bring you into the light," continuing, "Every seed is sprouted in darkness. It is not given you to know when this darkness will be removed. It is for you to determine how to work the law and know when you have removed these conditions for the light."

The interview closed with this statement and benediction: "A trust in this spirit power will bring the peace which passeth understanding, Amen."

These several answers just noted might be constructed to apply to my questions, or they might be regarded, if one should choose, as entirely independent of them, but from whence this "Ask over," or the replies at all? The whole



case suggests an entity separate from ourselves. As to the flattering prophecies of success to be had in the discovery of a more perfect machine for communicating, and the consequent high stand to be gained for the discovered, on the topmost pinnacle of fame, "the world standing aghast," etc., they are easily duplicated elsewhere. Similar prophecies and pictures of high reward have been quoted in the publications of the A. S. P. R. I call to mind also the great encouragement likewise held forth as noted by the author of "*The Two Discoveries; or Key to Pine's Spiritual Telegraph*," a book published in 1874 in London and to be found in the Astor Library, New York, in which is described his machine constructed with a lettered disc and revolving pointer. This required the action of the hands of the recipient, as do many machines, but its production was to place its constructor among the chief illuminators of this benighted world of ours. Such foretellings, granting that they do indeed come from the citizens of the "other side" amount probably to no more or less than do the good wishes and often overestimated measures of results expressed by the common friends of every day.

Query. Might it not be that Arnold Kimball, instead of being a fiction created by our distorted minds, was a real live "spirit," still retaining on the farther side of existence his interest in scientific and mechanical affairs, and bringing to us in his visits an accustomed loftiness and self assertiveness, together with faith in the "ultimation" of an endeavor on our part which appeared to him reasonable and entirely within the scope of possibilities?

In July, 1895, I met at the house where I was rooming in New York, a gentleman whom I will refer to as Mr. H. R. Tomkins. He was an unbeliever in a life hereafter, but was willing to consider anything whatever which might give light upon the subject. I described to him some of my researches in the field of modern rather than ancient or "revealed" proof, and we decided to try together the simple experiment of crossing the border with Ouija, for which I used a substitute consisting of an old ledger cover having folded around it a smooth piece of brown paper containing pencilled letters

and figures, and for an indicator a piece of 5-16" pine, pointed and shellaced and having four small bits of soft woollen goods glued to its under side for carriers, raising it from the lettered paper about  $\frac{1}{8}$ ".

We first sat Aug. 25th, getting movement in about 45 minutes, after which a few short words were spelled having no connection. Aug. 27th a movement was had soon and after some 25 minutes, conversation was established. (a) The word egoist was used as including myself in its application over which we had some discussion. It was adhered to and said to be "Just it." After considerable matter had been given, I inquired, "Will it interfere with your control of us if we take our hands off to make a record?" Ans. "You will best serve the purposes of the arch if you take heed," Etc., etc. Here was a new word, "Arch," which I had not before seen used in such connection. "We will meet again" was one of the last things given. Aug. 28th, movement commenced easily and we received, "I divert from care. Fresh thoughts from friends at unexpected times often result in a desired end. Several are interested in the welfare of yourself. Give us full confidence. Earnest seekers after light give pleasure and we too have delight. O. Stevens." (Correct name.) Ques. "Is O. Stevens the person who has been writing?" Ans. "He is one,—Paper and write.—I believe many friends are being made." Here I followed the suggestion of "paper," etc., and made a record, after which upon placing our hands again upon the indicator control was immediately resumed, (i) and we were informed "We are instruments for use at your service." After some experiments with mental questions, which were not entirely satisfactory, I inquired, "Would you like to say anything more before we close the sitting?" Ans. "Only this; do not desire ordinary feats, simplicity gains more. Goodbye."

On Aug. 30th, we received a very short message and a "Goodbye" apparently from the same kindly visitors as at first, then a sudden turn was given as though the line had been given up to whomsoever wished to try his skill. We received the following:—"Jack and Jil. How do you like that? Goodbye."—"Now will you hear from a near relative of the



Old Boy." Ques. "Will you give us your name?" Ans. "No. Right about face! March! Good bye." "There is one thing I do miss and that is tea and toast. Goodbye." (f) Afterward the spelling became very rapid, so much so that we remarked upon the difficulty of reading, when we were reminded, "You folks are slow." Ques. "Has the person who came last operated a machine of this sort before?" Ans. "Do tell! a 100 times. Anything more?" Asking for names again we were answered, "We are friends whom ye never knew." (h)

On Sept. 4th, we received much that was interesting, from which I will quote:—"From where we are 100 years makes great improvement, as it is with you." "Cease to expect much and you will really get more. This is good advice, but few see it. I bid you adieu." "Oh for a little encouragement, I have so much to tell. Take interest in our efforts to bring light to darkened ones, because we see as only such as we can. 'Tis not for you to wish as much."

I will quote entire the record of Sept. 8th, 1895, at same place, with Mr. Tompkins:—

[There seemed to be a different operator from those who had previously come to us. Movement was not over strong, but methodical and in general quite definite. It commenced by pointing to letters and figures consecutively, and by travels from one part of the board to another. (d) After control was gained, if a mistake was made the word would be begun again, persistently. (e) "Representatives are anxious for good results. Efforts for them will have reward. What little I have to say may not be of as much importance as others. Do not give too much credit to all that is said, for the attempt is often made to mislead and defraud. It is such a heavy night and no aid is offered." Ques. "Does the kind of a night affect you?" Ans. "No." Ques. "Does it affect us?" Ans. "Yes." (c) (The night was a close one and we were both quite tired.) Ques. "Has this person who is speaking been with us before?" Ans. "I." Ques. "Will you give us your name?" Ans. "Yes, Robinson Treat Fortune. Goodbye." (Correct quotation.)

Thinking some other might come, we waited a little while but there was absolutely no movement.]

On Sept. 9th, we were treated quite abruptly. Some voluntary matter had been given us when I inquired, "Are there many friends with us tonight?" Ans. "All going." Ques. "All going away?" Ans. "Yes. Goodbye." Here was an instance well illustrating points *i* and *c*. We were preparing for a pleasant chat and were cut as short as when a visitor leaves suddenly to catch a train. A name given was "Edward Kincaid, Yorkshire, England." (Correct quotation.)

The straightforwardness of our interview, Oct. 4th, was such that in view of the many quotations I have seen of mixed conversations over which investigators have puzzled, I cannot refrain from copying it. I had prepared a lot of written questions which I wished sometime to ask in the way we are considering of some unseen visitor. My assistant, Mr. Tompkins, seemed an honest inquirer into the mysteries as well as myself. I had to judge of this from the growing intimacy of acquaintanceship and from close observations of course, of his apparent interest while we were at the board together. Comparing my individual impressions of people in many cases through years together with subsequent proofs of correctness or otherwise I have learned to weigh my own conclusions much as I would those of another. The time seemed opportune for bringing in my questions.

A "good friend" was said to be present, who signified his willingness to answer "Anything that is possible." I first inquired "Is it dangerous or wrong in any sense, so far as you are aware, for mortals and spirits to communicate with each other?" Ans. "Oh, no reason why it should be." Ques. "Can we be harmed by bad spirits in this way?" Ans. "Bad things don't stay long where they are not wanted." Ques. "What have you to say of the Bible? What sort of a revelation is it?" Ans. "That from which so much good comes is of value whether a revelation or not." Ques. "Have you found Christ, or are there some of you who still regard him as a Redeemer and look for his second appearing?" Ans. "Christ is for the hope of mortals. What



is seen here you shall see." Ques. "Do you with whom we talk regard yourselves as in an 'intermediate state,' and do you know of a final heaven and a final hell, either in a literal or a figurative sense?" Ans. "Only know what is." Remark:—"You are learners then, the same as we?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Is it advisable or desirable for us who are favored with these communications to call for some particular spirit, for instance, some dear friend whom we have known, to come and talk with us?" Ans. "At times and under conditions." I then inquired whether my correspondent could find for me a person whom I named and of whom I often thought on such occasions. The reply was, "No." Ques. "What are the conditions required for bringing these spirits to us?" Ans. "Strong mutual desire." Ques. by Mr. Tompkins:—"Can the future to any degree or in any sense at all be foretold?" Ans. "Yes." I then asked if our friend did not wish to say something for himself. Ans. "Hope you have been pleased as it has been desired you should be." After signifying my unfeigned pleasure at the entire interview, I inquired, "Do we furnish good force tonight?" Ans. "Fairly good." Ques. "Will you not give us some good message with which to close?" Ans. "To the patient in all things comes reward."

Notice the gentlemanliness, the ease, the sincerity, the naturalness of the greater part of this which we received.

Query. Were we, while supposing ourselves to be awake, nevertheless in a state akin to dreaming? Were we talking merely with ourselves? In as normal an attitude as ever could be when conversing with friends visibly, face to face, did we after all divide ourselves up into parts, each part assuming a personality, and one part hold question and answer with another?

Now comes a curious thing. We had received on Oct. 8th, in limited amount. On Oct. 14th, however, sitting as usual, we were surprised to have no movement of the indicator at all unless possibly one short diagonal slide, which may have been only an accident of our weariness. On Oct. 16th, absolutely no movement. (b) On Oct. 17th, after

some delay, there was motion which gradually became quite strong. My record says:—

[Various letters were pointed out and the operation in general was such as has been noticed at the initiation of new sitters. There was also strong resemblance to the movement of March 8th, 1895, at Boston, when "Kimball" was getting Miss Ransom and myself into order. (d) On the present occasion, as then, "K" and "I" were several times pointed out in succession, showing much patient and determined effort to spell something beginning with those letters. The attempt in this case was not successful and finally the motion stopped without any word, so far as we could discover, having been spelled. On Oct. 21st there was again no movement. After this it was not convenient for us to get together until Nov. 6th. Now after no serious delay, movement of the indicator began. It was slow and limited at first, but gradually became strong and constantly increasing became exceptionally well regulated, a variety of handlings being executed, twists, sweeps, etc., etc., until the spelling of messages was commenced in such a rapid manner that neither of us could follow them with accuracy, consequently the full import of the sentences was lost. (d) They were few, however, the object being apparently, to again get us under complete control.]

Now on all these latter occasions Mr. Tompkins and myself were as anxious to "receive" as at any time previously. The various "personalities" contained within our individual organisms were, so far as we had any means of judging, subject to no new embarrassments or changed conditions. Imagination, if you like, was willing, as well at Oct. 14th, and following as at any time before, yet on these many occasions the formerly well established line refused to work. One incident, slight in itself, I must not fail to note, as it may, after all, present some new interrogatory to science. On Oct. 8th, heretofore referred to, the last sitting previous to the one on which our failures began, all was going well when suddenly an ignominious insect, such as is apt to waken in an observer the spontaneous desire to kill, appeared from somewhere and started to run across the board. We mashed him. At that



instant all working of the indicator ceased, and, as my notes record, though we sat holding our hands upon the same for a considerable time, there was no more sign of movement than as though such had never been. (c) This strange feature, along with others, must not be overlooked.

Query. Why these sudden pauses in the play? Why all this variety in the subsequent working up? Was the former operator, Kimball, unknown to Mr. Tompkins, trying to assert himself here in this new field through us, and after sundry unsuccessful attempts did he conclude to give us up? Did our more recent operations then, finding us out of tune to their manipulations, and wishing to proceed, have to adjust us and our machine again as if beginning at the first? Or, further, were there "odic" emanations resulting from the destruction of the insect which neutralized for a time the magnetic harmony or whatever it might be termed, required for successful operation? And while difficulty was pending did Kimball only then improve the opportunity to make a try?

A few sittings were held with an honest, simple-minded German young fellow, whom I had met casually a few times, who soon developed even to being able to receive alone. At the first sitting, March 20, 1896, as we tried together, the word "WIG" was spelled after a hard starting occupying nearly an hour, the pointer then moving to Z and stopping. After fifteen minutes rest new motion was begun, which changed from time to time very curiously, much of it exceeding the limits of the board and a fairly good command being at the last attained. (a) March 22nd, movement began in two minutes, but a long time was required to acquire spelling. The first thing given complete was the name of my assistant, "Emil Sutter," and next that of a chum of his living. Then came a congratulation several times repeated, "Good and cured," which he explained as referring to his recovery from a sickness which he had while on a recent business expedition. The name of his employer was then given and following, "U are very happy. Goodbye." At the third sitting, March 26th, movement began in about three minutes and practice was renewed on Mr. Sutter's name and that of his employer. Mr. Sutter was anxious to get further and

asked a number of times, "What next?" My record says, "A sentence was then attempted over and over again many times getting as far as the third word then going back to the beginning. Then the fourth was secured, and back to beginning several times. At last enough of the fifth word was given to enable us to determine what was intended." It finally read "You are in much haste." (e) At the fourth sitting, April 1st, good command of the instrument was secured and much personal advice was given to Emil on his own matters, which he explained to me as we went along. Afterward he tried the board alone and was much surprised to receive, "Get a receipt from Rupert Dingley for the money gave him last." His jaw dropped in open wonder, while he said to me, "That's so, I paid Mr. Dingley \$60 yesterday and I haven't got a thing to show for it. I'll do that at once." The advice continued, "You must look out for mistakes. We have you warned."

Query. When two persons place together their hands on one of these spelling machines, is it a signal to the subconscious of one or the other or both to make a show of performing difficult feats of movement with the traveller, or indicator, through several sittings, and after making this exhibit to give applicable conversational matter which it attributes to interested friends who are not in the flesh? Also, why does the "sub" so often speak collectively, saying "we?"

There is much to be learned when two experimenters come together who have no knowledge whatever of each other's history, friends past, relatives or general affairs. The Sutter case causes me to turn to the account of an experiment made in Boston sometime before in 1895, in company with Mr. Eugene M. Mercer, who, though belonging to a spiritualist family, had himself no faith whatsoever in the fact of a future existence. He was settled on this point, yet, hearing from me some of the wonders of my Ouija experiences, he invited me to his house that he might see and examine for himself. Our "Ouija" was a mirror which we took in our laps, placing on it a semicircular card containing letters and figures and using for an indicator a movable position of the ordinary



Ouija equipped with a pencil which, tied to the same, projected sufficiently beyond its body to serve as a pointer. There were present beside Mr. Mercer and myself, Mrs. Mercer, mother of Eugene, and a young lady temporarily a member of the family. The head of the family, whom I had known slightly and simply as Dr. Mercer, had four or five months before passed to the other side. I did not even know his initials, nor had I any knowledge further of the family whatever. Eugene and I together could get, in the time we sat, no movement at all. He had only a short interval to spare before meeting an engagement. Mrs. Mercer and I then tried for whatever might come. She had long ago done something with the Planchette, but had heard only a little of Ouija experiments and, as she told me afterwards, had not even suspected that names of people could be received through this, her curiosity as to whether movement could be obtained at all being at the present her leading feeling. Being a musician and having observed through the advantage of having a front seat which she held at many so-called spiritualistic performances, when serving as a musical leader, frauds without number, she had come to doubt everything except that curious things sometimes happen connected in some way, as she had for herself concluded with man's physical and mental organism. So much as affecting expectation.

A feeble movement began after a long time of sitting, which later took on a see-saw style, different from any I had elsewhere observed. (a) Eugene sat by with hat in hand, wishing to watch the progress up to the last moment. The name of Mrs. Mercer's father was then received, and next the first name of her brother, both deceased, the latter having held Eugene as a great favorite. "Have you any message for Eugene?" said Mrs. Mercer. "Go in peace," was the reply. As Eugene still lingered, this was added: "He is peculiarly my friend, and I like him dearly." After this came the initials and name of Dr. Mercer, with "God bless you. Be patient, cool and a new power will open in your being." Next came the first name of a deceased daughter of Mrs. M., with "Mama I am trying to help Eugene in his ambition. Masters aid him and lead him and he can rise to their knowledge."

Afterward came a curious reference to one of the musical masters, "Bach is more complete." We could make nothing out of this while Eugene at once understood it as referring to conversations he and his sister used to have regarding that composer. More was received by the visitor and myself while Mrs. Mercer busied herself in getting supper. Eugene became so much interested that he passed his engagement and remained with us.

Why did our hard-going sub-mentality labor thus vigorously to convince us with names and messages? What sort of thought transference was it that brought to Mrs. Mercer's brain and mine and so down through our fingers, allusions to subjects debated long ago between Eugene and his some time departed sister to be recognized only by him, an unbeliever in a future state, sitting by expecting nothing? Whence the individuality shown in the expression of the uncle, "He is peculiarly my friend," etc.? Were there evil spirits there turning over the leaves of our various memories like books seeking with what they might astonish us?

Another experiment tried about the same time in Boston with another unbeliever, a thorough materialist, brought much unexpected matter. We were new acquaintances, knowing almost nothing of each other. He was a young man whom we will call Frank W. Monroe. At the first trial, in order to test the knowledge of whatever power was operating through us, he asked that my age be given. The reply was correct as would be if my unfinished year were reckoned in, which is not the way I would have answered. He then asked his own age and was answered correctly. I will add that in regard to age, I have always been a difficult one to the guessers. Various statements were made which led me to inquire at the close, who wrote this? Do you think I did? He replied with some emphasis, "You couldn't. You didn't know the facts." A month later we tried again, receiving more matter. As experimental words at the beginning, "God" and "Man" were spelled and several times the pointer moved to "Goodbye." An old friend of mine, Mr. Eadie, was sitting by and he and Mr. Monroe were inclined to be trivial, when I cautioned them, saying that in their re-



marks appropriate to a newsboy, they might be addressing some person of dignity. While I was talking the indicator continued to move. I noticed some letters but neither Mr. Monroe nor myself were aware that any spelling was just then being done. My friend, Eadie, looking on, said, however, in some astonishment just as the pointer stopped, "They have said 'That is so.'" (j) Soon after came a surprise in the spelling of the most of the name of a good friend of Mr. Eadie and myself, who had left us for the unseen but a short time previous. At the time of his death he and I were beginning plans together for which we hoped much. "Joe War," was spelled, which raised my hopes high when there came a pause and the name was changed to "Joe Waverley." I had the hint, but said nothing. After the sitting was over I remarked to Mr. Eadie that we came pretty near getting Joe Warner's name. He was non-plussed. Having been off on the road, he had not even heard of Warner's death and for some time could hardly believe that he was gone. Mr. Monroe did not know Warner at all, in fact was only a visitor in the city, where Mr. Warner had been prominent in musical affairs and where he had died quite suddenly.

How did Monroe and I exchange the knowledge of each other's ages and point them out so readily? As my own normal and subconsciousness were both fully aware of Joe Warner's decease and surely of the way in which to spell his by no means difficult name, and especially as I was at the moment more than eager to give him greeting, if still he lived, how did it happen that the spelling of the name stopped short, then shifted and produced a different ending? If so much of the name in question as was given came not from my own consciousness or memory in any way, and as the others present knew nothing to suggest the coming of it, from what source did it come at all, or did Joe Warner give it?

As to names, they were given in my sittings without limit. At Boston, in March and April, 1895, I wished to experiment with Mrs. Mary Benton, quite an old lady with whom I was acquainted, and who was said to have much "mediumistic" power. She was naturally quite a religious person. For

some years she had performed mental healing among the friends and friends' friends who knew of her. She was the personification of kindness and honesty. On my first visit I took a regularly made Ouija board which was found to work readily for herself alone and through which she received the names of family friends who had some time before departed. The leading conversationalist seemed to be Mrs. Henry Benton, her son's wife, who was the latest of the family to have passed over. This younger Mrs. Benton, or Cora, as we will call her, was while on earth "full of the old Nick," as the expression goes, a great joker. Considerable advice was given on family matters, after which I produced one of my latest "talkers," intended to work through the utilization of our bodily force, but without the use of muscles. It had letters and a swinging pointer, the motion of the matter limited by loose ribbons attached thereto. Mrs. Benton and I tried it together, each placing both hands upon the immovable part. Obtaining no movement we took up Ouija for advice and were asked to let Mrs. B. try it alone, which she did. She said that she felt a "drawing" in her hands, the same feeling extending at one time to her head, and her fingers perspired freely. Her hands after a while were hitched along in short advances almost off the edge of the board, but there was no movement of the pointer. She was then told through Ouija, "put it in your lap and use only your right hand and it will move and spell good things for you." This being done, Mrs. B. could distinctly feel little raps underneath her fingers, but obtained no movement. We received more directions again through Ouija declaring the new machine "the best thing out," etc., etc., etc. After a while she again took the new board, placed it lengthwise across her lap and rested both hands upon it, her left at one end above the letters, and her right at the other end, below the letters. After a little time her right hand began a hitching movement, entirely without her volition, and kept on until it was within the letter circle and crowding the pointer to one side. The intent was not at first observed, but soon her index finger was moved up to a letter and stopped, then to another and stopped, and soon



back and forth until this message was spelled: "It will move or you some other time."

Laying aside for the present my "without hands" style of talking machine I took to Mrs. Benton's on April 2nd, dangerously near All Fools' Day, one differently constructed, the letters, etc., being placed on a disc or wheel set horizontally on its axis in a pasteboard box, a pointer being affixed to one side of the box, under which the letters would pass when the disc was rotated and a bit of wood being glued to the disc between axis and circumference to serve as a finger rest for the recipient, the disc so to be moved about crank fashion. Another attachment admitted of the fingers coming in contact otherwise when the disc might revolve without muscular power applied—if it would. I had not then known of Pine's invention before alluded to. Upon Mrs. Benton's taking up the machine and placing one finger on the wooden rest fluent messages began at once to be received which it required many pages to record. The main operator was Cora, possessedly a part of the time, even though a ruse was occasionally made to substitute some other in her place. The result as a whole is a curiosity. Nineteen names were given of connections of the family, all correctly with the proper relation and covering the country with correct places of residence and faithful representations of character, from Nebraska to Rhode Island, while the subject matter proved to be all a hoax. Recent death of a sister of Mrs. Benton was announced, account given of the disposition of her property, arrangements for the funeral set forth, accounts of telegrams on the way given, consolations offered, passages of the Scripture mentioned hap-hazard by chapter and verse to be read for comfort and soon. Coming deaths in addition were prophesied and the present doings of scattered members of the family described. Directions were given about getting the money for a trip to Nebraska without delay, also for better health conditions by taking more rest, etc., etc. We were all requested to do certain things about keeping up the fire, closing the windows before Henry, the son, should come home, who is "Most sick now," and such like things. Some advice and comments regarding my new machines were also given, while this present

one was said to be "truly prophetic" and "more reliable than Ouija," though persons in general would not be able to work it alone, as did Mrs. Benton, because "they are not spiritual enough."

At a subsequent trial of the same receiving machine, April 16th, in the hands of Mrs. Benton, when the whole story of April 2nd had been exploded by the lapse of time, Cora confessed through the spelling that she had been the instigator of the whole scheme of falsehoods, giving as her reason, "You were in such haste to see it, (the machine) work that I couldn't stop to tell the truth." Mrs. Benton in reply to my inquiry whether she thought Cora would carry joking to such an almost unbelievable extent, assented that she could readily think she would, and that indeed this very reply last given was so characteristic of Cora that she could accept it as indicating the presence of Cora herself. There were serious points occasionally, enough to show the operator could be straightforward if she would. At the house of a friend Mrs. Benton had taken up the Ouija a few days before, and through it Cora had announced that on the evening we were first sitting Mr. Dayton would come, who had a room at the Benton house when business called him to the vicinity. We were interrupted by his arrival, when our Ouija spelled, "I told you Mr. Dayton was coming tonight." At the last sitting we were informed, "The little boy that you treated is much better and the doctor will send you many patients." Only a few months later a lady came in and verified the fact by saying that the doctor had just made his regular call, not knowing of the mental treatment, and had pronounced the boy referred to, sick with typhoid fever, much improved.

Query. Were these harum scarum misleading messages, so glibly given simply a sad instance of the subliminal rectitude of a pious old lady gone fearfully astray? Were they a lamentable example of truthfulness, wearied through long use, refreshing itself by taking a good jolly day off like a reputable citizen in the story, who had "served the Lord for forty years?"

In many of my experiments my assistants have been for the time, more favored with names of deceased friends than



have I. Hints at names have come to me which I might have finished for myself were it not for the fact that in so peculiar a performance I wished to keep on the safe side of volunteering any part of the production. I was sufficiently remembered, however, taking all together.

In New York, in November, 1895, I made the acquaintance of a lady quite gifted in mediumistic qualities, Mrs. A. E. Burns, and as we were stopping for a time at the same house I had many opportunities to observe her various powers. She knew nothing of my friends or history, I nothing of hers, so there was small chance for guesses or clues if either had wished to use them. She was a very sincere person, and sensible, somewhat interested in spiritualism, but not much of a follower of its customs.

I made a Ouija board with improvements of my own. I had noticed often the confusion arising from an attempt on the part of receivers to read before complete mastery of the notions was secured by the operating power, or when mistakes in pointing out letters had been made, or when control was somewhat lost in the midst of a sentence, or when too rapid movement ran the words together and so on. I therefore not only arranged the letters and figures in my own way, but added besides the usual "Yes" and "No" and "Goodbye" two heavy marks, one on each side of the board each marked "Word separator," also in a convenient place stood "Wrong letter" and "Begin back" and again "End of sentence." These were largely ignored by some operators while others used them with good effect. Quite often Z was pointed out to signify the finishing of a sentence or of a full message, or in place of "Goodbye." I attached great importance in my study of all the cases to the manner of the several operators which varied much as do the ways of different people whom we see and hear.

It was not until the fourth sitting that Mrs. Burns and I were able to receive good reading from my board. (a) Initials "W. J." were given and my own last name was spelled and I was asked by the operator to "Guess" whose were the initials. Naturally I would not have guessed very nearly, as it turned out afterward that they were given backward. At

last, great was my pleasure to have "Joe Warner" plain and complete, the name almost given some seven months before in Boston. Still I was going to put him on his good behavior at the risk of seeming over nice, all on account of my devotion to "scientific proof," that bugbear that must often stand in their way over there, if they happen not to know one's aim or, knowing, care little for it. I said "If this is a Joe Warner whom I know, will you give me your middle initial?" To this came the unexpected and quite terrestrial answer, "Rats." A second test question brought only the same non-committal exclamation. For several sittings there was much matter received that was evasive and frolicsome. Joe Warner's name was received again. He volunteered the information, "My middle initial is —" when the pointer would be hitched along from letter to letter provokingly until it finally spelled "Henry," which was only more of the same old sport, for it was clearly intended to be incorrect. But this was told, "Try on. Reward for patience," and later, after I had been advised in regard to the middle initial to "find out" this was given, "Kind words can never die. I do recall that. You know my meaning."

At the fourth sitting, in addition to the rest, we asked mental questions. Mrs. Burns' was answered by "Yes." I framed a commonplace question in my mind somewhat hastily concerning my time of departure from New York, but took a second thought, and still a third to change it so that some other answer than yes or no would be required. My last form was, "Where shall I be this winter, probably?" To my entire surprise came an answer not to this, but to the first form, and not by yes or no, but in these words, "In the spring," to which was added "Early." (n) (i) The "word separator," "wrong" and "begin back" were freely used on this occasion, as often as there was any difficulty about complete control.

Mrs. Burns had quite an advantage over me in that she was not particularly concerned about the "scientific" aspects of any part of any of the cases. What I considered my own necessities along this direction were really in the way on many occasions, placing me in a position similar to that of



the exacting attorney who in court often puts himself, his witness and even his case to disadvantage through his technicalities. She received at one time, "Warren M." "Mayberry." She exclaimed at once: "I wonder if it is." "Warren Mayberry," was the response, after which many references proving identity were given without delay. His parting was characteristic. The pointer moved down to "Good," in "Goodbye," then came back and spelled "luck." He always used "Good luck!" as his parting word. (g)

Again, "G. Minton" was given. Neither of us recognized it. Then "don't forget your old friend Mint." This revived Mrs. Burns' memories and she said to me that she did have an old friend Mint, but that was his first name, adding, "I wonder if he will spell the last one." In response was given "Mint Thornton," and after a time it came to her that although this friend was universally known as "Mint" his full signature was G. Minton Thornton." (h) (k) The two then conversed on old time topics freely with no riddles intervening. A sentence which he gave was this: "High ambitions never realized in this world, but I shall be fully repaid now for disappointments for after all everything was right."

Once again came a friend for Mrs. Burns, with the strange information, "Horsewhip wins," with references to "Gypsies" and so on. The various hints finally reminded her of a visit she had made to a gypsy camp some years ago with a gentleman who was looking up a horse trade. Mrs. Burns inquired if this friend, and now our probable operator, was there. Ans. "Yes." Ques. "What did you do?" Ans. "Horse," which was brief and unsatisfactory. (g)

As one sentence received gives a view of the difficulties encountered from the "spirit" side in conveying their thought to us, if all according to one method, I shall quote it: "Friends cannot all communicate in this way. Find it hard to use matter as a medium. Can operate train influences better. So sit alone in passive mind and you will receive intentions which will be valuable and can be relied upon. You attract a high class of influences morally and physically, as your life's record shows." This had a sound something like Ar-

nold Kimball, but the author was represented to be a lady "whom you would not know by earth name."

I will quote again upon the same subject. One presented himself to Mrs. Burns by full name, with middle initial, who proved to be her former pastor. He had in those days reproved her for believing in modern spirit intercourse with the world, which now, however, he found to be as she had said. The conversation ran so naturally that I begged the privilege of asking a few questions for myself. I said, "Did you find over there that the life is more than doctrine?" Ans. "Decidedly so. All things work together for good." Ques. "Do you find your companions altogether angelic in that sphere?" Ans. "No, they are as they have prepared themselves in earth life." Ques. "Do you have to change your condition somewhat, that is, become more earthly, or as we say sometimes, materialize to come to us in this way?" Ans. "Yes; it is not always easy to communicate." Ques. "Do you read our thoughts easily when with us?" Ans. "Yes."

Hints were given me again and again of the presence of my brother, who was mentioned in my account of the first trial of Planchette, but until his name should be given in full, I preferred not to "help," and so ran a chance of being deceived by some other who might choose to personate him. One other friend, however, persisted until I was forced to meet him half way, when he repaid me abundantly. "On time! Jim," was given, followed by "U can't guess," and later it was said, "Points unnoticed, watch closely, very closely." It took me some days to properly locate this "On time!" which had been twice given before the above admonition but on waking one morning the force of it dawned on me suddenly. Who had used the expression oftener or more appropriately than my right-on-the-dot, wide-awake, good and true friend and roommate of long past Boston days? He died in 1888. But his name wasn't Jim. On Jan. 15th, 1896, came "How do you do, my friend Egb.?" I said, "I do first rate, I would like to know whom I have the pleasure of meeting." Ans. "Guess." Instead of satisfaction to any succeeding inquiry, a different sort of reply was given. "You remember A——" here my mind was instantly di-



rected to a friend who had recently passed away, and really I looked for "B" to follow, but no, the finished sentence read, "You remember apples." (i) I said that I had not had much to do with apples for some time and a name would help me. A string of names were then given in quick succession, among them being "Tim, Frank, Fred, Leu." It was useless to hold off any longer. I picked out "Fred," my "on time" friend, and asked that if this were correct he might give the last letter of the other name. "E" was given. This was as fantastic as the original "Jim," but it was more correct, as it was a made-up ending for his last name as engraved on a key-ring tag gotten up for him by a humorous shopmate. The W in "Fred Waldorf" suggested to this was a rhyme which he strung out as follows: "W-aa-ll-d-o-r-f-e." And did I not remember the very unusual party of lady friends whom we entertained one night in our spacious top floor parlor originally built for a billiard room, when the handsomest great apples we could find furnished the principal refreshment? I settled down on Fred and made no more ado about it. (h)

As an evidence of the reality of Fred's presence I received a genuine and unexpected test. "King M" was spelled. To Mrs. Burns this meant nothing. To me it meant what was at the same time ingenious and convincing. In our room referred to hung quite a collection of small pictures over the mantel, some of which were relics of former associations. I had been in the musical play of "Queen Esther" in a far-away town and I had photographs in frames of some of the characters clad in appropriate costumes. Among these, arrayed in crown and gorgeous apparel, was myself, the king! My old chum had supplied the initial of my own name in the place of "Ahasuerus," and so had constructed a proof of familiarity which would apply so far as I know, to no one else in the wide world. (f) Having made himself now well known, he soon said for the time, "Good-bye." But I detained him for the inquiry, "Do you find it such a life over there as you expected?" Ans. "Yes, in some respects." I said, "I wish I could see you." Ans. "You will in time." Fred was one of the straightest of the

straight members of a well-known church whose faith embraced the doctrine of heaven and hell in the extremest old style orthodox fashion and he was one of the foremost in trying to save the impenitent from the doom of "being lost." I was anxious therefore, to hear of his experience in the new country. I will quote from some of our various conversations, for he came often now:—Ques. "Have you some message for the old friends?" Ans. "The old friends are scattered somewhat." I said, "I can find some of them, but possibly they would not believe that you came in this way." Ans. "Sceptical, quite, I was much so myself." Ques. "How did you happen to come to me?" Ans. "I am no stranger." Remark. "I waited a long time for you to come." Ans. "Conditions were not right." Ques. "Did you know when I sent for you, or asked if you could come?" (Record Oct. 4, 1895, where I had in so far departed from my usual custom.) Ans. "No." Ques. "Can you give us some description of your life, or information that would encourage or instruct us?" Ans. "You could not comprehend it." Speaking of the old friends and the old church, I said, "They will have something to learn when they get over there, won't they?" Ans. "They will be considerably surprised." We didn't agree, Fred and I, on church matters, but if at any time discussion tended to grow warm he would cut it short by his heartfelt, "Well, Monson, you know I love you." His was true friendship. I said, "What do you think of Monson? Is he a good deal of a heretic?" Ans. "Not quite that." Ques. "Have you met any of my family friends over there?" Ans. "Yes, you would not comp." Ques. "Is it easy for you to work through us?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "How do you operate, through our hands or through our brains?" Ans. "Through hands and brains." Mrs. Burns and I were discussing this when was added, "First through the brain and then through the hands."

On January 24th, 1896, Mrs. Burns and I were favored with visits through the improved Ouija from several good friends, each of whom abundantly proved himself or herself. At one part of the sitting we noticed a change of operators, as indicated by the sort of movement and inquired who was



with us. The reply was "Jim—no James—Jim Shorty." I said, "I guess it is Fred, isn't it?" Ans. "Fred, surely." We were obliged to laugh when he continued, "Rains, Rains, Monson," for outside it was pouring torrents and I had already received a good wetting. Mrs. Burns suggested that I ask a mental question. I then said mentally, "Are you affected by the weather, in your condition?" We had to laugh again, for we got "Go ahead." (i) Fred was prompt, but somehow had missed the question, so I repeated it, still mentally. The answer was, "How can you doubt it?" (n) I then continued orally, "When did you first find me after passing over?" Ans. "Never lost you." Ques. "But you are not with me always?" Ans. "No." Ques. "I mean where did you first come to me especially?" Ans. "Conditions were not favorable." I then asked, "Do all come to consciousness immediately after what we call death?" Ans. "Yes, simply stepping out from one state into another. A glorious change." Ques. "Did you come to perfect health at once?" Ans. "You do not understand our health." Ques. "Do you gradually come to a more perfect condition in respect to what we term health?" Ans. "Progress is one of our laws." Ques. "Progress in every respect?" Ans. "Yes." Then, after a pause, "Perennial youth."

Mrs. Burns, who knew nothing whatever of Fred except what she was now learning through the board, had told me some days before of an "appearance" which had come to her when alone on two successive days at about the same hour, the figure pointing toward my room and evidently attempting to call attention to means of identification. His coat was peculiar, she said, short and as most any one would say, too small for him. He showed also a ring particularly, which he wore. I recalled the day when Fred came to the room with a new sack coat which he tried on to get my opinion of it. The cloth, in my opinion, was a beautiful modest mixture and my first thought was of its excellence and probable high cost, but it was so short and particularly so scant across his rather hollow chest, that my next impression was that he was in trouble over a mistake of the cutter, but no, he "liked it that way," and so would have it. So much for the coat. As to

the ring, I knew perhaps what no one else knew of a time when he wore a certain ring which he had exhibited to me. It belonged to a lady who especially wished him to wear it. She was much older than himself, not perhaps sentimental, but a very earnest friend, and for her sake in quiet remembrance, he wore it. Now I asked Fred, "Did you appear to Mrs. Burns a couple of times and try to make yourself known?" We thought the pointer was stopping at "No," but it kept on to M and spelled, "More than 2 times."

It was not until May 12th, 1896, that Mrs. Burns and I were able to sit again with our little machine. Movement began very soon. Our regular correspondent was doubtless aware that I was soon to leave the city, for we received, "How long I have waited for this talk! I am glad to avail myself of this last opportunity. Fred." We here explained the various reasons for our neglect, to which was answered, "I understand how it is." Now followed to our surprise, "Blue Lights." This doubtless referred to an unusual occurrence of the day before. Mrs. Burns and I were talking at my door as dusk was coming on, when she informed me that she saw blue lights about my head. I did not question Fred about them, as I now wish I had. He continued, "You will meet together, but not soon. Try to concentrate your thoughts." What followed was evidently intended for myself. "Take good care of your health, for you have much to finish and accomplish." As I then spoke of my earnest desire to produce a receiving machine of the sort before alluded to, the conversation continued, "You will be able to communicate in a way you do not at present dream of. What you call electricity will be the main factor." Upon my inquiry as to the exact application of this remark, it was explained, "Mortals will have the power, but time will elapse." Ques. "Have you any special advice which you wish to give just now, on any matter?" Ans. "Health first of all. Keep cool." Ques. "Can you come to me with some other person where I may be?" Ans. "Undoubtedly I can, but do not be deceived." Ques. "Will someone else come, perhaps, giving your name?" Ans. "Not exactly that way." Ques. "Have you met some mutual acquaintance of whom you could speak?"



Ans. "It would delight me much if I could communicate with you at the right time. They come and go, in and out of each others range, and from the sphere in which I am at present I cannot tell you what you would like. I wish you could understand how it is with us." I asked, "Is what you refer to as your sphere somewhat of your own choice?" Ans. "Development and progress is our law." Ques. "Do you think I will sometime be able to see 'blue lights' and persons who come in spirit form?" Ans. "You have many gifts, my friend, but not that." Looking again to the future, he said, "I see you will succeed. The unexpected will happen. Take good care of your health. Goodbye." This caution with regard to health repeated over and over again, had great significance as coming from Fred, whose suggestions for my physical welfare had in his own last days far excelled anything I had felt keenly for myself. Particularly just now the matter was noticeable while the question of such safety was not an item giving me distinct concern.

Query. When two strangers come together, each ignorant altogether of the other's history and affairs, what magic is it that enables them simply by placing their hands passively together on a little board, to give names, circumstances and events, each from the other's record, interspersing them with illustrations and remarks original to and characteristic of friends scattered here and there through the recollection of each, who thus, like real persons, established their identity?

I will give you an abbreviated account of quite a remarkable series of experiments tried in a certain town, say in New Hampshire, which I shall call North Hatfield. My father, at this time ten years deceased, was for many years pastor there, we will say of the Presbyterian church, and when I was a youngster living at home, and afterward a young man, often visiting the place, I knew pretty much everybody within reasonable limits of the vicinity. A certain man who for many years held a prominent position of trust there, Mr. Loring Buxton, was noted as an unbeliever in a future existence, an opposer, theoretically, and sometimes openly, of churches and all teaching based on a supposed spiritual revelation. He was particularly antagonistic to anything like modern "Spir-

itualism." He and I had always been friendly and had often discussed together such things as we thought could be really found out, reaching over sometime to those on which we could form a more or less reasonable opinion. He died leaving children. One of these was Mrs. Martha Milburne, wife of Jackson Milburne. They lived near the Buxton homestead, which was occupied by a son, Manton Buxton, his wife Nettie, and their son Richard, who was the only grandchild. Since Mr. Buxton's death I had wondered often whether evidence of his continued existence somewhere could be obtained. I knew of no more likely place to run across him speaking naturally, than about his former haunts. I knew Mrs. Martha Milburne to be one of the most genuinely frank and honest-minded persons that could be found. Would she consent, church believer and member as she was, to engage in such a disreputable undertaking as an attempt to converse with the so-called dead? I visited my former town, we will say about the year 1900, thirteen months after the death of Mr. Buxton. I stopped at the house of a relative only a few doors away from the Milburnes and one day out in his garden met Mr. Jackson Milburne, who in his comments on "this hard old world" ventured his opinion that it was probably all the one we should ever know. He, though also a church member, had come later to this conclusion. It was my golden opportunity, particularly as the wife came out and joined in the conversation at this very moment. She agreed to experiment with me at my humble "machine," not to seek her relatives in particular, as I had not proposed or mentioned this, but following the trend of our general remarks, and in the way of curiosity or accommodation, though she said she did not believe in "spirit communication, even if it were proved."

We tried our board May 22nd and May 23rd, getting movement the first evening, but no spelling until an hour and a quarter after commencing on the second. (a) A message to Martha Jackson and Manton was begun but was lost after a few words, the pointer going back again and again to attempt the word following and getting lost each time until the attempt was abandoned and the word "Father" given with



which to close. (e) . We made some guesses to assist in getting the obstinate word, but were answered by "No," spelled with the single letters. (i) On May 24th, after a short time of sitting, the sentence of the previous evening was attempted and again went astray after the same full word as before, when after quite a pause a sentence was thrown in as though from another operator. "I don't care to but can if it is best. Then came what seemed to be off-hand practice by the same operator as at first, "Are you to be—this—Hobart—are—home—stay there." For some strange reason the original sentence had struck a snag every time after "home." After this practice the wording was changed by the operator and the whole went through, rather mixed, but pertaining to a matter of keeping the home secure by means of a loan to be obtained on another lot, this being advised which was told sometime afterward pertained directly to matters well understood by the Milburnes. Mrs. Milburne asked who was talking and was answered "Father." I said, "Then you must have found a place where folks live over there?" Ans. "I have excelled in all things. I have got Jackson. Let me hear your suggestions—Light—Nettie, I thank you for my fine young Richard.—Now goodnight."

On May 26th, there was considerable by play as if some irresponsible parties were trying their powers with us, though there was some hint of Mr. Buxton's presence when a certain remark was addressed through the board to Gage Milburne, brother of Jackson, who made his home with Jackson. On May 31st, after some wandering words came this, evidently from Loring Buxton, "Martha, I have seen how I would have been if in every case I had my own way." I asked, "Do you mean better or worse?" Ans. "Worse." Ques. by Martha. "In what respect?" Ans. "I should not have seen things that I have seen since I came here?" Ques. by Martha. "Where are you?" Ans. "In heaven." She remarked this sounded like her father for he used to say that wherever the rest went he was going. She continued, "Have you met any one you know?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Who?" Ans. "Lizzie Whiting. Goodbye." This last like the "No" before mentioned was spelled in full instead

of pointing to the "Goodbye" furnished on the board. (f) Lizzie was housekeeper in the Buxton family for many years and was like a mother to Martha and her brother Manton, until she married and went away. She died a few years before Mr. Buxton. We kept our hands on the indicator notwithstanding the goodbye and a considerable pause thereafter, and were finally favored with this: "Jackson, I have seen your mother." Some one asked "Are they all happy over there?" Ans. "Yes." I remarked, "Well, I am very anxious to know whether you have met our old friend Mr. Kean." Ans. after some hesitation, "No." (i) I had in mind Mr. Hervey A. Kean, who had lived near Mr. Buxton, and being an enthusiast in the *ism*, had importuned him often to examine modern evidences as he regarded them, of the future life. Mr. Buxton had no disposition in that direction and had tried to be respectful, but had found it difficult to be as much as that. A message then given for Manton, and Goodbye again, after we had been assured that it was Mr. Buxton who was still speaking.

After another pause I asked, "Is there some one else to come?" This answer, the beginning of what turned out to be an exceedingly interesting series of conversations, was now given: "Egbert Monson, I respect your efforts to get men to believe why this world is not our home. Let us trust in God." Ques. "Who is saying this?" Ans. "Hervey Kean." Ques. "Which Hervey Kean?" Ans. "F. Goodbye." This "F" was the middle initial of a son of Hervey A. just now spoken of. He had lived a good many years in another part of the country where he married twice, having children by his second wife none being left living from his first. He was a partner there in business with the relative, I will say my cousin with whom I was now stopping, my cousin having moved back to the old home in North Hatfield. The two were also in the same Company together in the Civil War. Hervey was not in sympathy with his father's belief regarding spirit communication. He passed away two months before the present sitting. The fact of his coming I knew would be interesting to my cousin, Mr. Fred E. Bufford, so he in turn began to wonder about this mysterious machine



and we tried it together on two occasions out in the barn in his little office. After one and a quarter hours' waiting the first time we got our names in succession, "Frederick" and "Egbert L. M." (a) Two days afterward on Decoration Day, after some delay, we got this: "H-K-L-Wrong-I-Wrong-H. F. Kean," and afterward "K" twice again and no more.

June 2nd. At Mrs. Milburne's again, we first received a few wandering words: "Have you been down before the dawn," etc. Then the pointer moved to "Begin back," and a new sentence was given: "Here I am." Ques. "Who is it?" Ans. "Hervey Kean." Ques. "Have you some good word for us?" Ans. "I am happy here." Ques. "What do you call the place where you are?" Ans. "Heaven." Ques. "Do you find lots of friends there?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "As many as there were here?" Ans. "No." Ques. "Have you met any persons whom we know and whose names you can give us?" Ans. "Yes, Daniel West, Enos Bearse." Wonder of wonders! Daniel West was a citizen of North Hatfield who passed out away back over twenty years ago. None of us had thought of him since we could hardly remember when. (k) Enos Bearse was choir master in our church for a generation, had been gone from us sixteen years, was a patriarchal gentleman and "Uncle" to the whole town. Ques. "Are any of these with you?" Ans. "Yes." We remarked that this must be a new way for them to be coming to us. Ans. "No." Remark. "Well, it must be a new way to you." Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Can you tell us of more whom you have met?" Ans. "James Davidson." This was a well-known townsman who died the previous year, age sixty-four. Ques. "Does it seem like home at once over there?" Ans. spelled by the letters, "Yes." Ques. by myself, "Have you met any of my folks?" Ans. "Brother Gilman." At this I was much delighted, as it seemed more direct than all the references and hints I had received before. I asked, "Does he come to see some of us often?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Has he changed?" Ans. "No." Ques. "Can he come himself to talk to me sometime?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Is Uncle Enos as full of music

as ever?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. by Mrs. Milburne, "Does he play?" Ans. "Harp." Ques. by myself, "Have you got your harp yet?" Ans. "No." Remark, "I guess you will be able to play it all right." Ques. by Mrs. Milburne, "Have you seen your father?" Ans. "Yes, I have seen all of my family who have come over." Remark, "It must have been a happy meeting." Ans. "Indeed it was." Ques. "Fred Bufford has been thinking about you a good deal lately. Have you any word for him? He is coming to believe a good deal in this sort of thing." Ans. "Keep on believing." He assured us that he had been present with Fred and myself at our recent experiments.

Next came the mother of Jackson and Gage Milburne, also reminded Gage that she had seen his son, mentioned by name, who passed over four years before, alluding to a friend, Henry Goodrich, whom he had found on arriving, a neighbor with whom he was quite happy. Another neighbor was mentioned, Edward Mason, whom we all knew, who died about the same time as Gage's son, Albert, also Mrs. Milburne's brother, Harold. (h) Jackson here inquired "Is there not as much beyond you as your present condition is beyond this earthly life?" Ans. "We shall learn more and see greater things." Ques. by Martha, "Can you see beyond where you are now?" Ans. "O yes."

Again the operator changed and we received, "Have you had to fear after punishment? Do not any more. All are happy." Ques. by Martha, "Who is this?" Ans. "Father. Do not worry about me. All is well with me." Ques. "What kind of a place is it?" Ans. "Beauty everywhere. Goodbye." Note the peculiar expression, "*after* punishment." I am not sure that I ever heard just this used elsewhere. (f)

On June 5th, after a few preliminary words, we received, "Fred Bufford I would so much like to have you talk with me." Ques. "Who is it?" Ans. "Hervey Kean." I here explained that Fred was not feeling well this evening, consequently had not accepted my invitation to come over, adding however, "shall I go and get him?" Ans. "Yes." I ran over to the house and after astonishing my cousin with a re-



hearsal of the request, received his promise to come. Then returning and taking again my position at the board, we had this: "Will he come?" I answered "Yes, he will be here in a few minutes." To which came the reply, "Good," adding, "I do not wish to make too much trouble." I replied that the trouble was nothing. We were only too glad to have him with us. Just here Fred Bufford came in. I said, "Here is the gentleman himself." Our friend Hervey spelled through Mrs. Milburne and myself, Fred Bufford sitting by, "I am glad to see you, Fred." Fred replied, "I can't see you, Hervey." Ans. "I am here with you." Fred then said, "I have been thinking of you very much lately, Hervey. I thought of you Decoration Day. I asked your wife to put a bunch of flowers on your grave for me at 11 o'clock and at just 11 I was decorating a grave here. We all thought of you, for your name was mentioned as a comrade." Ans. "I thank you." Ques. "Did you know that I received a long letter from your wife in which she told all about you, all about your sickness, etc., did you know about that?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Well, Hervey, what can you say to us?" Ans. "I am very happy here. I have seen many dear friends." Ques. "Have you seen Edward Mason?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Have you seen Mr. Buxton?" Ans. "O yes." Ques. "Have you seen my father?" Ans. "No, I think he has passed further on." Ques. by myself, "To what you would call another 'sphere?'" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Do they not come back sometimes?" Ans. "They do not come back here again. We may meet beyond this. I cannot wish to come back." Ques. by myself, "Can you describe to us the place where you are, tell us anything of it that we could understand?" Ans. "It is beyond description." Ques. by Fred, "Would you like to talk with your wife, if you could communicate with her?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Do you want me to write to her telling her about this?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "And telling her that it was your wish that I should do so?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Well, is there some special message that you wish to send as coming from you to her?" Ans. "Tell her I am happy here." At this point Fred thought to inquire whether Hervey had seen his

little boy who died. Turning to me he said, "Let's see, what was his name, Hervey Oatman?" I said I thought not. I thought Hervey Oatman was the one who was living. We asked, "What was the little boy's name?" Ans. "Hervey." We could not understand this, unless we might suppose that the first wife, greeting the little boy before the arrival of her husband, had chosen for recollection sake, to name him Hervey. A future reply somewhat supports this purely voluntary supposition.

The present interview with Hervey closed with "My love to them all," and "Goodnight."

On June 7th, we received, "Egbert, will you be so kind as to tell Fred Bufford that I have found my dear wife." Ques. "Who is it talking?" Ans. "Hervey." Ques. "You mean that you have found Lillian?" Ans. "Yes, and my boy Hervey." Here again we were confused and spoke among ourselves of Hervey Oatman as the one living and of Rudolph Sparrow as the one who died. Ques. "Had the one who died another name?" Ans. "Thomas." He then added, "We called them both Hervey." Now Thomas was the name of a brother of Hervey's living, so here was something of a mixture. Our openly mentioning the true name certainly left it no secret to whomsoever or whatsoever was engineering this conversation. "Hervey" and "Thomas" then must have had some origin, naturally speaking, outside of ourselves. Both boys had been named from family connections. Is it not quite possible that for some satisfactory reason "Hervey Thomas" was the new name given "over there?" (k) It may be well enough to say the first wife and the second had been near neighbors, inseparable friends and like sitters always to each other.

On June 9th, at the same place, we received, "Egbert, have you been by Thomas' house since Father died?" Ques. "Who is this?" Ans. "Hervey." I explained that I was there last evening and that we were trying to get some messages. This was for the benefit of Thomas and his wife, Etta Stern Kean, who were living on the old Kean homestead and for Mrs. Kean's mother, Mrs. Mary Stern, a widow, then stopping with them all of whom had been curious to know



whether they might bring to proof some of the claims for which spirit intercourse with the world which had been believed in by the elder Mr. Kean. We accomplished something, but results were slow. This had come by hitches: "Papa—Etta—Father—Thomas—," with attempts at something further finally abandoned through difficulty. (a) I now inquired of Hervey, "Wasn't you there?" Ans. "No." I continued, "They want me to come again tomorrow night. I am sorry that I did not ask you to come when you was with us last, but I was not sure of being there myself. Can you come tomorrow night?" Ans. "Yes." I further explained, "We thought we got your father and Samuel Stern. Do you think they were there?" After quite a hesitation we were answered, "Yes." Ques. "Do you want to send some particular word to Thomas?" Ans. "I want him to come to Foster Mayberry's to do some business." Before the word "Mayberry's" there was a long hesitation for some reason. Ques. "Will Thomas understand about it?" Ans. "I think so." I said, "We will tell him anything you want to have us say." Ans. "Do not fret, for Foster will do what is right." Not one of us present had the slightest knowledge of any business between these two, so I said to them, "Here is a chance to see if what is received in these messages comes, as some say, from our minds." (g) I remarked, addressing Hervey, "I hope you will help us all you can tomorrow night. Mrs. Stern wants to be sure that what comes through this board is straight." Ans. "All right, I will be there." Ques. "Do you see my brother Gilman often?" Ans. "No." Ques. "Is there some way that you can get word to one another easily if some particular one is wanted?" There was quite a pause and for some reason the answer did not come. I then inquired, "Is there a sphere below you?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "What do you call that?" Ans. "Down, do not get far at a time." Ques. "Can you tell us what is the best preparation in our lives here to get a good place there?" Ans. "To do as near right as we can. It is all that is expected of us." Ques. "Then the life is more than doctrine?" Ans. "Yes, be honest, do not deceive." As I spoke again of tomorrow night, he said, "I shall be there. Goodbye."

On the morning of June 10th, I went to the home of Thomas Kean to deliver the message from Hervey. It was not far away from my cousin's and the home of the Milburnes, but a little out of my ordinary thoroughfare. Well might the question of Hervey's be asked, "Have you been by Thomas' house?" etc. The appearance of the whole neighborhood was changed. Where across the street had been a large pasture lot, fine houses were now erected and a wide avenue had been laid out crossing the old street and running directly through the farm lands of the Keans. This I had seen before, yet how was Hervey to know of my wanderings and explorations? It was not until I reflected thus that I got over wondering a little at his question. I found Thomas outside and made known my strangely received tidings concerning business about which he was to cease to fret, asking him, "Is it anything which you recognize?" He smiled broadly and said, "Of course I do, but it isn't Foster Mayberry, it is Foster Fairfield, I haven't got any business with Foster Mayberry." I then told him about the wandering and hesitation before the name Mayberry. "Well," said Thomas, "he has forgotten the name. He did not know Foster Fairfield very well, but I know what the business is well enough." He explained to me that it had to do with closing up the deal which was made when the avenue was opened through his farm. Obligations of his own had been assumed by Fairfield, and the time of settlement having run by without their being met, Thomas was coming to feel quite ill at ease about the matter. One of Hervey's last acts, shortly before he died, had been to visit Thomas and, uniting with the other heirs, to deed his share of the Kean estate to Thomas.

On the evening of the same day I met my engagement at Thomas's house. As Mrs. Etta Kean had done better than the others in receiving on the first evening, she and I took the experiment in hand together now and we soon got movement, tho with many references at first to "Wrong," "No," and "Begin Back." Finally we got "Hervey." Ques. "What Hervey?" Ans. "F." Next after that, "Give not a care of Foster Fairfield. Herv. F." So Hervey had come as he promised and not only that, but had repeated his mes—



sage in person and in so doing had corrected the name over which he puzzled at first. Following was news from all as one might say, names of relatives of the Kean and Stern families being given freely, with characteristic expressions and unlooked-for announcements.

Query. Did our minds, guided by some strange power to be found within themselves, guess out and spell to ourselves this errand which we took outside to find it recognized and suited to the special time and circumstances? Did we make an engagement with some sort of travelling sub personality that it should meet another circle at another time, and haply was it found on hand?

On June 7th, at Mr. Jackson Milburne's, an important reading was given aside from the one already quoted. It seemed that it had been noised abroad over among our departed friends that the line was open to North Hatfield, and we knew not at any time who might come next. Imagine our wonderment when the following unique language was given us about five minutes after we were in readiness:—

"Egbert, I stand here upon a rock so far around the top that I can not see so far about here as I would wish to, but the beauty is indescribable, so grand and so fine, rested upon a beautiful valley about as low as the Connecticut." (g) Ques. "Who is this who is talking with us?" Ans. "Enos Bearse." I remarked, "So this is Uncle Enos Bearse who has really come to see us?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Then you must have hills and valleys and trees and what we call scenery, something like what we have here?" Ans. "O Yes, more beautiful than can be imagined. Resting upon a frail foundation can be seen a superb castle in elegant pattern." (g) Ques. "Then there are things there such as we know on the earth, only finer, less material?" Ans. "Yes."

After a slight pause the pointer moved to "Goodbye," but I begged our friend not to leave us so abruptly and said, "I want to inquire, have you met my father?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Is he in the same place with you?" Ans. "No." Ques. "Has he gone on beyond you?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "So far as you can judge from your experience do they sometimes come back again after passing on?" Ans. "He has

not been back since passing beyond." Ques. "Is there communication between the different spheres?" Ans. "Yes." Ques. "Can you tell us what it is which determines whether one shall go on to another sphere? Is it some moral quality, or what we would call a religious condition, or an intellectual condition, or some other? Please tell us if you will in words of your own, if it is something which we can somewhat understand." Ans. "I suppose it is his intelligence. He was fitted in every way." Ques. "He was with you then for a while at least long enough for you to see him?" Ans. "Yes."

Some other conversation was had, in which Mr. Bearse informed me that he too had seen my brother Gilman, when Mrs. Milburne asked, "Have you seen my father?" Ans. "Yes, he was with me on the rock." I remarked, "It must be glorious to be there and to see such things as you see together." Ans. "O yes—Goodbye."

Occasionally there would come an evening when those we were accustomed to meet were apparently occupied elsewhere. On one such occasion, after a wait of five minutes or more, an operator came giving a strange name and spelling disjointed sentences. Then another giving also a strange name and an original address, and still another doing likewise. Next came one who moved the pointer about in circles quite briskly at few times, then pointing to "Goodbye." After him another who moving the indicator very smoothly and much faster than the rest spelled, "No one at home tonight. Goodbye." (d)

As an illustration of difficulty in getting responses to our efforts with the machine at sundry times when the fates are not propitious I will say that nearly two years after the series of sittings last described, I tried again with Mrs. Milburne on four evenings, March 3rd, 4th, 8th and 10th, for whatever might come, getting at the first time, after half an hour's silence and then only with prolonged effort, "Not tonight, Goodbye." At the second, the letters A, B, C, D, E, were pointed out, then "Have no—" when the power gave out entirely. At the third, Jackson and myself being the participants, we got, "I did have a—" and "I wish might—" when further effort on the part of the operator was aban-



doned. At the fourth night, Jackson and Gage Milburne trying together, after some random movements, the word "Charged" was spelled, after which nothing more. (b) (m)

About two years after this trial, on a Sunday evening, I called on the Milburnes again, sitting at the board with Mrs. Milburne. Three weeks before this my cousin before named, Fred Bufford, had passed away. For half an hour, there was only slight and labored movement. Then a fairly good control was effected. Several stops had been made at "G," when was spelled, "Gage, I find everything perfectly, wonderfully beautiful here. Let me have no doubts." It must be remarked that Gage Milburne, as well as his brother Jackson, had been coming to the conclusion that there was no future life.

The movement was methodical, the letters used being as a general rule just covered to the top by the pointer, and "Wrong letter" and "Begin Back" were indicated when anything not intended was given. I inquired "Who is it that has given this message?" Ans. "Fred Bufford." Ques. "Are you working this yourself?" Ans. "Yes, I am with you tonight." Ques. "Who else is with us, with you?" Ans. "George Lawrence." This was the name of one who was a resident of the town a good while ago, not one of the natives, and who died a few years since having at the time been long absent elsewhere. For myself, I had not been aware of the death and his name was one neither of us would have dreamed of having mentioned. (k) I said, "Rather than ask questions we will hear from you, whatever you have to say." He then continued, "I have seen Hervey Kean. He is happy." I said, "Do you remember asking me, do you think they will be there to meet us?" The reply was, "They are here." In response to our inquiries he informed us that he had met his father and mother, adding, "I love to be here." As he now hesitated and as we, the receivers, were both becoming tired from long holding our hands in readiness, I inquired, "Have you anything more to say, anything that you missed saying before you went?" Ans. "No, not at this time. Love to you all." Ques. "Will you come again some

time when I want to talk with you?" Ans "O yes. Good-bye."

Hoping for more from the same source, we tried again Jan. 21st and 28th, the successful meeting having been on Jan. 14th. On the 21st, though we sat for half an hour, there rested, and then tried for nearly as long again, we got nothing. The pointer was as still as though it had never moved. On the 28th, after four minutes there was motion, and for some time attempts at pointing out, but so difficult was the operation that "Goodbye" was at last indicated. I regretted that we must have "Goodbye," but the indicator moved to "Yes" and we could get nothing further. (b) (m)

The foregoing are selections only from many records. It is still the matter and the manner that call for constant study as we pass along.

Query. Has the subliminal mind power to bring the dead and buried into life, to clothe them with characteristics such as only they possessed; to put words into their mouths that link them to a knowledge of the past, yet connect them with newness of habitation which they in part describe, and with circumstances such as are frequently of different nature from what they had all along supposed would be; to sort for them from along the scattered years and distances companions with whom they claim to have made new acquaintance; to feign for them familiarity with the affairs of those living whom they knew, sometimes going beyond the knowledge of those with whom they purport to converse; to introduce into their conversations difficulties, failures and mistakes, made forsooth for the express purpose of laboriously correcting the same; to give them independent methods of address, power of selective quotation from memories of events, pertinence in counsel and remark; and having done all to say for them "God bless you," and "Goodbye," and return them once more to silence, from whence they came?



IV.

**A RECORD OF EXPERIENCES IN PLANCHETTE  
WRITING.**

**By Charles Morris.**

[The following paper was sent to me by Dr. Weston D. Bayley, of Philadelphia, who knew the writer and put me into communication with him. I wrote to the gentleman for some statement in regard to the paper and the persons involved in the record and attestation of the facts. The following was his reply.]

May 31st, 1908.

My dear Prof. Hyslop:

I have your favor of the 29th inst. and in reply would state that I was not aware that Dr. Bayley had sent you the planchette record in question. I have not seen the doctor for several months, but am aware that he had several copies of the record, one of which was sent to Dr. Hodgson some years ago. I read the paper as a communication before the Philadelphia Branch of the Society for Psychical Research some two or three years ago, and it was received with much favorable comment by the members as the most interesting communication received during the brief active career of the Branch.

As regards your questions, there is no particular reason why the names of the parties participating should be kept secret, as the more than thirty years that have elapsed have removed any special need of secrecy. I wrote an introduction to the paper at the request of Dr. Bayley, giving the circumstances under which the writing was done. I presume this accompanies the copy which he sent you.

Now as regards the personages. I am the Mr. M. of the record. The Mr. F. is a Mr. Ford, who is still living, a very old man, but who, I think, will remember the general trend of the circumstances. It was he who made the record, directly from the planchette papers, and afterwards selected the questions and answers which seemed to him of especial interest. I do not know in what way he disposed of the remainder—probably he destroyed them. I have no doubt, however, he will be willing to give any information his failing memory retains of the circumstances. I remember them quite vividly and stand responsible for the cor-

rectness of the introductory statement given. It was written by myself and embodies my recollections and opinions.

The medium, Miss McD., was a Miss McDowell. She has been dead some eight or ten years. She was a woman warmly devoted to the cause of her sex, and a writer on this subject of unusual ability. For many years she conducted the "Woman's Department" in the "Sunday Dispatch," a prominent Philadelphia paper of that time. She was also active in reform and charitable work in other directions and was very highly regarded by many prominent people in Philadelphia, among them John Wanamaker. I knew her for many years before her death and can speak in the highest terms of her honesty of purpose. She had no special interest in spiritualism before this series of planchette writings began, tho previously she had experiences which showed her to be a psychic of unusual powers.

Mr. Ford is a gentleman of some scientific reputation, for many years an active member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, his special attention being given to Conchology, in which he made a large collection of specimens. As for myself, my life for many years has been devoted to literature, and I have a small fleet of books with my name attached floating round the world.

As for the communications: the Mr. McD. was Miss McDowell's father; the Phebe, Mr. Ford's wife; the Rettie, a Mrs. Banister who had been an intimate friend of the parties concerned before her death; the Mr. U. a Mr. Ulrich, a tobacco merchant Mr. Ford and I had known in youth. This I think answers your questions, but I shall be glad to give any further information in my power. I can attest that the three parties concerned were thoroughly unprejudiced investigators and that the two gentlemen, while absolutely convinced of the honesty of the medium, were careful to surround the sittings with such test conditions as planchette writing admitted of.

Yours sincerely,  
CHARLES MORRIS.

[With this introduction the paper will explain itself. It is given here as a record of experiences or experiments conducted under reasonably scientific conditions for satisfying the interest of the parties present, and not for any rigidly test objects. The reporter would not quote it as proof of any large theory and it is not pretended here that it is such. But it will serve a useful object in the collective mass of facts bearing upon the fundamental interests of psychic research. There are incidents in the record that will corroborate, if they



will not prove, the contentions of more elaborately scientific experiments, and for this reason will have considerable importance in the course of the future years.—Editor.]

### **Introductory Statement.**

The series of experiences in Planchette and automatic writing given below call for a preliminary statement, descriptive of the conditions under which they were received. The circumstances attending them were the following:—A lady (the "Rettie" of the communications) had died in the spring of 1872, and the room which she had occupied had been taken by one of her friends. This lady (the Miss McD. of the communications) had shortly before become interested in Planchette writing, and had found, after some experiments, that the board would move freely and rapidly under her hand. Shortly afterward, being disturbed by some mysterious noises in the room which she had taken, Planchette was applied to with the hope that it would give some explanation of these sounds. This fact is stated in the opening part of the record.

Three persons took part in the investigation that followed, Miss McD., the medium or psychic, and two of her gentlemen friends, the Mr. F. and Mr. M. of the record. The experiments had in no sense the character of professional mediumship, but were conducted by the three friends indicated as a private investigation, with the single desire to discover their cause and origin. The medium had for years before been widely known as a prominent newspaper writer of Philadelphia, and her earnest services in the cause of woman had won her high respect. The gentlemen had known her for a number of years and had every reason to put the highest confidence in her integrity. They had both been long accustomed to scientific investigation, and the sittings were conducted throughout in a critical and questioning spirit, in order, if possible, to trace the phenomena to some other than the professed cause.

Sittings were held several times weekly for a number of months, many communications being received. Those given in the record were copied from the original writings by Mr. F., who was very careful to give the exact wording of the

questions and answers. They comprise a small selection from the whole mass of writings, and are largely confined to descriptions of the conditions of spirit life. Many communications of a test or evidential character were received, some of them very satisfactory. But as the evidence of these as a rule appealed mostly to the members of the circle, Mr. F. did not deem it necessary to preserve them, except in one or two instances, keeping only those which especially interested him.

In regard to the method in which these writings were performed, it should be stated that the medium wrote readily with the pencil in hand, but the communications in this record, so far as the present writer remembers, were generally written by *Planchette*, on which more than one person placed their hands. These writings were all reversed, forming what is known as *mirror writing*, and needed to be read by reflection in a mirror, yet they were written as rapidly as ordinary writing, while the efforts of the medium to produce writing of this kind of her own volition were very slow and awkward. It may be said further that the medium was throughout in her normal state of wakefulness, and that the communications came directly from the professed writers, not through an *intermedium*, as in the case of Mrs. Piper.

An interesting fact is the following: While the medium got many communications professing to come from her father, not a word could be obtained from her mother, despite her frequent and earnest appeals. This was a strong argument against the theory that the communications came in some way from the action of her own mind. It was the cause of the investigation finally coming to an end, the medium declaring that she was tired of hearing from persons indifferent to her while the person she most loved would not write to her. In a moment of excitement she vowed that she would have nothing more to do with a work in which she had lost all interest.

This vow was kept with much strictness during the remainder of her life, though on a few occasions she yielded to earnest solicitations to try her powers. In her last illness she became highly anxious to have communications and would sit long in futile efforts, but all her power had vanished



and not the least movement of pencil or planchette could be obtained. This fact seems of much importance in any attempt to solve the mystery of these phenomena.

As to the professed communicators, they were in nearly every instance deceased friends of some member of the circle, though frequently persons unknown to the medium. A signal deviation from this was the case of Mary F., given in the record. There were also frequent communications from a person of the far past, professedly a follower of Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender of Scottish history. None of these have been given in the record, as, though interesting and often amusing, they were not evidential. The writer of them, known to the circle as the "Chevalier," was notable for his warm devotion to "Bonnie Charlie," his strict Catholicism, and the angry character of his remarks when anything was said derogatory to either of these. His opinions seemed to be retained intact after a century of spirit life. The medium was of opinion, as she was on one side of Scotch descent, that this writer may have been in her ancestral line.

The character of the communications as a whole calls for some remark. A striking feature in them was the marked personality displayed, which agreed closely with the known characters of the writers, even when unknown to the medium. A notable instance is the communication from Samuel U——, whose ordinary mode of speech is admirably reproduced. The distinction between the impulsiveness and playfulness of Rettie, the gravity of Phebe, and the philosophic earnestness of Wm. McD. was very clearly marked and every professed spirit spoke strictly in character so far as they were known to members of the circle. Another fact militating against the theory that these communications came in some way from the minds of the members of the circle was the strictness of Christian doctrine maintained by many of the writers, this not being in accord with the views held by Miss McD. or Mr. M.; their rigid orthodoxy is a strong point of evidence that they did not originate in the mind of the medium. It will suffice further to say that the communications strikingly suggested the presence of a number of conversing friends, each speaking in his or her usual manner and main-

taining his or her individual views, those of the spirits being often opposed to those of the mortals present. Full names were given, though it has been thought best to use initials in the record.

It may be stated in conclusion that the record here given seems of special value and importance for the following reasons:—(1) No member of the circle had any personal interest in producing results favorable to the spiritual hypothesis, and the investigation was conducted throughout in an impartial and critical spirit. (2) The medium was a well-known literary woman, whose earnest labors in the cause of women in distress had brought her into wide and favorable notice, and who was a personal friend of many prominent Philadelphians. Her name would be sufficient attestation of her earnestness and integrity. (3) The record embraces practically the whole history of her experience in these phenomena, while the fact that her ardent desire to receive communications from her mother proved unavailing is a strong argument against some unconscious psychic power of her own having produced the writings. (4) The individuality of the writers is an argument in favor of their personal action, their mode of thought and speech being in every instance distinct from that of the medium, while their opinions on religious matters were usually opposed to hers, and differed also among themselves. (5) This individual character was correctly displayed in the case of persons whom the medium had never known and probably in some cases never heard the names of. (6) Test communications were often received, though the recorder has preserved only a few of them, deeming the bulk of them of no evidential value except to members of the circle. On the whole, the weight of evidence in the case here presented seems strongly on the side of the theory of spiritualism. The now common explanation of telepathy would need to be strained much beyond its demonstrated powers to fit some of the facts. The record which follows was made directly and immediately from the original planchette writings by Mr. F., one of the members of the circle, and contains such of the communications as were personally most interesting to himself, much that would have been of



importance in a complete record of the case, or that might have been preserved by others, being omitted.\* As will be seen, the questions in the record below are given in brackets, to distinguish them from the answers. The explanatory notes by Mr. M. do not form part of the original record.

### The Record.

Monday Evening, July 15, '72.

[On this evening Miss Anne E. McD., Mr. M. and myself (John) were together in apartments that had been occupied by our friend, the late Mrs. B., who will be known in these notes as "Rettie."

We had been conversing for some time regarding the *causes* of certain manifestations, consisting of *raps*, *footfalls*, etc., that had occurred nightly in the apartments, when it was suggested that some explanation of the phenomena might be had from Planchette. Although two of us at least, Miss McD. and myself, had no faith in Planchette, this suggestion was at once acted upon—each of us placing a hand upon the mystical little board.]

(Is there a spirit present?)

Yes, Margaretta R. [full name given.] I wish to communicate to John. All will be well with him.

[By Miss McD.] (Did you produce certain raps upon the footboard of my bedstead to-day?)

Yes, I wished to inform you that spirits do return to comfort, warn, and aid those they love.

[By John] (Are you happy, Rettie?)

Yes, yes, and I wish you to be, John,—be stout of heart and

\*[I cannot miss this opportunity to express the regret that the makers of this record did not see fit to include with the imperishable part of it the communications centering about "Charles Stuart, the Pretender of Scottish History." They would have been invaluable in illustrating a feature of these phenomena which too frequently fail of record. It was natural to confine attention to the incidents which seemed to have evidential importance and to disregard those which, if they did anything at that stage of the inquiry, tended to throw discredit on the alleged source of the messages. But a more scientific rather than a purely personal interest would have preserved these anomalous communications as helping in the long run to increase or diminish the perplexities associated with such phenomena. I refer to the omission of the reporters in order to impress readers of this paper with the incalculable importance to science of reporting absolutely everything that is obtained in such experiments. The failure of the past to make any progress either in convincing the world of any important truth in this subject or in explaining the perplexities of the alleged messages is directly traceable to the neglect of verbatim records of such phenomena, and the hope is expressed that all who experiment in the future will make a religion of it, so to speak, in reporting every incident that eye and ear may catch in such endeavors.—Editor.]

trust in him who clothes the lilies. Don't forget your religion, John;—what seems to you a dark providence will turn out a blessing.

July 18th, 1872.

[On this evening a spirit purporting to be my wife (Phebe) wrote, giving a number of *tests*; mostly referring to family matters and therefore omitted here.]

Wm. McD., the father of Miss McD., also announced himself. Of him Miss McD. asked the following questions, mentally—

(Are communications by Planchette to be relied upon?)

Not implicitly. Try the spirits whether they be good or bad.

[Mental] (Can we avail ourselves of its teachings?)

Only when they are compatible with truth and common sense. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Wm. McD.

Friday, July 19, '72.

[This evening Miss McD. and myself had been engaged in conversation on the immortality of the soul, and with the hope of getting some light on the subject we turned to Planchette. At once the following was written:]

My dear, spirits do exist and there is nothing incompatible with revealed religion in such a belief. "Wm. McD."

(Do spirits take cognizance of our cares and trials?)

We see effects but do not always see causes.

(Do friends from earth meet in the spirit world?)

They do eventually. I have met many already.

(What prevents their always meeting there?)

The different degrees of progression indicate the different spheres and each soul seeks the sphere demanded by its condition. Or, in other words, the good or bad qualities developed in earth life determine the happiness or unhappiness of those who enter spirit life.

(Do the desires and aspirations of this life continue in the soul after it leaves the body?)

The aspirations and affections do.

(Do spirits suffer?)

In some cases, yes.

(Is the suffering mental?)

Yes.

(Is this suffering a result of wrong conditions or a punishment?)

Only a discipline. God is love.

[At this point there was suddenly written:]

Don't forget your old faith, John; your religion is good enough. "Rettie."

(Do you agree with the McD. communications?)



They are true; but people who are wicked do not progress fast here.

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July 20th, 1872.

[As usual "Rettie" announced herself present.]

(Is it true, Rettie, as some say, that evil spirits only control the answers given by Planchette?)

No, the moral and intellectual character of the medium determines the character of the communications. "Like begets like."

[By Miss McD.] (If my father is present will he tell me why my mother does not communicate with me?)

All spirits do not choose the same means of manifesting themselves. Your mother has never been absent from you, but controls by impressing you. She impresses you morally and affectionately; I intellectually.

[By John] (Is my uncle present?)

Nelson Ford?

[Note of interrogation strongly marked.]

[John] (Yes, have you anything to say?)

Dear John, accept all that is good in this. Distrust all that conflicts with morals and religion.

[John] (How shall I know the correct standard by which to judge these?)

By the inner light, and the standard by which your father judged right and wrong.

[Note—My father's last words were "Jesus is precious."]

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6th evening.

(Is there a spirit present to-night?)

I am with you, Wm. McD.

(Can you tell us whether spirits are punished for sins committed in the body?)

Not as you understand punishment. The punishment is for purification, not for revenge or anger: God is just.

(Is their punishment an endless one?)

Surely not. The law of God is endless progression toward good. All spirits finally come into the possession of unalloyed happiness.

[Mental] (In morals and religion are our lives as correct as they should be?)

Every man must be law and judge unto himself in these matters. We judge none, condemn none.

[By Miss McD., mental] (You have said that I am sick,—what is the matter with me?)

As keen blades cut through their scabbards, so an active mind

will wear out a delicate body. You may avoid this wearing process by believing that as your day is so shall your strength be.

(Do sectarian differences among persons in this life affect their condition in the spirit world?)

There are no sects known here, nor do creeds affect the conditions of spirits save as they have engendered bitterness and animosity in the earth sphere.

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July 23rd, 1872.

[In answer to usual question, "Rettie is present," was written.]

[Mental] (Do spirits have power to harm us?)

Keep a firm faith in God, John, and spirits, however evil or undeveloped, will not harm or lead you astray. There are those among you who make spirits and the theories of spirits square with their own philosophy. Do not trust any teachings which ignore Christ and religion; and do not forget what I told you the other evening,—that God takes care of those who trust in him.

(Will you tell us in what way spirits recognize each other?)

By their likeness to themselves in the earth-life. Do you think I would not know you, John, though divested of your fleshly covering? [Note: Here the name of Mr. McD. was written.]

[By John.] (Is my father present?)

Yes, but cannot communicate.

(Tell me my father's name.)

I do not know it and am not able to get it. There are many conditions in the spirit world that interfere with the communion of its inhabitants.

[John.] (You tell me he is present. Why, then can you not get his name?)

I know by intuition that he is with you and anxious to communicate. I cannot make my meaning plain. There are laws here as simple and yet as incomprehensible as is to you the growth of a blade of grass.

(Who writes this?)

Wm. McDowell.

(Does the judgment of spirits regarding earthly matters depend *solely* upon evidence received from minds with whom they are in rapport?)

Not exclusively. Conditions being favorable, we can see links connecting effects with causes which links are invisible even to those with whom we are most closely in rapport. In regard to the matter that is troubling you now, I have only to add, keep a good heart, trust in God and all will be well with you.

I say amen to that, John. W. McD. is all right. "Rettie."



(How do you like your new life Rettie?)  
It is glorious! I have no desire to return to earth again.

Aug. 3rd, 1873.

[In answer to the usual inquiry "Wm. McD." wrote his name.]

(Have spirits the power of speech and do they exercise that power?)

"Uttered not, yet comprehended is the spirit's voiceless speech."

(Is there anything of a material or tangible character in the spirit world?)

All is very real here. The beauties of the spheres are as tangible to us as the good things of earth are to you.

(Do you ever meet with angels, as we understand the term?)

No, but with the disembodied spirits of noble men and holy women. God has no better angels than such as these.

(Do you mean that no angels live except disembodied ones?)

All spirits do not become in a short period familiar with all of God's creations. I have seen no angels save such as once wore flesh about them.

(Do spirits eat, sing and wear raiment?)

They are clothed with righteousness as with a garment. They neither hunger or thirst nor do they lack any good thing. I cannot possibly make all the laws of spirit life plain to you.

(Are you near us when communicating or do you transmit from great distance?)

We are near you and, were conditions favorable, could touch you and make ourselves visible to you.

(Being a spirit, how could you make your touch apparent to us?)

By the power of *will* which all spirits possess. My daughter [who was present] felt my touch on one occasion. She has already mentioned the fact to you.

(How can a touch by *will* be apparent to the person touched?)

When touched by mortal agency the nerves notify the brain and it takes cognizance of the fact. We impress the brain directly and it telegraphs the sense of being touched to the nerves. Instances of the touch of spirits are not very common, as great passiveness and harmony are requisite on the part of the medium.

(If Rettie is present will she tell us why certain noises by her in this room have ceased?)

Because I have found in Planchette a more satisfactory method of manifesting myself to you.

[Note: Many tests were received on this, and other occasions but being mostly of a personal character they are omitted here.]

[Communication by "Phebe" without question.]

I want you, my dear John, to believe in the existence and intelligence of the soul after it leaves the body, but I would not have you go much among those who are called spiritualists, or become a convert to any theory which ignores Christ and his teachings. Some persons influence only a low and undeveloped class of spirits. Atheists and Deists get those which agree with their own beliefs. There are lying and mischievous spirits out of the flesh as in it.—"Phebe."

Aug. 14th, 1872.

[Rettie announced herself present this evening and as many of the answers given by her, at various times, were of a mirthful character, the following question was suggested:]

(Should not spirits be always grave and dignified in their communications?)

We do not lose our identity on coming here, and if I were as grave as an owl or as wise it would not be characteristic of Rettie B——.

(Is your belief in Christ the same now as when you were on earth?)

Precisely. I believe that Christ's death did really atone for the sins of the world, and that eventually all mankind will be saved.

(Does not the last clause of this answer conflict with some portions of your belief when on earth?)

In Christ as the Son of God my belief is the same, but I have found that God is Love, and condemns none of his creatures to eternal death. Of course I am not yet fully cognizant of all of God's doings, but so far as I know, eternal progression is the law here.

(Who did you first meet in the spirit land?)

My mother.

(Have you met any of the Prophets and Apostles?)

They have progressed beyond my ken.

(Do you agree with the communications from my wife regarding Atheists, Deists and the theories of good and bad spirits, etc. [Communication read.]

Yes, emphatically.

(Is there a literal hell of fire and brimstone?)

No! No! No! No!

(Is not then my belief that hell is a state of mental suffering correct?)

That place where lives the memory of talents abused and duties neglected, is a hell.

[Note: Several tests were given this evening also but we omit them for the same reasons as before stated.]



My daughter, there are a diversity of gifts. It is not your forte to act as medium of spirits qualified to describe the glories and mysteries of the spheres. My powers of description and grace of imagery were never great, neither does my daughter excel in these essential qualifications.

[By John.] (Any child visiting a park could tell whether trees grew there or not?)

We have not trees, brooks, flowers and birds as you have, in material form, but we see verdure more brilliant, flowers more fragrant and of richer hues, and hear music more melodious and ravishing by far than any which greets mortal ears. Each refined, wise and loving soul finds here the full fruition of its tastes and proudest aspirations, whatever those tastes and aspirations may be.

[John to Rettie.] (Are spirits cognizant of time?)

Yes.

[John.] (Is it correct then to say when one has died that he has gone from time into eternity?)

Your birth into the sphere in which you now live was the beginning of eternity to you.

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August 22nd, '72.

[Among a number of communications received this evening were the following:]

[From Phebe.]

I would like to talk to you all the time if by talking I could give you any idea of the pleasure and glory which God gives to his beloved. Think, if you can, of all the most glorious and excellent things you have seen on earth, and believe that better places and more excellent things are to be found in this abode of light and love, beauties and harmonies such as mortal man has never conceived of, and mortal ears have never listened to.

(Is it possible for spirits to grieve?)

It would be if they could not see more clearly than you can that all sorrow is but discipline and that all discipline is love. The lower orders of development do suffer over the unhappiness of their beloved ones in the earth-life, because it is not plain to their obscured mental vision that sorrow is but for a night and that joy cometh in the morning. [Interjected by Rettie.] It is a fearful thing for scoffers to fall into the hands of the living God.

(Who do you mean by scoffers?)

I mean those who deny my God and Saviour. I want you all to know and love Christ as the veritable Son of the living God. I want *you*, John, to trust in the over-ruling providence of God. Trust in God, both boys, [Mr. M. and myself] and work for humanity, for faith without works is dead.

[By Miss McD.] (I do not believe that persons who live up

to their highest light will be tormented by the Creator for a want of Orthodoxy.)

Nobody wants you to believe any such thing; but depend upon it, all is not smooth sailing for those who come here after cutting loose from the anchorage of Christ and his promises. The good God does not torture His children when in *blind* unbelief they err, but before they can progress out of darkness into the marvelous light they must be refined and elevated into a love and veneration of the goodness and power of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ.

[Miss McD. to her father.] (Does not my father think that conscience is the best guide for man?)

If illuminated by the knowledge of and grace of God,—yes! but if merely an instinct, no!—Wm. McD.

[To Rettie.] (Are all those you know in your sphere the same in belief as yourself?)

All that I am in rapport with are, but there are many with whom I have no communication, and of whose opinions and beliefs I know nothing.

[Note: At the time these communications were received the medium, Miss McD., was a disbeliever in the Divinity of Christ.]

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Aug. 28th, 1872.

[Present this evening, Mr. M., Miss McD. and myself. Lewis H. Ford, my father, wrote his name, as also the following:]

Hester [my mother] is with me. Have seen brother Joe and Uncle Nelson; all happy.

(Are you all together?)

At times.

(Are you in the same sphere?)

Not always.

(Have you all arrived at the same grade of advancement?)

[Note: This was addressed to my father but it was answered, as will be seen, by another spirit.]

Those who have been here longest are advanced beyond new comers but they are permitted to come and converse with and welcome us home, John, as I shall welcome you home. "Rettie."

(Do not some spirits advance more rapidly than others?)

Yes.

(Are you not in advance of some who passed from earth before you?)

Yes, through the goodness and mercy of my dear Lord and not because of my merit.

(Is the Lord more merciful to you than to others?)

I feel that he is better to me than my deserts and I do not judge others.



(Is the development of the affectional dispositions more important than that of the intellectual?)

Those in the flesh or out of it best serve God by love shown to their fellow men.

[Communicated without question.]

John, this little board may become the instrument of a great deal of harm in the hands of false and designing mediums if operated upon by themselves or undeveloped spirits. "Phebe."

(Will its use benefit us?)

Yes, if you adhere to the advice given you by so many of your spirit friends, and do not allow any sophistry to shake your belief left you as a legacy by your father.

[Note: Here Wm. McD. wrote his name.]

(Why did you not answer my question in reference to Christ the other evening?)

I do not wish to discuss theological subjects. Keep your own faith and do not question spirits about theirs. There is as much difference of belief with spirits who inhabit the same sphere as there is between mortals in the earth sphere. Like as in a large school, there are here various classes of thought and advancement.

[John:] (But spirits have urged us not to accept any theory which ignores Christ and his teachings. How does this agree with your belief?)

The Christ-life is the best and holiest on record, and no human soul that follows his example and precept can go astray. [Interruption sudden and rapid.]

John, I tell you that Christ is our Lord and Saviour, and that no man cometh to the father save through the Son. Rettie.

[To Rettie.] (Why did McD. shy my question regarding his belief in Christ?)

He did not tell me.

(But spirits have told us that soul reads soul when in rapport. Can you not read his?)

I did read it for you the other evening, and tell you his true sentiment. He is as firm a believer in the divinity of Christ as I am.

[John.] (After all, your knowledge of Christ appears to depend, as does our own, upon that belief which springs from faith alone. I think you always believed that the soul upon leaving the body entered at once into the presence of its Saviour, and yet it seems that you have not realized this belief—what say you?)

I will not answer any questions about these matters further. Love God, believe in His Son, and all will be well with you.

[At this point, Miss McD. and myself expressed some doubts as to whether the communications we received were at all times dictated by spirits or in some instances generated by a natural

force or law unknown to us. In answer to this came the following:]

I want you, my dear husband, to believe in the truth of this spirit communication, but I wish you to reject everything in it that contradicts the truths of Religion. I do not only believe, I *know* that my Redeemer lives. "Phebe."

(Why do not spirits give tests when we ask for them? Is it necessary to accept their communications by faith alone?)

I think you have had sufficient proofs to have induced faith. As certain conditions of air, light and heat are needed to perfect various chemical experiments, so are certain mental and physical conditions necessary to the full exposition of the thoughts of spirits. The very anxiety you feel for tests often precludes the possibility of getting them. "Phebe."

[Communicated without question.]

John, tell my darling sister that if she only knew how good a thing it is to be free from sorrow and pain, safe within our Father's Mansion, she would not marvel that spirits are gay and light of heart. Our Father has many mansions suited to the different degrees of progression. These each contain the best possible conditions for the happiness of those who abide in them. "Rettie."

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Sept. 14th, 1872.

(Is Wm. McD. present?)

Yes, and willing to answer questions.

(Did you, the other evening, hear me read certain communications claimed to have been received by and through the mediumship of Dr. ——— and if so, what do you think of them?)

I did not hear them read, although from the tenor of your remarks I gathered something of the character and claims of the individual.

[John.] (He claims to be in rapport with many well known free thinkers, Voltaire, Paine and others.)

I do not know the medium in question, but if he is a free thinker he would naturally come in rapport with kindred minds outside of the flesh,—undeveloped spirits who have not sufficiently progressed in the Divine Light to recognize God as the Almighty Maker of Heaven and Earth, and Christ as His Son and Co-equal.

(Why is it that a majority of so-called spiritualists are free thinkers?)

Every human soul needs some faith to cling to, and a great many thinking minds appalled, by orthodoxy, throw off allegiance to the church which condemns poor humanity to endless torture, and seek for a religion more humane and reasonable. They believe themselves liberal when condemning the shortcomings of



weak Christians or canting and hypocritical clergy. Infidels affiliate with them in these sentiments, and when the desire for the faith I have spoken of leads them to investigate spiritualism, they do it in company with other—so-called—liberal minds and do attract infidel spirits.

[John.] (Would it be best for me to shun this class of minds?)

If you are not firmly grounded in the faith, yes! for if you are weak and doubting they will surely make the worse appear the better reason. However, to the wise forewarned is forearmed. Looking unto Christ as the author and finisher of your faith, you may venture unharmed even into a lion's jaws.

[Note: As the last sentence was written by Wm. McD. the following endorsement was immediately added:]

That's as true as preaching, John, but I had rather you would keep at a respectful distance from that particular Lion. "Rettie."

[To Mr. McD.] (Why do spiritualists generally regard Planchette as unreliable?)

Because its answers are not sufficiently definite to be explained away or made to coincide with preconceived ideas.

[To the same.] (Are persons in the spirit world respected—i. e.—honored—for superior talents exhibited in the earth sphere?)

Reverence for talent as such, does not exist with us to so great an extent as with you, though such gifts applied for good in the earth sphere do make people happier here. It is love, the eternal God word Love, that makes angels of you mortals when you come here, and helps you to ascend into the sublimest heights of wisdom and glory.

(Are we able to retain and gratify our tastes for literature, science, etc., in your sphere?)

Yes. The desire to know, and the facilities for learning the plans of the Creator, exist in the spirit sphere as well as on the earth.

(Why is the science of spiritual books not superior to that we have here already?)

I cannot explain except upon the hypothesis that mediums are not prepared to receive the revelations that spirits are prepared to make. When scientists of first-class ability and experience shall come with unprejudiced and humble minds to seek information,—through unantagonistic mediums,—they will doubtless get it.

[By Mr. M.] (Is it true, as is said, that drunkards and others of their kin return to earth to gratify their taste for stimulants?)

No! It is false! Our physical appetites do not follow us so far as I know.

(Do you know whether there are only seven spheres?)

No! I know there are a variety of spheres, each containing many different degrees of development, but I do not know their exact number.

(Can spirits visit or know aught of the condition of things on the other planets?)

I cannot, and think that no spirit of the same degree of development can. Neither do I know whether spirits will have power to visit them eventually, but I hope and believe they will.

(Is your sphere boundless?)

No, it has a fixed location, but I cannot tell where. Our language, which has to be learned, is a silent one, being merely a transmission of newly acquired knowledge from soul to soul. It consists in soul reading.

(Do animals attain to a future life?)

All love is immortal. Men arrogate much to themselves in supposing that they alone of God's creatures are blessed with reason and immortality. There are animals in the spirit world that once lived upon earth; and all that you have loved and prized on earth will meet you in the spheres. "Wm. McD."

I only reiterate the fact that you shall have no affectional or spiritual want ungratified. "Rettie."

[To Rettie.] (You have spoken of white, black and red spirits—what do you mean?)

Individuality of race and color is preserved among us, though there is no invidious distinction arising from such cause. All are alike before His Face.

(Is it right for us to keep up distinctions here?)

Yes! The natural aversion to amalgamation is implanted in your minds by the Almighty for good and sufficient reasons. Be sure of that. You know that intermarriages even between whites and quadroons almost always result in the insanity of the offspring of such connections—immediately or remote.

[On this evening the subjoined verses—purporting to come from my mother, were written; the spirit stating that they were originally written by *Estella Ducatel* who is now in the spirit land.]

When prospects before thee are dark and forlorn,  
And thy life seems a desert and piercing the thorn,  
When those whom thou lovest in coldness disown,  
And thou seemest forsaken, unknown and alone,  
My spirit is hovering near.

When the years of thy pilgrimage waste to decay,  
And the dance of the shadows are passing away,  
When thy soul is unfolding its pinions to fly,  
And stretching its wings for a home in the sky,  
My spirit will then hover near.



[Neither of the friends present had ever heard of Estella Ducatel nor had we any previous knowledge of the verses.]

[To Rettie.] (What angels have you seen in the spirit world?)

Glorified spirits who have put off flesh and its cares, and who are dressed in robes which have been washed and made white in the blood of the lamb. [A pause, and then,—]

So sister says this is of the devil, does she? Tell her we are all our own devils. There is no personal or traditional devil. The principles of good and evil are implanted in each human heart and we are absolutely free to elect to embrace either.

(Do you think moral weakness a sin?)

Yes! Its results are seen in their slower progression in the spirit world as compared with those nobler and more conscientious souls who have withstood the temptations of weaknesses, jealousy and other demoralizing passions or vices. Physical weakness is a sin because in many instances it is a wilful perversion or ignoring of natural laws.

(Is Phebe present?)

Yes.

(Do you know where I have been to-day?)

No.

(I stood beside your tomb.)

I was not there.

The clods that now do press  
Upon my cast-off dress  
Is but my wardrobe locked,—  
I am not there.

(These lines seem to be quoted. Did you know them before you passed away?)

No! The author, who is present, suggested them to me—Pierpont.

(The verse does not seem to be grammatically correct.)

It is just as I received it. I never heard the verse before the poet gave it to me!

(Cannot you find out?)

He is not present now.

[Note: Here I read a verse that I had directed to be placed upon her tomb. To this came the response:]

Pretty, John, and true! but don't go mourning me there. I have never wished you to remember me in connection with the wornout garment you buried there.

(Do you remember the myrtle you planted on the rookery at our home in P—?)

Yes! And you took some of it to plant over my body. I saw that, John.

[John.] (I saw it to-day and I think it will live.)  
As I do. [Note: My friend, the medium, had no knowledge of the myrtle whatever.]  
(Have you the same appearance as you had in the prime of youth?)

Yes; somewhat, only more radiant in health and beauty than you ever saw me.

(Shall I know you when we meet?)

Over the river I'm waiting to welcome you.

(How shall I know you?)

By the love light in my eyes.

(Did I ever say it had faded out?)

No, and it never has for you, dear John, for a single instant.

(Have you anything further to communicate?)

Yes, I wish you would try to find some good woman and marry again, as I know you would be happier with a home and its comforts.

(Would not the love light fade from your eyes if I married again?)

No, no, dear John; you would be happier, and my love for you would remain unchanged. All love is immortal.

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Oct. 6th, '72.

[John to Phebe.]

(Do you know that a grand spiritual meeting is being held in the city to-night?)

I do not frequent those assemblages and I hope you will keep away from them, too. Their philosophy is Infidelity. Their teachings are not only void of respect to God, but calculated to encourage Atheism, and under the picture of freedom of thought and speech they are laying the foundations of a more terrible anarchy than France saw during her reign of terror. Excellent people go there, it is true, but they are treading on dangerous ground.

(Do you think spirits can make themselves visible to mortals?)

I have reason to believe that when the mediums are very passive and harmonious, and when atmospheric influences are exceedingly propitious, they can and do. I may perhaps be able in time to appear to you. We spirits are not fully acquainted with all our own possibilities or disabilities.

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Oct. 20th, 1872.

[By John.] (Are you in the room, Phebe?)

Yes.

(Can you hear me read a poem?)

I have heard you read the one you mean, but will be glad to



hear it again. I am standing at your left side. [Note: The poem was read and she expressed herself much pleased with it.]

(From what you have said about the poem, I judge that you have been with me often since you passed away?)

Oh, yes! I have never been absent from you any length of time since you laid my body down to rest in the cemetery at Chester.

(Do you remember the five young ladies who escorted us to the steamer when we first left home together?)

Yes, they are all in the spirit land, John.

(Yes, they are all dead.)

Not dead! Do not say that. They have passed away from earth but are alive in the "summer land." We are not all in the same sphere, but are passing toward the highest, to which we shall attain in time. This highest sphere is far beyond me, and I will be long in reaching it. In knowledge it is exceedingly in advance of the others, but after the lower spheres are passed the happiness of each following one seems perfect to those who inhabit them. I am unutterably content. Eddie [our son] is in the same sphere with me.

(Are you in rapport with your sister Emeline?)

I love all my sisters equally but I do not often see Emeline. She is in a class above me and is not drawn to those below her as much as Carrie [a sister] and myself are.

(What are classes?)

A natural adaptation to certain localities and kinds. Affinity expresses it.

(Do advanced spirits aid the lower ones or do these progress by their own efforts?)

We all aid them and *teachers* come from advanced spheres to those below them. These are God's ministering angels.

(Are these angels disembodied spirits?)

They are such as have lived, suffered and triumphed in the earth sphere.

(What causes the unhappiness of those in the lower spheres?)

They are troubled about friends left behind; also, for time wasted, talents ignored or crimes committed,—and the way is dark and clouded before them. They pray that the clouds may be lifted, but despair of seeing their prayers answered, and for a long time they are sad and miserable.

(How many are there of these lower spheres?)

Two, where the light does not reach save as it is brought by those above them.

(Is not Lincoln's motto: "Charity towards all, malice towards none," a good rule to live by?)

Yes, yes! That is good philosophy and sound logic. You can escape entering the two lower spheres, without doubt, by liv-

ing up to that motto, but none go direct to the *highest* sphere from earth.

(Do any at once enter the third sphere?)

Yes, and the *fourth*, but few, if any, beyond. I am in the fourth. Mrs. B. is in the third, whose inhabitants are not always free from earth passions and proneness to evil.

(Did Mrs. B. enter the third sphere on passing from earth?)

Yes. So also did I.

(Who are in the lowest spheres?)

Hypocrites, fraudulent men and women, liars, thieves and murderers. The advance from the very lowest sphere is the slowest, but after getting into the third and fourth, the happiness is so great that spirits take no account of time.

(Is the fourth sphere a probationary one?)

Yes. They all are, to some degree, but not to the same extent.

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October 23rd, 1872.

[Communication without question.]

My dear John! I think I misled you the other evening when I said there were two spheres in which the inhabitants were unutterably sad and miserable. I spoke on that occasion from impression rather than from actual knowledge, having had no experience of either of them, myself. I have since been informed that the unhappiness is confined to one sphere, in which there are many gradations.

(Do you, then, never descend to that sphere to instruct its inhabitants?)

Only the most advanced spirits act as teachers.

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October 25, 1872.

[Phebe having announced herself as present, she was requested by John to state whether she could endorse the following sentence taken from K. P.'s Planchette Diary, viz: "It is said that mortals have each a halo perceptible to spirits by which they—the spirits—are enabled to determine the sphere to which every individual will go on passing death's portals."]

I can tell that you will come to me. I know this because I see your heart and motives of action, and these are the halo that determine *your* sphere.

(Is the statement I have quoted true in a general sense?)

Immediately before the flight of the spirit from the body the sphere it will go to may be determined, but human character is so prone to change that we cannot, with any degree of certainty, determine what sphere all spirits will enter, or indeed any save those we are in daily affinity and communication with.



(Where do those spirits come from whose communications partake so much of the satanic nature?)

They come from the lowest circle of the sphere nearest the earth. Their purpose is mischief and discord.

(Do you see Mrs. B. the same as you see us?)

Yes, only closer. I see her soul, her hopes, her affections and regrets. I see the same in those of you with whom I am in entire rapport. I can also see your physical bodies.

(Does the passage [change of abode] of spirits from one sphere to another bear any analogy to what we call death?)

No. It is scarcely perceptible to the progressing spirit, so calm, so gradual is the ascent.

(Is there any loss of the grosser elements of the spirit nature in those gradations?)

I suppose there is, but we only know it by the increased content with all things, an unconscious translation to a new order of things. There is always a period of unconsciousness immediately after the soul leaves the body. Sometimes this period lasts for hours, sometimes for days. Persons are conscious of passing but know not how they pass; and they rarely if ever close their eyes on earth to wake up immediately in the spirit land.

(How long were you unconscious after passing away?)

Not long enough, my darling, to prevent me from seeing your terrible grief.

(Do spirits advance by an exercise of will power?)

The change from sphere to sphere is not a matter of volition, nor can it be retarded.

(In passing to a higher sphere does the attraction for the lower become less?)

My attraction to your sphere was not lessened by my advancement. I am not a scientist.

---

October 26th, 1872.

[On this evening I stated to Rettie that her son was arranging for a monument to be placed over her grave, and asked her if she could suggest a verse to be placed on the stone. The following was received in answer:]

"It is sweet to believe of the absent we love  
Though we miss them below we shall meet them above."

or this—

"No parting there,"—with hand pointing upward,

or this—which is my preference—

"Green o'er thy grave for months the long grass, sighing,  
Has seemed to wave above thy dreamless clay,  
But well I know thy spirit dwells undying  
In a land far away."

[Signed] "Rettie."

[Note: Rettie stated that these were quotations but that the authors' names were unknown to her. The couplet and stanzas were equally unknown to us; i. e. Miss McD., Mr. M. and myself, and we have not been able as yet to discover their origin. The verse, modified somewhat, was subsequently engraved on the monument spoken of.]

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October 27, 1872.

[Communication by Phebe.]

My dear, I shall always be grateful to Rettie for her kindness in ministering to and soothing you on the day you laid my body down to rest.

(Did you see the action?)

Yes. And how like a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul was that impetuously sympathetic act to your aching heart.

[By Miss McD. (Did it not grieve you to see your husband and friends weeping?)

Yes, it troubled and held me hovering about them, hindering my progression for a long time. I could not be willing to be happy until John became resigned to part with me for a season.

(Would it be best for us not to grieve for loved ones who have passed away?)

No, grief is natural, but hopeless sorrow is wicked in the mourner and injurious to the departed. I am glad, John, to hear you say that it is *I who* writes. To get you to accept the truth of spiritual communications has been my mission. I think you have some doubts still, but they are natural; not scoffing or unkind doubts.

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October 29th, 1872.

[In answer to the usual question, "Who is present to-night" the name Rettie was written. After several communications had been given by her, the following question was asked:]

(Can you tell us the name of the author of the verse you selected for your epitaph the other evening?)

I do not know. It is a fragment of a poem that some one addressed to a departed mother.

(Do you know any more of it?)

I think I can give you another verse.



"O best and dearest, ever gentle mother!  
Who lulled me in thy tender arms to rest,  
Hushing the cries that would have vexed another  
By soothing me to sleep upon thy breast.  
Green o'er thy grave, etc."

[Note: The communication of this, as, also, the preceding verse, was remarkable from the fact that they were entirely unknown to all of the persons present. While conversing upon the above, Phebe wrote her name and the following question was asked of her:]

[By John.] (Phebe, if I should write a question entirely unknown to the medium, do you think you could read it?)

I'll try.

(First, tell me where you are.)

I am leaning over your left shoulder.

[Note: I at once wrote the following question and allowed no one but myself (and Phebe, if possible) to read it.]

(Do you still love me, Phebe?)

[Without hesitation.] With all my heart I love you, John.

[During the writing of this answer the fingers of my right hand rested upon Planchette, together with those of the medium: the letters, however, were inverted to me, as usual. Of course, I had not the remotest idea of the answer until it was read. After a few minutes I proposed asking another question—accepting Mr. M.'s suggestion that while the answer was being written, *his* hand instead of mine be placed upon Planchette. I retired to another part of the room and wrote the question there and am positive that neither the medium or Mr. M. knew anything of its import. Seating myself at least ten feet from the medium and turning the written question toward my left shoulder, so that it could be read by *Phebe only*, Planchette at once wrote,]

How can you doubt that I will love you evermore?

[My question as written was—"Will you love me evermore?" ]

[The answer to this last question certainly removed all doubts from my mind regarding the so-called unknown natural laws, involuntary movements, etc., as no mortal beside myself could be cognizant of the question, nor could it have been guessed at or understood from any look or action of mine in the matter. After a few moments' conversation I asked Phebe if she could read any question that I might write at another time. To this she replied:] I cannot always give tests, such as I have given this evening, as I am not always able to read your mind.

[By John.] (How did you read my questions?)

I saw and read them with your eyes.

Nov. 5th, 1872.

[John, to Rettie.] (You say that you see me. How do you see me? You have never given me to understand that spirits have eyes.)

[By Phebe:] Did I not tell you that you would know *me* by the love light in my eyes?

(Do you see me *now* with your own eyes or through the brain of the medium?)

I see you with my own eyes and sometimes touch you with my own lips. In answering your written questions the other evening I read your mind, which I cannot often do.

(Do you still retain the same faith, Phebe, as when you were in the earth sphere?)

Yes, but it is faith no longer; it is knowledge.

(Would you still have me believe in the Atonement of Christ?)

Yes, believe as you were taught. We have Christ's words, John—"I am the resurrection and the life; whosoever believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again." I know of a verity that my Redeemer lives, but I cannot tell you how I know.

[To Rettie, who had again announced her presence:] (Do the affectionate relations between the sexes remain the same in the spirit world as here?)

There is no sexual feeling here such as is found in the earth sphere, but the masculine and feminine elements find here their counterpart as naturally as upon earth. It is necessary to the complete development of humanity that the sexes should not be divided. No one-sided nature is complete, but as such remains hard, angular and imperfected.

(Then it follows that every spirit seeks its affinity, does it not?)

Yes, and finds it, too, as surely as water finds its level.

[Note: At this moment the following was written without a question:]

I am all right, John, safe and at rest. Tell mother—I cannot write more. [Signed] E. E. F——.

Nov. 12th, 1872.

[This evening we had received several communications from one spirit friend, and had entered into conversation upon various matters,—our hands still upon Planchette, when it began to write and continued as follows:]

Samuel U——. [The last name we could not make out and in answer to a request that it be rewritten the following came.]

Sam! Old Sam U—— [full name given this time very plainly.]

(What have you to say?)



I did not do right by you, Johnny. You were always a good boy as mother *said*—and you turned out a good man, but not any better than mother prophesied you would. I was not altogether cruel but I was mean to you, Johnny!

[John] (No! You were not *mean*; your nature was too generous for that.)

I was not generous when I treated you so shabbily about your freedom suit. You left me just right, but you ought to have kicked me.

[John] (Do you remember Sam Jones and the snuff?)

Yes.

[John] (I was right in that matter.)

Yes, I know you were, and yet I wanted to flog you. I am sorry that I ever wronged one who was so much better than myself. Billy, [the speaker's son] is a good fellow and he was always your friend.

[John] (Do you remember our conversation the night before I left you?)

Yes, and you got up before day-break and let things go by the board.

[John] (Do you remember your language to me that morning?)

I am ashamed to say that I do.

[John] (Have you any word for your family?)

Yes! Tell them that I love them all and would like them to try if they could talk to me in this way.

[John] (Do you think you could talk [write] to them?)

I might through Kate.

[John] (Suppose I were to tell Billy, would he not doubt this as coming from you?)

No, I do not think he would doubt any statement coming from you.

[John] (You appear to regret your treatment of me—don't be troubled about that now. It was forgiven if not forgotten long ago.)

Thank you! Then I'm a big Ingin again!

[John] (What do you know about Indians?)

WHOOP!!!

[Note by Mr. M.: A rude drawing was here made, somewhat like a hatchet, but my friend, not recognizing it, asked what it was—the answer was:]

TOMAHAWK!!

[John] (Have you anything further to say about Indians?)

Gin a bodie kiss a body need a body cry?

[John] (Well I'm at sea now! I don't know what that means.)

That's all about a screeching squaw.

[Note by Mr. M.: An interesting story is connected with this communication which it is well to append. It may be stated that Mr. U. was in the habit of indulging in periodical drinking spells, with intervals of sobriety between. On one occasion, after a sober period, he visited Philadelphia and began drinking. Chance brought him into a location where there were a number of Indians, men and women, visiting the East for some purpose. In this state of intoxication he attempted to kiss one of the squaws, at whose outcry an Indian sprang at him with uplifted tomahawk. This attack threw him into such a panic of fright that he drank himself into a maudlin state, and his return home was attended with a scene distressingly unpleasant to his family. This is alluded to later in the communication.]

[John] (What sphere are you in?)

The third, I think.

[John] (Are you happy?)

Yes, but I hope to be happier still, as I ascend. Ascension is slow work though for a stiff jointed old sinner like me!!

[John] (Will you come to see us again?)

Yes, with pleasure.

[John] (One question more. How did you discover us?)

I was attracted to you.

[John] (Why?)

To tell you I was sorry for having treated you so meanly.

[Note: It is but *just* that I should add that the medium did not see Mr. U's name when written, for I carefully concealed it,—nor did she have the remotest idea of who was writing until the name *Billy* was written.]

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Nov. 15, 1872.

[On this evening I suggested to my friend Miss McD. that we try Planchette again. She having consented, we each placed a hand upon the board and immediately received some words of congratulation from Rettie in regard to a matter which had resulted favorably to me a few hours before. While trying in my mind to form a proper sentence in return, Planchette suddenly began writing again, as follows:]

How are you Johnny, my boy? Glad to see you. I was here knocking around and frightening the youngsters yesterday afternoon.

[Note: Miss McD. explained that my daughter and herself had been very much frightened at the time mentioned, by loud rappings on the front of a bureau and other pieces of furniture, but that she had not thought of Mr. U. in connection with them until he mentioned the fact himself. The reader will observe that Mr. U.'s name does not occur in the sentence given, but the style was



so like that of his previous communications that it at once suggested the writer.]

[John] (Can you hear me read?)

Yes.

[Note: I here read an article from a spiritual publication, reported by Dr. Wm. L. J. as having been received from the spirit of Mr. U. a short time previous. I then asked Mr. U. if that statement was correct.]

Yes, that is the substance of what I communicated.

[John] (I had doubts about your being with Willie Jack at all.)

O, yes I was, Johnny. My heart goes out to the Chester boys.

[John] (Your communication, as given by him, seems to be opposed to the religion that your wife professes.)

It was not so intended, but I want the churches to awaken from their slumbers and teach the living truth, and not dead creeds alone.

[John] (Is it best for us in the end to cling to the teachings of Christ?)

I don't know of any better ones to live or die by.

[John] (Can you give us any test for Mrs. U.?)

Tell Kitty I cannot give her any test through this medium, although I may through some other one. [Note: My friend had never heard Mrs. U.'s Christian name nor did she know the one given—Kitty—would apply to her. I had also almost forgotten this pet name and was much startled when I read it.]

[John] (Can you tell me what occurred when you got home on the night of the Indian trouble?)

Decency forbids the mention of *all* the circumstances connected with that matter.

[Note: I feel positive that the circumstances alluded to here *were* and *are* entirely unknown to the medium.]

[John] (Did you ever think while in the earth sphere of the matters you spoke to me about the other evening?)

Yes, and would have been glad anytime, had I seen the way open, to make it up to you without owning myself in the wrong.

[John] (An acknowledgment would have made us both the happier.)

Yes, I know that now but did not know it until too late to make amends.

[John] (Have you seen in the spirit world any of your old Chester friends?)

Old John P. C—— is here and so are some of his mill hands whom he cheated in the name of justice and religion whilst he gave their hard earnings to found colleges and churches.

[John] (Have you seen that old friend of yours who was so fond of Okras?)

The snotty things we had stewed once? The nasty old Frenchman!

[John] (Are you not mistaken about his being a Frenchman?)

He was of French descent, I think. He had a filthy French taste, anyhow.

[The reader will notice that he does not say whether he has seen him, or not.]

[John] (Have you anything further to say to-night?)

I say, John F——, that your religion has made a good and true man of you and that you need not take up with any new fangled one which takes spirits for its authority and rejects God's word.

[John] (Good night. I am obliged to you.)

Good night. You are welcome.

[Note: The communications given above are *literally* the same as received. Several, however, of a more personal character have been omitted. Every sentence, after the first, was written rapidly and clearly. Most of the incidents referred to were familiar to me in years gone by, yet they had long been hidden in the lumber room of my memory. Why they should have been brought to light again, and why the chief actor should have been the means, is as much a mystery to me as it can be to his dearest friend. My friend, the medium, *not a professional one*—is known to the gentleman spoken of as "Billy" in the first communication, and that knowledge will at once satisfy him that there could be no deception practiced by her in the matter. That it is the result of some *involuntary movement* or some *unknown natural law*, as I have heard asserted by *knowing* ones, is not true, if there is any truth in *actual demonstration* and doubtless,—to place the whole matter in a nutshell—if there was one-tenth of the evidence to show that the writers were *golden calves* instead of *spirits* the whole world would be willing to fall down and worship them.]

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[Note by Mr. M.: In closing this partial record by Mr. F. of the communications received, the following may be looked upon as one of the most evidential of them all, as the least in accordance with the hypothesis of telepathy, secondary personality, or some other subtle mental power possessed by the members of the circle.]

Nov. 19th, 1872.

[On this evening, while trying Planchette, I had expressed a fear that Mrs. M., an absent friend, was dead, when immediately the following was written by "Phebe:"]



I think she is still in the earth sphere, John, else I should have met her or heard of her coming here. We do not see all who come here, but I think I would be attracted to her. Among the infinity of newly arrived spirits we see only such as we are connected with by ties of love and affinity.

[By John.] (Have you any objection to my visiting Dr. W. J. to-morrow evening?)

Don't let any of his fanatics shake your faith in Christ, else it may be thousands of years ere we meet, John. Eventually all spirits will be brought into that faith—i. e., faith in Christ; but it will take in many cases almost countless years for those who pass away *unbelieving* to emerge into God's marvelous light. My belief is the same now as when I was on earth, with the exception of the duration of Hell. I still believe in the punishment of the wicked, but not in punishment that shall destroy; only purify.

(Have you other evidence than your own judgment upon which to found such belief?)

Yes, the testimony of sainted ones who have gone up higher. These advanced spirits return to us—but not to you.

(Do you believe in the Trinity as I understand it—Father, Son and Holy Spirit?)

I believe in all I ever did save an everlasting Hell.

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Nov. 22d, 1872.

[The spirit of Wm. McDowell communicated the following:]

There are no royal roads to honor or dignity here. Work is one of the laws of our development; work for God—that is humanity—humanity everywhere.

(How do you work for humanity on earth?)

By impressing minds and giving impetus to works of industry and benevolence and by stimulating all other faculties that will expand and develop mankind. The life discipline of some while on earth educates them for higher spheres than they would gravitate to if such discipline were withheld. The affectional natures of others draw them to the upper spheres, while aspirations for knowledge elevate still others to kindred spirits in the upper spheres. When mortals attain on earth to a stage of preparation for any class in the spiritual spheres, they are on a natural level with the spirits in that class. Love to God, which implies strict justice toward all His creatures, brute as well as human, is the best preparation for the spheres. All with whom I am in affinity hold the same views on questions of faith as myself, and I think that none hold different views who have advanced to the fourth sphere, in which I am. Man in the future will be more able than at present to communicate with spirits; not because of the greater refinement of his nature, but in consequence of his advancement in intelligence and toleration. I think, however, that communi-

cation between spheres and earth will never be as easy as between the spiritual spheres.

[Having at this point expressed a doubt of the genuineness of spirit communications, the following was written:]

You will believe more of this, John, when I tell you that you have never forgotten the time that you and I stood side by side at the grave of our darling baby Harry; and we thought it so great a sorrow, but afterwards found it so great a blessing. I could not have passed away contentedly and left that baby behind. I wish that I could give you tests that would be more satisfactory but I cannot do so through this medium; and perhaps no test can ever be written that will give you more than a temporary assurance that we live. We try to impress you and as you write the words we would have you write, it is pretty clear that we have a hand in what is written. Don't you think so?

(Why do some spirits seek to deceive us regarding the sphere that they are in?)

Sometimes from a desire to appear a little higher than they are and sometimes from a lack of knowledge of their exact altitude. The spirit ["Jim"] whose statement I heard you read may believe what he says, but he is *not* in the fourth sphere or he would have advanced into the light of truth. I have met none in the fourth sphere who do not acknowledge Christ as the divine Son of God and co-equal with the Father. [Note: This had been denied by "Jim."] I do not *know* that all in the fourth sphere hold this belief, but all in it that I have come in rapport with are believers in Christ and His crucifixion.

(Is it true, as we have heard, that spirits can pass at will from the lower to the higher spheres?)

No, it is not true. Nor do those intelligences who have advanced beyond the fourth sphere often visit us. We visit our beloved ones in the lower spheres but they come not to us save by the law of progression. I only meet the lower spirits when I return to your earth sphere. Communications from the lower spirits are not always to be relied upon, as they, the spirits, frequently recite impressions received from the medium instead of controlling them.

(Do you think that Abraham Lincoln is in the sixth sphere as was stated at Mrs. P.'s?)

No! I think that Mr. Lincoln is in the third sphere. If he has reached the fourth, I would, doubtless, know it, for I think I would be attracted to him.

(Do your visits to us deprive you of any happiness?)

Oh, no! they add greatly to it. The highest and holiest affections of our natures were never given us for a snare or temptation. I am doing the work that is set me to do as truly as are spirits in the very highest spheres, and part of that work is to



console my dear ones with the assurance that we are parted only for a season and will be united again never more to sever.

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[Note by Mr. M.: The following communication is of much interest and importance from the strong individuality displayed; it furnishes an especially fine example of what Professor Hyslop calls "The dramatic play of personality." The professed writer was utterly unknown to the medium, but had been known in life by Mr. F. and Mr. M., who can testify to the truthful reproduction of his mode of speech, which was strikingly individualized.]

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Jan. 22nd, 1873.

[On this evening Mrs. C., Mr. M., Miss McD. and myself had been engaged in conversation, when one suggested that we try Planchette. This we did, receiving communications from friends in the spirit world, as also from some whom we did not know. At length the name of "M— F—" (full name given) was plainly written, a name that was absolutely unknown to any one present. This fact was announced to the writer, when there came immediately the following:]

Miss Thompson knows the poor girl who was done to death by the slanderous tongue of Julia M. [full name given.]

(Do you mean Miss Adelaide or Miss Annie T.?)

I mean both Miss Adelaide and Miss Annie. They were my best earthly friends. Tell them that Adeline (pronounced Adaleen) is with me and sends her best love to them and Bud.

(How were you slandered?)

By the charge of being a free lover and other false and malicious stories.

(Why do you come to us?)

To get you to bear my message of love and gratitude to my dear friends.

(Were you a spiritualist?)

Yes, and a medium.

(Where did you live?)

In this city.

(In what part?)

I do not give tests.

(Why?)

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would not give them.

(Is Rettie present?)

Yes.

(Did you see Mary F. when she was here?)

Yes.

[John] (Please describe her.)

She appears to be about twenty years of age and is very beautiful.

[Note: We asked no further questions. Neither the name nor a single incident connected with the life of "Mary F." was known to either of the persons present all of whom were mutual friends. Nor could any circumstances be recollected that would give us any light. As I have said, the name and subject matter alike were entirely unknown to us. Miss McD. was requested to send a copy of the communication to the Misses T. This copy was made and sent on the following day, January 23rd, and upon being read by Miss Annie T. she declared that every statement was literally true. That Mary F. had died in the manner described. That she had doubtless been "done to death" by malicious slanderers, chief among them was the "Julia" mentioned. That she was young and exceedingly beautiful and further, that the Adaline "pronounced Adaleen" was a dead niece of Miss Annie's and that "Bud" was Adaline's brother. This message was carried back to Miss McD. by the bearer of the note to Miss Annie. To make the statement of Miss Annie more circumstantial, I accidentally met Miss Adelaide on Third Street, at about the same moment her sister received the note from Miss McD. I informed her then and there of the purport of the communication we had received on the previous evening, stating the name and the incidents given. Her response was—It is true in every particular and she described, as did Miss Annie, the relations which the parties held towards each other, adding that it was one of the most remarkable tests she had ever known, etc. The statement by "Mary F." that Miss Naomi Thomas would remember her was accidentally omitted above.]

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Jan. 23rd, 1873.

[On this evening Miss McD. and myself (none other being present) tried Planchette. As we placed a hand each upon the board I remarked:]

(I wonder if Mary F. is present, or is her mission ended?)

[To this came the following response:]

No, it is not. She wishes to say that, though innocent of any offence against morality, she was imprudent in accepting attentions of a married man who she believed to be her affinity, and she wishes to bear testimony now that legal marriage is justly honored of men and approved by God.

[By Miss McD.] (Why do you write thus to me?)

Because you are a public teacher, and I wish you to speak and write hereafter on this matter as one having authority and not as a scribe.



[By the same] (Do you repent your course?)

I did no wrong but I regret that I gave occasion for scandal to attach itself to me and my beautiful faith.

(What was your faith?)

That of a Christian spiritualist.

(How does a Christian spiritualist differ from other spiritualists?)

In a belief in Christ as revealed in the word of God, or in other words, a belief in Christ as the Son of God.

(In what way did the slanders you speak of cause your death?)

They estranged friends and caused strangers to scorn and condemn me until I could not bear up under the weight of reproach and was taken "where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest." I am happy now.

(Do you think Mrs. M. slandered you knowingly?)

Not altogether. She was jealous of my gifts as a medium, and "jealousy is as cruel as the grave." She half believed the scandal she set afloat about me, and him she was in the habit of denominating a "lousy tailor." *He was* a tailor.

(Have you anything to communicate for our benefit?)

If you would elevate woman seek not to remove any of the few legal protections she now enjoys. Proclaim everywhere the sacredness and the necessity of the marriage covenant, and give no countenance to those who would nullify it in the favor of some "higher law" which they assume will elevate your sex and regenerate humanity.

(Anything more?)

That's all. Amen!

[Of the character of the slanderous charge referred to by Mary F. we knew nothing. Her previous statements, with this exception, had been fully corroborated, but not a question had been asked of her friends regarding this part of the matter.

On the following evening, January 24th, I met Miss Naomi T. at the house of a friend, and read to her all of the communications received from Mary F., whom she remembered well, and she, Miss T., corroborated fully the statement of Mary F. in regard to the tailor. She also gave me his name, which name has since been acknowledged by Mary F. as the correct one.]

Feb. 5th, 1873.

[This evening, we (two or three friends) had been conversing upon the pains of death, when Planchette indicated that some spirit wished to write. Arranging the proper conditions, the following was written without question:]

John, never be afraid of coming here. We will be with you and make the passage easy, and God will make it safe and sure.  
"Rettie."

(Is our conception [such as you once had] of spirit forms a correct one?)

Not in the least. Spirits with you are phantoms whilst with us they have form, coloring and marked individuality, greater than you of earth can conceive. I cannot explain these things to you fully. There are laws as fixed and immutable controlling spirit life as those which hold the earth and stars in place. Do you know all the laws governing your sphere? We are not myths! Never think that when you are welcomed by us you will be absorbed in clouds.

(Are physical appetites retained in any degree in the spirit world?)

It is said by mediums in your sphere,—so I have heard you tell,—that in the lower spheres some of the appetites are retained. Of this I know nothing,—but I am positive that they do not exist in the sphere in which I am. Nor do we have any such thing as sensual love here, but a most holy endearing and devoted affection, unshadowed by clouds, unknown by doubt, undisturbed by inharmony.



V.

**A RECORD OF EXPERIMENTS.**

**By Helen Lambert.**

**INTRODUCTION.**

**By James H. Hyslop.**

The following record of experiments by Mrs. Helen Lambert is one of automatic writing. Mrs. Lambert, who is also a member of the English Society for Psychical Research, has long been a subject of interesting experiences varying in type, but mostly in the form of automatic writing. Those represented in the present paper are of very recent occurrence and were brought to my attention before they were actually completed. They seemed to be of sufficient interest to receive immediate notice, especially as illustrating fresh phenomena and occasional evidence of supernormal information. They are particularly interesting as exhibiting the sudden and recent development of automatic writing in the person of Mr. Hannegan, whose work in this is associated with that of Mrs. Lambert in this record. As a note explains, he and his sister were in the employ of Mr. Lambert and accidentally discovered that he could write automatically. He told me personally that he had never heard of such a thing until early in the beginning of this year. He had never read any of the literature of spiritualism and in fact the subject was so unknown to him that he could not have defined or described any of its real or alleged phenomena. I quote his own account of this development and the reader may form his own judgment of it.

My acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Lambert was an incident of the record itself. A letter from Mrs. Lambert informed me of its existence and, as she and Mr. Lambert were stopping a short time in the city, I made an appointment to meet her at once and soon afterward met Mr. Lambert and the family at Narragansett Pier for experiment and further inquiry regarding the facts. As they permit the use of their

names and address, their usual residence being New York and St. Louis, the narrative may largely speak for itself. I found both of them, however, very intelligent and critical of the work: so much so that it was the avowed purpose of permitting any suspicion and criticism that the sceptic might desire to indulge that they consented to the publication of their names. They had themselves subjected the record and all who were associated with it to the most scrutinizing examination and fully accept the right to try every conceivable hypothesis of the ordinary kind before even giving the record a psychological interest. They tried every imaginable hypothesis upon themselves and all present and recognize the right of the scientific sceptic to try the possibilities of deception to the utmost. This is especially true of the incidents connected with the ring which are not published here in detail because the case has not yet been completed. Throughout all the phenomena they have been alive to the suspicions and theories which cautious and sensible people must entertain regarding all alleged supernormal phenomena and they court the kind of investigation—within the limits of their friends—that is necessary to remove the most natural explanations. They are well-known people and to throw the responsibility of justifying ordinary suspicions upon those who entertain them they permit the use of their names. They have no interest but a scientific one in the phenomena and have not offered to me any explanation of them for which they would act as missionaries. All that they will assert is that they are facts as recorded and that they cannot find any natural explanation of them. They do not pretend that a “supernatural” explanation is necessary, but are willing that the incidents may stand as a record of human experience.

Mr. Hannegan, who is the subject of most of the experiments, accepts his responsibility for his part in them and is quite conscious of the suspicion which the sceptic will direct toward him. He understands fully what part would be attributed to him in such things and does not murmur or complain tho he prefers to be considered above the action which such suspicion implies. My own conversation with him indicated that he was a perfectly honest young man, somewhat



immature in nature, innocent in character, honest and trustworthy, and without guile or deceit. He is lethargic physically and mentally and has shown himself so trustworthy a character in the family that Mr. and Mrs. Lambert have no reasons for suspecting him of any dubious motives or conduct. My conversation with him tends to confirm this judgment and proved him to be honest and frank and to have a good memory. Being himself aware of the ordeal through which his own relation to the phenomena must pass, he has shown perfect readiness to supply information for the most complete understanding of the case and has not shirked any inquiry or investigation. Whatever has to be entertained regarding him that would derogate from the genuine character of the phenomena will have to make itself acceptable by evidence, and cannot be advanced without this. The same might be said of all other parties to the record. They have offered their names to publicity with the full understanding of what it means, and this act of courage and frankness is as good a defence of the *bona fide* nature of the phenomena as can be obtained.

If the case stood alone the usual explanations would have a stronger claim, but it is but one among many, and in fact is one of three in this very number of the *Proceedings*, all being independent of each other. Besides the case is only another illustration of many similar records published by the English Society during the many years of its existence and tends to supply additional evidence of the same hypotheses that are required to render them intelligible. What the explanation may be is not the primary interest of this report, and perhaps cannot be proposed until we have progressed much farther in the accumulation of this and other associated facts. The only important function of the inquiry at present in such cases is the record of the facts and when the evidential matter has become sufficient to justify theoretical efforts we may return to such cases as corroborative matter and as supplying the quantity which is quite as important a quaesitum as quality of cases. The supernormal in this record is perhaps insufficient of itself to do more than to suggest or justify further investigation and experiment along the same lines. But accepting

could propose such they could not thus dispose of the supernormal in the case. This latter characteristic, in this as in other cases, defies the psychiatrist's favorite dissolvent, as it makes no difference to the supernormal what the mental and cerebral conditions are through which it is manifested. The phenomena thus invoke interest which lies outside the usual theories of psychology, and if they represent events on the borderline of the transcendental reality they illustrate an interest which neither normal nor abnormal psychology has yet been able to satisfy.

An interesting clue to either a partial or an entire explanation of the physical phenomena may be found in what is suggested by the admittedly illusory nature of one of the apparent physical facts (p. 333). This was the case of seeing a flower pinned on Miss Howard. Investigation by the persons present showed that there was no flower on Miss Howard, and yet, more than one seemed to see it. It is quite possible that a similar hallucination occurred in the case of seeing and feeling the picture which had been sealed in a box which was still sealed after the sitting (p. 353). The investigation of this incident was not so complete as the former, but the circumstances suggest it more clearly than in the various instances where no accompanying facts are recorded that might indicate the real character of the phenomena.

There are two other incidents which are evidently similar to this one. The first is Mr. Hannegan's vision of Junior's picture (p. 353). A picture of the child had been taken from its place without the knowledge of Mr. Hannegan and sealed in a box and placed on the table. He was kept in entire ignorance of what was in the box and of what it was for. *Four* times he saw an apparition of this picture and referred to it, and thought he actually had it in his hands, only to find in astonishment that it was not there at all. The seal of the box has not been broken and the picture is still in it. No physical phenomenon actually occurred as supposed by Mr. Hannegan.

The second vision is collective, having been the same for Mrs. Lambert, Mr. Hannegan, and Miss Howard. I refer to the apparition of the boat which was said to represent the ship of Mrs. Lambert's guide, he having been a seaman (p.



370). That it was subjective is apparent in the fact that no others saw it when asked to look at it. They simply remarked the lantern on another floating boat. A most interesting circumstance also is the fact that Norman, the guide, in his automatic writing (p. 371) stated that the ship was not real when we should most naturally suppose that secondary personality trying to convince the subject of spiritual reality would represent the ship as real. But the subliminal actually admits that the phantom was hallucinatory where the mind of the normal observer would most naturally suppose it real. That it was an hallucination does not prevent it from being veridical and hence significant of extra-organic stimuli, whether we choose to regard such a cause as transcendental or not.

I think the reader will remark other instances which evidently have a similar explanation. It is not necessary to recount them here, as it would require the reproduction of more details than is necessary. With this suggestion as to their meaning we may leave them to the student of the detailed record. The instances mentioned suffice to suggest an explanation which will reduce the perplexities of the phenomena to a minimum while it opens the way to a mental as opposed to a physical explanation of the more inexplicable facts without removing the interpretation which the supernormal phenomena suggest.

This explanation, of course, assumes that there was no trickery on the part of any one present. Physical phenomena present perplexities which mental phenomena do not. They more directly contravene normal experience and so come into conflict with the known laws of material bodies. But mental phenomena offer more easy modes of classification and explanation. The consequence is that any opportunity to explain apparent physical phenomena by them, when we feel it difficult to suspect conscious fraud, may well be seized as the easier way out of a perplexity. But unless either the phenomena themselves or the reported observations of the persons present exhibit incidents suggesting this we have to suspend judgment or indulge our suspicions of their integrity. In the present case the actually detected illusion

where a physical phenomenon was apparent is a very fruitful hint or suggestion and it remains only to inquire whether more of them may not have been similar illusions or hallucinations. It is, of course, hard to believe that all present could easily be affected simultaneously by hallucinations of the same object or act, and it is this difficulty that lends support to the more commonplace explanation by some kind of trickery. But when the parties themselves, as a result of personal investigation into their own experiences, come to the conclusion that a certain one was an illusion, tho collective, there is some reason to entertain the fact as a more general solvent, even tho we may not be entirely satisfied with it. I agree that collective hallucination is not to be lightly entertained. It can never be legitimately entertained merely as an escape from a spiritistic theory. Like all explanations it must be subject to some kind of evidence, and can be advanced only on grounds that suggest it scientifically.

One fact which occurred when I was present may help to support the theory that hallucination or illusion may explain some of the physical phenomena or be a factor in any explanation proposed. I went to witness some of the experiments. This was on the evening of July 4th last. We sat around a table with hands touching. There were four of us. Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Mr. Hannegan and myself. The room was somewhat darkened, but not enough to prevent my seeing the other hands on the table. After some time the table tipped, but not in any way to exclude the supposition that it was done by conscious or unconscious muscular action. According to the testimony of each one, who held his hand lightly on the top of the table, there was no conscious effort to move the table. But as the movement of the table is not the incident of importance it is not necessary to describe it in detail. After a rest we tried it a second time. We connected hands by having one hold his on the top of the hand of the person next him. Mr. Hannegan's right hand was on my left. After some minutes he remarked that his hand was moving and sliding along the table. I said nothing, but gave my whole attention to examining the situation, as I could not feel any sensible motion myself. It was



light enough for me to see my hand and the table. Mr. Hannegan repeated his statement and I could both feel and see that my hand was not moving. I still said nothing until after Mr. Hannegan repeated his sensations again, when I still saw clearly that there was no motion of my hand tho his was on the top of it. Mr. Lambert put his finger on top of Mr. Hannegan's hand and noticed that there was no motion in it.

During the experiment of table tipping, tho I was not in the least tired or sleepy, I became uncontrollably sleepy. So much so that the surface of the table fairly swam with vibrations and the grain of the wood seemed unnatural. Several times, for perhaps a few seconds, I actually fell asleep, and rarely in my life had I as much difficulty in keeping my eyes open or myself from going to sleep. As soon as we ceased trying to experiment I felt no sleepiness whatever. I have often had similar experiences when trying such experiments with people who are not mediumistic. Rarely does it occur in important experiments, tho I have had it occur occasionally in such.

We have, then, in this instance an illustration of an undoubted illusion or hallucination of motion and we have only to ask how far such an explanation may or may not apply to all the alleged physical phenomena. I may record here one other instance of a hallucination on my own part in a similar experiment some years ago. I had been invited to Reading, Pa., to aid in some experiments. There were six of us about the table. At one stage of the experiment I distinctly felt myself and the table rising in the air. This was the tactual sensation. It was so clear that I immediately employed my eyes to prove it. I found from vision quite as distinctly that I was *not* rising, neither was the table. But in spite of this discovery the tactual sensation of upward motion continued as distinctly as before for about ten minutes. This occurred twice during the same evening, and the only resource for proving it an hallucination was the sense of sight.

These facts make it perfectly possible that people are often reporting genuine experiences when they are suspected of lying. They are perhaps usually not in any condition to

detect the illusory or hallucinatory nature of their experiences, but are honestly enough made to believe that inexplicable physical phenomena are taking place. It is not necessary to sneer when we hear of them coming from respectable and otherwise truthful people. The duty is to listen and investigate, and we may discover a new type of phenomena associated with occasional hints of supernormal facts. It is certainly possible to extend this explanation of hallucination to at least some of the phenomena reported in this paper. It is not easy to see how it may explain all of them, for instance, the roses of which a bud was sent to California and the movements and sounds with the whistle and the mandolin. But having found that some of them yield to hallucination we may well feel justified in suspending our judgment regarding the rest of them until we have more information.

But in presenting an explanation by hallucination it is certain that it is an unusual type of this phenomenon. It is not necessary to suppose that the illusion or hallucination is the ordinary subjective one solely. It is possible to maintain that they have the same cause which is imagined for the reputed physical phenomena. The spiritists might contend that discarnate spirits cause the hallucinations in the living by their efforts to produce the actual physical effects. I shall not contend, however, that this is the correct explanation of them. We have not sufficient evidence as yet for it. But the peculiar conjunction of such hallucinations with mediumistic phenomena and evidence for the supernormal assuming a spiritistic character is so much in favor of its possibility, and what we know of mediumistic automatism might suggest it still more plausibly. Let me elucidate this a little more fully.

In all our normal actions we form some mental image or conception of the act to be performed and by a fiat of will it is executed. All other acts are inhibited by the inertia of the concomitant functions of the mind. In cases of secondary personality, or in normal subliminal action these actions take place by virtue of subliminal mental action, but can do so only when the normal consciousness withdraws its control of the motor system. Now in mediumistic phenomena the normal self surrenders its control and leaves the subconscious



functions open to the access of outside agencies. These have to act through the subliminal functions of the mind, and these functions in secondary personality, dreams, and hypnotic states show that they are the primary one in producing hallucinations. Perhaps this is the fact in insanity also. But it is also marked in the lives of normal people when the sub-conscious functions can supplant the normal consciousness. Now if discarnate spirits have to act through the subliminal functions of the organism they may institute a set of motor actions by means of these functions and also a set of pseudo-sensory actions which may be observed by the normal self which is not entranced. They may even create the pseudo-sensory without effecting any motor action whatever, owing to the inhibitions of the normal state on the latter. If the normal self were suspended the influence might reach the development of automatic motor action, as in the case of trance mediums and automatic writing or speech. In certain cases they might induce the production of physical actions of an apparently miraculous character when the normal self may not be able to observe them rightly. In this way we may readily see how hallucinations might arise simulating real physical events and so be taken for them.

I shall not defend this view at present as more than possible. But it may serve as a working hypothesis for later examination and verification or disproof. But it is one that explains the phenomena consistently with both normal psychology and the spiritistic hypothesis which seems to be enforced by the peculiar association of some of the phenomena with the supernormal clearly suggesting such an explanation.

In dealing with this record the reader must distinguish between two different types of phenomena. One, the mental, which accords with a large class of already accredited facts, and the other, physical, which has still to establish its acceptable character on any hypothesis. If there were no supernormal phenomena at all in this record the account would have only a psychological value for abnormal psychology. But the presence of some incidents which are unmistakably like those of Mrs. Piper and similar cases must alter the general conception of the whole and raises an issue of hypotheses that

will cover the entire group of phenomena. The mental incidents obtain their credibility, partly from the character of the witnesses and partly from their resemblance to a large class already accepted as supernormal. Consequently the question is a serious one regarding the phenomena that do not, superficially at least, seem to be explicable by the same hypothesis as those which undoubtedly resemble the Piper phenomena. I have already outlined the tentative view which may account for the appearance of the physical incidents. It assumes the possibility that outside agencies may occasionally intrude their influence into the motor and sensory organism of mediumistically endowed persons and produce real or hallucinatory effects of various kinds. These effects may be more or less inhibited and abortive. But they may go far enough to produce phenomena having some interest or science, even tho they may not be wholly assimilable by its ordinary theories and even tho the alternative hypothesis of abnormal influences from outside agencies may have its perplexities. But whatever the fate of such a view the mental phenomena present less difficulty and may represent the occasional eruption through great obstacles of thought in a transcendental world endeavoring to make itself known to the living. Such a view is not in any respect proved by such a record, but coming as something consistent with records that make such a view imperative it may seek in the same hypothesis, with proper qualifications, a similar explanation.

I cannot collect all the incidents in this record which illustrate the evidence of the supernormal, but I shall mention a few of them for the sake of their type and illustrative character. They represent instances where the information conveyed was not known by the automatists. The first interesting incident to be noted is that which occurred when Mrs. Butler was present. The names Billie and Pauline were given and reference to them made in the proper mode of spiritistic communications and were unknown to the automatic writers. Quite as striking is the spelling of the name *Baron*, for whom Mr. and Mrs. Lambert's son Barron was named. The deceased had always spelled his name Baron, and this fact was not known to Mr. Hannegan, who was accustomed



to spelling that of the namesake as Barron. The natural subliminal form would have been as it was known. There are quite a number of such incidents which suffice to give character to the general case, along with other types of the supernatural, and if they classify the phenomena with those of Mrs. Piper, we may rightly tolerate the same kind of source for them, and then try subsidiary assumptions for associated tho not similar phenomena.

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## REPORT BY MRS. LAMBERT.

### Preface.

In order to make the following notes intelligible a few explanations seem necessary.

Willie Hannegan and his sister Lillie have been employed in Mr. Lambert's private office for over two years. He and Lillie have always lived in St. Louis. [Note 1.]

Miss Howard, a nurse from the Mullanphy Hospital, has been in charge of my six-year-old boy, Junior, for about two-and-a-half years.

Miss Loba and Mr. Updike, who were present at one or two sittings, are old friends of mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert are my husband's brother and his wife, who was Florence Parker. I will furnish any of their addresses upon inquiry.

None but Miss Loba and myself had read anything on the subject of psychic phenomena when we began our sittings.

Will and Lillie had never even heard them discussed until March 4th, 1908.

On this date they happened to visit some friends who were trying, without success, to do automatic writing and table tilting.

It was suggested that Will take the pencil, when it immediately wrote in large letters, "Joe Wentworth," and then drew a perfectly accurate map of Europe. A number of questions were answered intelligently.

The next day when Lillie and Will were at the office they put their finger-tips on a table about the size and weight of

an ordinary oak dining table; it was tilted high in the air. [Note 2.]

On April 21st they told Mr. Lambert of their experience, and he brought them home with him in the evening, knowing my deep interest in such things.

Of this first evening we have no records. From that time Lillie Hannegan has taken short-hand notes during the sittings, and these have been typewritten and corrected the next day, after being submitted to those who had been present on the previous night.

Many of the most interesting notes have had to be withheld from these records because of their very personal nature, and also because many were regarding a lost jewel which Joe Wentworth seems greatly interested in helping me to recover. Almost all information regarding the ring has been given to Will and myself when taken apart from the others, and we have been instructed to tell no one but Mr. Lambert.

If the ring is ever found, the steps by which we have been led in tracing it will prove most interesting. Already many statements regarding it have been verified and proved to have been absolutely accurate. [Note 3.]

Mr. Lambert has been in New York most of the time since we have had our sittings. He has preserved my letters in case they should be of value in verifying dates.

I have done automatic writing for some years with indifferent success, and very rarely without the assistance of some other person. I have always felt that ninety-nine out of a hundred of my writings were produced almost wholly by sub-consciousness, sometimes my own, sometimes that of another person. Frequently they have been direct telepathic messages and at times were sent from a great distance. [Note 4.]

At one time I received such a message while writing alone, and in St. Louis, when the person sending it was in South America. I had this witnessed as Mr. Meyers seems to lay great stress upon telepathy at a distance. [Note 5.]

I mention my own writing to explain that I am naturally prone to attribute automatic writing to a sub-conscious or to a telepathic source, but that I have been unable to see even



a trace of their action, as far as I am able to judge, in Will's writings.

He is able to receive telepathic impressions, but these seem to me to be quite apart from the other writings.

I should add that these sittings all took place at my apartments.

As the plan of the rooms is very peculiar I will insert a diagram. We occupy two apartments which have been made to communicate.

They comprise the whole upper floor of the house excepting the annex which is connected with the back of our building by an open porch and stairway.

#### **Note to Preface.**

[In response to inquiries regarding the method employed in the automatic writing, since it was apparent that the hands of two persons were sometimes involved, the following statements were made by Mrs. Lambert in reply. They were necessary to make the situation clear for the reader and critic who might wish to know what the opportunities were for unconscious motor influence on the action of the person who held the pencil.—J. H. Hyslop.]

“ You ask about the manner in which the pencil is held, and who holds it. In most instances Will Hannegan uses it alone. Occasionally, when there seems to be some difficulty, I place my hand on his wrist. When any one else has held the pencil, I have mentioned it in my notes. In using it myself, Will places his hand on my wrist, as I am rarely able to use it alone. However I have tried to make this as clear as possible in indicating the change of pencil from one person to another. There has been only the one instance mentioned where the pencil has written by itself without contact.

“ My sister-in-law, Mrs. Marion Lambert, was Miss Florence Parker. Her sister, Fanny Parker, died some years before Mrs. Marion Lambert's marriage. However, all communicators have spoken of Mrs. Marion Lambert as Florence Parker in the automatic writings. In fact, I have found it usual that a married woman is spoken of by her maiden name. I myself seem to have been the exception.”

[The following is Mr. Hannegan's own statement made in

reply to my request for his personal account of his first experiences.—J. H. Hyslop.]

Narragansett Pier, R. I., July 27th, 1908.

Mr. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—There seem to be very few details to add, besides those given by Mrs. Lambert in her preface. I knew nothing whatever of psychic phenomena until my experiences on March 4th, 1908.

I had, of course, heard people speak of spiritualism in a casual way, as in the newspaper "True Ghost Stories," etc., but never believed anything I heard, and laughed at those who had. Up to the date mentioned I have never considered the subject as worthy of serious thought. On the evening of March 4th, I went with my sister Lillie to call on some friends at their hotel. We found them discussing table-tilting and automatic writing, and when they decided to try to tilt the table, I went to the other end of the room in disgust. A young lady in the party whom I had never met, had been very successful in some former experiments, but this time could not get the table to tilt in answer to questions.

Several of the party were sitting at the table with her, their hands upon it. It rocked violently and kept moving towards where I sat. Finally the others insisted upon my sitting with them, as they thought from the action of the table that a desire was shown to communicate with me. The instant I sat down and put my hands on it, it was turned upside down into my lap. They then persuaded me to ask questions, which were answered by tilts or raps, and finally to try and see if I could write. A piece of paper was laid upon the table, and the instant I took the pencil, the name of Joe Wentworth was written with great force, and in a very large hand. When I asked who he was I was told that he was my guide, had been an artist, and died in Havana in 1636.

After this a map of Europe was drawn and a number of questions put by the other members of the party were answered correctly. Then we stopped for the night, and I promised to come over some night during the week and try again. In the meantime my sister, Lillie, had received a letter from Chicago, from a young lady who was at the first meeting, asking if Joe could find some relief for her brother who had been ill for years. My sister did not mention to me nor to any one else that she had received the letter, and after we started she put her purse containing the letter on the table and asked Joe if he would answer the question contained in the letter which she had received that morning. He immediately wrote a prescription which they have followed carefully and the young man now is entirely free from the pain which



he suffered constantly for four years, is taking on flesh, and I am sure they would be glad to testify to this. Beyond this my only experience until the sittings with Mrs. Lambert was that described in her preface, the moving of the table in Mr. Lambert's laboratory, which resulted in his asking me to go home with him. April 21st, 1908.

Yours very truly,  
WILL E. HANNEGAN.

### Detailed Record.

Second meeting, April 23, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(How long will my Aunt live?)

She will rest soon.

(Does that mean days or weeks? Joe, I do not ask from curiosity; she wishes to see my mother who is ill, and we are talking of having her carried up to my aunt's room. If there is no hurry I would rather wait until my mother is stronger.)

[Joe, or Joe Wentworth, is the control in the automatic writing of Will Hannegan. He claims to be Mr. Hannegan's "guide."]

It will be soon but wait a little.

(The man we suspect offered to help Will get my ring or the reward for it, but you told us to do nothing but wait. Does he still think of returning it?)

Yes.

(Then you don't advise Will to follow up this offer?)

Will can tell him he thinks he knows where it is.

(If he asks what Will knows, what shall he say?)

Tell him he tried the way he suggested.

(If he asks more what shall Will tell him?)

Wait and see what he says.

(If we put out the lights will you try to show us a spirit light?)

Yes.

[I put a flower on the table and after much tipping and turning, the table was still for a moment and we were silent. Then the carnation hit me on the breast and fell in my lap; I replaced it on the table without breaking the circle and it was immediately put in Miss Howard's hair; put it back and heard it leave the table, but could not find it. Turned up the light

and it was found in Will's coat. Replaced the flower, turned out the lights and the carnation struck me in the face and dropped to the floor. Replaced it without breaking the circle, and it was dropped on Lillie's head. Replaced it and it was thrown at Miss Howard. All this happened with great rapidity. Broke the circle without turning on light and put paper and pencil on the table and joined hands; heard the pencil move across the table towards Will. [Notes 6 and 7.]

He said, "It is coming into my fingers." Broke the circle and told Will to raise his hand and let it write. We turned on the light and found written: "I do hope you all believe."

Put fresh paper on the table with the pencil upon it turned out the light and joined hands then heard the pencil writing and fall to the table. Turned on the light again and found written, "you see great things." [Notes 8-11.]

[We then asked if, after a few more sittings, these phenomena could be produced in the light. Pencil in Will's hand wrote—Yes.]

(Will you tell us about the cane please? Shall we try it?)  
[Note 12.]

(Is it purely magnetic?)

No.

(Partly spiritistic?)

Yes.

(Is it wrong to do it?)

No.

[Will remarked here that he would like to see it.]

(May Will try it some future time?)

Yes.

(Did you produce the phenomena alone to-night, or are others helping you?)

Alone.

(Are there others here?)

Yes.

(Who?)

[No answer.]

(Is Will tired, shall we stop?)

Yes.

Third meeting, April 24, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.



(Before beginning to write I want to say that we wish to be guided by you, Joe, and if we ask anything unreasonable or unwise it is through ignorance, and not idle curiosity. We are very earnest and deeply interested. We are particularly anxious to ask nothing detrimental to you or our medium. If we make difficult requests please understand that they are merely suggestions, as I have found that those in the spirit world are as eager to give convincing proof of their presence as we are to have them.)

I will take good care of you all.

(Are any of my writings genuine?)

You get very good writings.

(Who is my spirit guide?)

Norman Newell.

(What can you tell me about him?)

He was buried at sea, 1483.

(Is he often with me?)

Almost always.

(Why does he not come in?) [Note 13.]

He never comes very close.

(Why?)

He rapped and rapped and you never asked him.

[During the frequent rappings at this point I said aloud on several occasions, "whoever is rapping will please stop, I do not like it. It annoys me." I have never heard it since.]

(Cannot he come without being asked?)

*You must ask him.* (Must heavily underscored.)

(Who is my boy's, Junior's guide?)

Nina Wing, died December 25th in old Madrid 1765, her father killed her one night dancing.

(Was she a dancer?)

Yes.

(Is she much with Junior?)

She never leaves him.

(Has she a good influence?)

She is very high and good, she is young young and quick.

[Note 14.]

(Does she get near to Junior?)

Yes he sometimes sees her. [Possible but not provable.]

(What did you mean by drawing the map of Europe the first time that you wrote for Will?)

Where we will go.

(What did you mean by writing "Marcus Wentworth," that same evening?)

He passed just then.

(Who is he?)

My father.

(Is any one else here now?)

I am alone.

Is Jim Doherty in the spirit world? [Note 15.]

No.

(Where is he?)

West, west, west.

(Who is Miss Howard's spirit guide?)

Agnes Little she was a nurse in 1802.

(We are putting a flower on the piano. If you can, please bring it over and lay it on the table. Shall we turn out the light?)

It is better dark.

[Put the mandolin and whistle on the table and turned out the light. They were thrown off.] [Note 16.]

(Shall we put the whistle and mandolin back on the table?)

Table tilted "No."

[Flower was brought from piano and dropped on the middle of the table which tilted violently. Very loud knocks were heard. Will felt hands pressing his cheeks and an arm around his neck. We all saw luminous vapor arise from the centre of the table, and the atmosphere was very bright about us although we could not see each other. I saw a light over Will's head, and he saw a very bright one over mine, which lasted for some time. All but myself felt cold breezes and Miss Howard felt a hand on her arm. Turned on the light and replaced the flower on the piano, resumed sitting in the dark and the flower was brought back to the table.

I put it in Will's buttonhole and it was dropped in my lap. Table was pushed close to me, and with our united strength it was impossible to push it back. It was drawn away and this was repeated. Everything was very rapidly done. Put paper and pencil on table. Will's hand jerked away from Miss Howard who sat at his right, and made a writing motion. Pencil was thrust into his hand and he wrote. On turning up the light I found a personal message for myself:—"Never call Baron again he has gone away to attend to some music." [Notes 17-23.]

[I recall that when writings first began to come to me signed "Baron," he expressed great regret at not having been more interested in music, and his resolve to study in order to help me in my work. In the past two years he has repeatedly written, "Nell you must not give up your music, you must not let it go; you must keep it up for Junior's sake." I said, "But how terrible it was that I was unable to get his message the other evening, Baron must have been trying to tell me good-bye." The writing began then.]

He will often come to write but you must not call him.

[Several knocks in the middle of the table.]



(Shall we put the whistle on the table?)

Yes.

[Whistle was blown loudly almost immediately. Miss Howard left the room for a time and we continued without her. We laid the flower on the piano, and it was brought to us for the third time.

Whistle blew again; put mandolin on the table and both mandolin and whistle were sounded at the same time, the whistle trying to make a little tune.]

(Is it time to stop?)

Table tilted "yes."

Fourth meeting, April 26, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Miss Loba, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Will you take a look at the megaphone and see if you could use it in your message?)

Will try.

(Joe, there are sometimes coins placed in a box and sealed and the Guide takes them from the box; may we try that experiment?)

Sometime.

[While we are all friends here and would not think of doubting each other, still a scientific investigator would not accept our testimony regarding the whistle which Joe blew and lifted from the table while we were not holding each others hands.]

(Now could you pick it up from the piano and blow it, Joe?)

Yes.

[Just then we all heard a very loud whistle in the bright light and we asked if Joe did it, and he said "yes." The whistle was on the piano which is in the western part of the room; our table is always placed at east side, about ten feet from piano. Whistle was at extreme end of piano, more than fifteen feet from nearest person, which was Will.]

(Are there any other spirits here to-night?)

Not now.

(Joe, can you tell me if my ring is still in the same place?)

No.

(Is it still in the possession of the same person?)

Look in the crystal.

(Joe you mean for Will to look, don't you?)

Yes, and tell no one but you.

[Took the crystal to the dining-room and saw satisfactory answer within three minutes.]

(Joe, I have a friend out west who has been very unhappy

since he lost his wife, and has tried in every way to communicate with her. I had a letter from him asking me to send some message from her if I could. Her picture is on the mantel in a little gilt frame. Can you give me a message for her husband?)

Make it very very dark.

[After just a few seconds, it seems, the table began to move and I asked Joe if we should turn on the light and the answer was "yes."

On the table lay two of the most beautiful white roses; not a petal was crumpled or crushed. There was not a flower in the house when we put the light out.]

(Shall we send one of them to Mr. Dreyer, or both of them?)  
Send the bud.

[On Sunday evening, April 26th, Mr. Dreyer received a message through a friend who is a psychic, telling him he would hear something surprising from "Nellie Lambert." His friend had never heard my name. I have kept Mr. Dreyer's letter confirming coincident of date and acknowledging the receipt of the rose.] [Notes 24-29.]

(Do you want us to put the light out again?)

Yes.

[Will saw a picture but could not tell the rest about it except myself. It was regarding my ring.]

(Do you want to write or do you want to try some experiment in the light?) [Pause.]

(Joe, what do you want us to do next?) [Pause. The question repeated.]

You may write [meant myself].

(Who is to help me, Miss Howard or Will?)

Will.

[Wrote something intended for myself and Will alone, and we were forbidden to repeat it.]

(Joe, Miss Loba is anxious to have some sign from her brother or some one else, can you give her something?) [Pause.]

(Did you understand the question about Miss Loba?)

[No answer.] [Note 30.]

(Do you want us to put out the light?)

[Did not answer.]

[Then we turned out the light and placed the horn on the table, the table was rocked very hard, the horn was blown and thrown on the floor, and Joe then said "good night," by tilting the table towards each in turn and rapping. While the lights were all out, the door leading to Junior's room was closed very quietly, no one having heard it. I had said the child would be



wakened by the noises of the whistle and rocking of table which was sometimes very violent.]

Fifth meeting, April 28, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Mr. Breckinridge Jones, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Will you tell me something about my aunt? Have you any information about Mrs. Churchill, Joe?)

She will rest very soon.

(Will she rest before Mr. Lambert comes?)

Cannot tell.

(Can you tell me who closed the door into Junior's room the other night?)

I told Nina.

(If there should be anything I wanted to ask when Will was not here would you write for me? I would not ask it unless it were something important.)

Any time.

(Joe, we have a friend here to-night to whom I would like very much to give some kind of convincing message. Will you do your best for him?)

Yes.

(Shall we put out the light?)

Yes.

[I called attention to the fact that there were no flowers in the room except the white rose from Sunday and the plant on the piano; also to the horn, megaphone and mandolin.

No results except that the whistle was blown while falling from rocking table. Table was turned upside down in Mr. Jones's lap.]

(Joe what is the trouble, why are you unable to do anything?)

You must wait.

(Do you mean we must wait until later in the evening?)

Yes.

(Will you tell us who is here with us to-night?)

[No answer.]

[Turned out the light.]

(Shall we try the dark room again or do you want to write?)

[Pause.]

(Joe, have we been sitting in the right way or is it a bad night?)

[Will asked the question again.]

No.

(Can you suggest anything for us to do? Anything you would like us to try?) [Pause.]

(Joe, may I tell Mr. Lambert what you told Will and me about the ring? I will not write it but may I tell him when he comes home?)

Yes.

(Is there anything you want us to do now?)

No.

(Will you move the table with the light turned on?)

[No answer.]

(Joe, will you answer a question for Mr. Jones?) [Pause.]

(Has Mr. Jones a spirit guide?)

Yes.

(Can you tell us the name?)

Martin Osborne.

(Will you tell us when and where he died, Joe?)

Dublin, June 1793.

(At what age did he die?)

60 years.

(Are there any other spirits here to-night? [Pause.]

(Is Norman here Joe?)

Yes.

(Is Agnes here?)

Yes.

(Ask her to rattle the ice in the pitcher? Do you know Martin Osborne?)

Yes.

(Is he here now?)

Yes.

(What kind of a spirit is Martin Osborne?)

Martin Osborne——.

(What did you want to say about Martin Osborne, Joe?)

Baron has gone where Martin came from. [Note 31.]

(Was Martin fond of music?)

Very.

(Now, Joe, can you tell us what Mrs. Lambert has gone to do?)

Gone to get some——.

[I left the room and Will asked the question. When I returned I said, "tell them Joe, I don't mind."]

Gone to get some whiskey.

(See if you can tell what I do now?) [I left the room.]

She kissed the cat.

[Both answers were correct.]

Sixth meeting, May 1, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.



(Joe, have you found out anything about Jim Doherty?)

Only that he is not here.

(Joe, did you hear me when I spoke to you the other night and asked you to go and see Mr. Lambert and find out if he were ill?)

Yes.

(Did you go?)

Yes.

(How did you find him?)

He was well but I heard him say he wanted you.

(Joe did I do wrong not to go to him?)

No.

(Do you think my aunt can live many days longer?)

Not much longer.

(Joe, were the roses you brought us materialized here in the room, or did you bring them from some other place?)

From the South of France.

(Can you bring us more flowers when Mr. Lambert comes home? I would like very much to have him see that.)

Without tricks you seldom see these things more than once, but I will show him something.

(Joe, I want to ask if Mrs. Dreyer was present that night and if she helped you in giving the sign?)

She asked me to send white roses.

(Did she try to give Mr. Dreyer some sign by which he would know she sent it, and believe me?)

She went away as soon as she asked for the roses.

(Joe, was it you who called to Junior yesterday afternoon?)

[While Will Hannegan and Junior were watching a baseball game at the park, Junior was called loudly. He ran to Will and asked what he wanted. Will said he had not called him, but Junior insisted, so, not to worry the child who does sometimes hear voices, he said, "Oh, yes, I did call you but I don't want anything now. I have forgotten why I called you." There were three games going on at one time on the field.] [Notes 32-33.]

Nina said there was a ball going that way.

(Do you mean there was a ball going to hit him?)

Yes.

(Did you call him?)

Yes.

(Can Nina make Junior hear him?)

Yes.

(Why didn't she call him then?)

So he would think it was Will.

(Joe, I want to ask if you have seen Baron since he went away?)

No.

(Have you seen my brother Alex?)

Yes.

(Are there any other spirits here to-night besides yourself?)

Agnes and Norman.

(Joe, there are several friends who used to come to us; can you tell what has become of them?)

They had so much else to do.

(Were they waiting until we got acquainted with our Guides so they could go?)

Yes.

(Joe, does Norman come any nearer to me now since I called him?)

*Yes but you must call.* [Most heavily underscored.]

(I have called and called and asked him to knock. Is it because he is shy or have I offended him in the beginning.)

Some must learn to come close.

(Can they guide and direct us from a distance?)

Just the same.

(Joe, Lillie wants to know why she may not know who her guide is.)

She does not need to know.

(Joe was Miss Howard's bed really rocked?)

Yes.

[Miss Howard told me that morning that her bed had been rocked like a boat tossed by waves.]

(Who did it?)

Agnes can turn the head to the foot.

(She would not do anything that would frighten her?)

She must ask her not to.

(Joe, if I keep on asking Norman can he do these things or is he not as strong as Agnes?)

In time to come.

(Will it be very long?)

He is able to now.

(Does it depend more on him or on me? When I am ready for it or when he is willing? Does it depend on me?)

All you.

(Is it my way of living and thinking that prevents it, Joe?)

What you went for the last night. [The whiskey.]

(Joe, can you find out from Nina what has caused Junior to see these ugly visions before going to sleep, and how to stop them?)

It is all the starting of dreams and we have nothing to do with dreams.



(Are they purely physical manifestations?)

All children at that age are the same.

[Question by Miss Howard] Joe, will you ask Agnes if I will ever be able to write by myself?)

Yes.

(Shall we put the lights out now?)

Yes.

[During the time spent in the dark room Will was lifted, while on the piano bench, high in the air. He was also kissed, which was very loud and was heard by all.] [Note 34.]

Seventh meeting, May 4, 1908.

Mr. Lambert, Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hanne-  
gan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Will you tell us who Mr. Lambert's spirit guide is?)

Nannie La Freett. [Note 35.]

(Where was her home and where did she die?)

Paris, 1729.

(Does she like music, Joe?)

*Very much.* [Underscored.]

[Mr. Lambert] (Is she with me constantly or just some-  
times?)

Always.

(Does she come close to me?)

Enough to touch.

(Joe will you ask Nannie why she never told me she was  
near?)

There never was a guide writing who could find another guide  
until you asked.

[Mrs. L. speaking] (Will she be able to write for Mr. Lam-  
bert now that he knows her?)

Can tell many things.

(Does she help him with his playing, Joe?)

[The sign of the treble clef was drawn.] [Note 36.]

[Mr. Lambert] (Joe, Nellie wants to know if Nannie, at  
some future time will be able to do writing, this sort of writing,  
through me, in the same way that you are writing for Will?)

Some time.

(Can you tell Lillie anything about the question that was  
asked on the postal card she received this morning?) [Note 37.]

[No answer.]

[Miss Paradise then asked about her mother.]

She is old old old and must die soon.

(Should Lillie tell her friend that?)

She need not know.

(Joe, can you tell me anything more about my aunt? If she can live much longer?)

She will rest sooner than you think.

(Can you tell where Mr. Lambert lost his two gold coins?)

I cannot see if they are in the trunk or just outside.

(Joe will you write the last sentence again?)

Same as before.

[Mr. Lambert explained by putting his hand under the lamp shade, and then first outside, saying that he thought Joe could not exactly see whether they were inside, or lying on it. All but Mr. Lambert and myself supposed the trunk to have arrived with him the day before and to have been unpacked. As a matter of fact it had gone astray and was still at the 23rd St. Ferry landing at Jersey City. When the trunk came, two days later, the coins were found in a pocket at the very bottom of the trunk. Mr. Lambert had missed them while in New York and told me when he arrived about having lost them. He said there was no chance of their being found as he had searched all of his clothes before packing his trunk.]

(Joe, do you want us to try the dark room?)

If you wish.

(Will you tell Lillie what to do for her sister's tooth?)

Just leave it alone.

(Joe, where was Agnes born?)

[No answer.]

(Joe, will you please tell us what the trouble was that you could do nothing more?)

Jordan—[drawing]—Wheat—Lily Lambert.

(What were you trying to draw? Joe, were you trying to draw any particular thing? What were you trying to tell Mr. Lambert?)

In London, London. [Note 38.]

(What about London, Joe?)

Watch Marion there will be a fire and she said watch my boy.

[Mr. Lambert] (Joe, who is this message from, my mother or my father?)

Verra, Verra. [Note 39.]

(Joe, won't you help us, you draw a map of England, then write.)

Jordan—Wheat—Lilly, then you write—you must watch Marion. [Note 40.]

(Who signs this message, Joe? Please explain the whole thing more clearly.)

Tell them they must watch Marion, there will be a fire and they must watch my boy, Lilly.

(Please tell us where the fire will be.)

London.



(Who must we tell to watch Marion there?)

Florence Parker must keep him from going. [Note 41.]

(Why is Marion going to London? He has no intention of it now.)

I cannot see.

(Will it be safe for Jordan to go to London?)

Yes.

(Did you write the name Vera, or what was the word? We cannot understand.

What Jim has changed his name to.

(Do you mean Jim Doherty?)

Yes.

(Have you any more news to give us about the ring, please?)

It is still where I showed you last.

(Do you still think we will get it, Joe?)

Yes.

(If it is good-night, will you knock for us loudly?)

GOOD NIGHT.

Eighth meeting, May 15, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Mrs. Butler, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Joe can you give us a message for Father Webber's mother?)

John said he is waiting, waiting, waiting. [Note 42.]

(Joe can you tell me where the person lives that Father Webber asked the question about the other morning?) [Note 43.]

[At the time of this writing we had no idea of Father Webber's summer plans. Will has just received (July) a letter from him from London. We do not know yet whether he took anyone with him.]

He is in Boston now but will go to Europe with Fr. this summer.

[Will] (Joe, at 9 o'clock by my watch and Mr. Lambert's watch will you go to Mr. Lambert and he will tell you, or tell Nannie to tell you what the score of the billiard game is, and will you tell us please?)

Will tell you just what Nannie tells me.

[Mr. Lambert was playing a billiard match downtown.]

[Mrs. Butler said she had a son who went to bed and died during the night, and she would like to know how it happened, if he suffered much, and if he was happy.]

(Joe did you hear Mrs. Butler?)

To start with he is very very happy, he said he called and called but did not suffer and comes to see you every day, he will come if you ask him, will tell more again my very dear mother, how I did love you.

(Have you heard anything from my brother Baron since he went away?)

[9 o'clock] Nannie said 24-19.

[Mr. Lambert came home later and said it was 22-19 at 9 o'clock but 24-19 two or three minutes later.]

[Same question about Baron.]

You take the pencil with Will. [Two hold the pencil.]

Nell and Baron and so glad to be here to-night and so glad that I can write; auntie did not suffer much but is very tired and weak, she is sleeping. Mary is not going to be ill, you need not worry about her, just take a rest and don't worry about any of them, they will get along very well this summer.

(Baron have you seen Woodson lately?) [Note 44.]

Yes he is conscious now and is often with you.

(What do you think about mother going to Narragansett Pier? Do you think they are right?)

Yes.

(Can you tell me something about your work? Joe told me you had gone to attend to some music and that interested me very much.)

You know I worked with you after I went away, and have grown to love it so much. I have you to thank for that and many other things my very dear little sister.

(Will you give me some message for Jordan? Do you think this is bad for him, or was he just restless that one night?)

No it does not hurt him but give him his own time, tell him he has more than filled my place and I love and thank him more than I can tell. [Note 45.]

(Baron can you tell me——)

I know what you want to say, you want to ask about the——. Nell you are not in a pliant mood to-night, I cannot make you say it.

(Now if you are ready to say anything more we are ready to go ahead.)

[I thought of my question.]

(I wanted to ask you Baron if Auntie's husband was with her? When Joe gave the message he said "John," her nephew, had gone. I wondered why her husband or little girl was not with her.)

(Are they with her or do they see her?)

Oh yes, they are taking care of her and she knew them just a few minutes before she went to sleep.

(Was Uncle Levi with her when she died?)



Yes we were all there, I mean Uncle Levi, Nellie, Alex, her father and mother and John Smith.

(Baron will you give me a little message for mother?)

Yes indeed, tell her I often come and kiss her and put my arms around her and that she must go away this summer and get strong, she has much pleasure and happiness ahead of her still, so that she must not feel that life is finished, how can she when she looks at her two grandsons now Nell you must not give up your music dear child it has meant so much it will mean much yet.

[I said that I was too old.]

[Baron wrote] Nonsense, yes I know it is hard but you are in better health now and I will be allowed to help you, would not that be something, I really could now.

(Baron is it some spirit music you have charge of, or is it some music here?)

It is spirit music but it all affects the musicians on earth.

(I am so glad to hear from you Baron, it was such a shock when I was told I must never call you again.)

Yes I tried to send you word by myself but you were too tired and I knew it would trouble you if you did not understand, now I must go. Baron.

(Joe can you tell Mrs. Butler who her spirit guide is?)

Mother you need not worry about Billie he is very happy and is with me. PAULINE. [Note 46.]

[Names unknown to all of the circle excepting Mrs. B.]

(Joe can you get a message from Mrs. Butler's son Allen?)

We must not worry you so much in one night.

(Joe, do you want us to try the dark room or do you want to keep on writing?)

You may try it dark.

(Will you try to use the megaphone?)

Yes.

(Shall I put it on the piano or on the table?)

Keep it where it is.

[Megaphone was on a little stool some distance from the table.]

[During the time spent in the dark room, Will saw a bunch of roses and he took Miss Howard's hand, letting go of Mrs. Butler's, and we started away from the table with Will. He followed the roses and could touch them, seemingly reaching the ceiling; I smelled them and so did Miss Howard. We returned to the table and then Will saw a form standing behind me showing something to him. The figure put his fingers on his lips as if to say, be quiet, and motioned for him to follow. Will saw him go down the hall, then saw him again. Miss Howard felt some one pin a flower on her, and felt the pin stick and could smell the perfume of roses. Will saw a form standing behind

me all the time, with one arm around me, and felt a hand on his face.] [Note 47.]

[Correct as to billiard score. J. L.]

Ninth meeting, May 19, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Mr. Fitzgerald, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Will Mr. Fitzgerald succeed in his present business?)

He had better wait.

(Better wait for what Joe, wait for another time or wait in his business?)

Must go just as he is and not ask.

(Do you mean he must go home, or do just as he is doing?)

With his work.

(Joe, Mr. Fitzgerald is anxious to know if he will ever marry?)

If not, he must blame himself.

(Can you tell us the name of the one he might marry?)

[No answer.]

(Do you want us to ask another question?)

It is very very hard to tell him anything for many many reasons that I cannot tell.

(Was that a true message I got from Norman last evening?)

You had better ask him.

(Joe do you know anything about John Martin? Has he told you anything?)

We will tell many things when it comes time.

(Joe, would like us to try the dark room?)

I have had so much to do that it is hard to write.

(Shall we put the light out or shall we say good night?)

Make it dark.

[We were taken out of the room by force; I was leading the party, and we were taken to the dining-room. Will was put in a chair, then we came back to the parlor. We all felt cold breezes and Miss Howard and Will saw beautiful white wings spread out over me. Then we were taken out again, and when we got to the dining-room Will was put in a chair at the telephone and his hand went to the receiver. My hand was drawn in the same direction, and the telephone book went out from Will's arm. (During this time I kept my hand on the hook of the telephone.) We asked if all should leave the room but Will and me, and the answer came promptly, "yes." My hand was forced from the hook and Will called



long distance, asked for a number, received it and talked to central. We could not tell any one what was said, but not understanding perfectly what the phone message we had received was about, Will looked in the crystal and saw explanation. Will was unconscious of having phoned. While sitting in dark room Miss Howard saw a white covering over Lillie, separating her from the person next to her.] [Note 48 and 49.]

[Note.—On May 22nd I showed Will some colored plates in "Thought-Forms," by Besant & Leadbeater, and I told him I thought the white wings which he and Miss Howard saw over my head were of that nature.—a symbolic picture of my thoughts at the time, seen clairvoyantly by them.

I was meditating at the time on the subject of "Invisible Helpers," and protecting spirit guardians. He agreed with me and then pointed to a beautiful cone-shaped form with stars rising from it and said that was similar to the lights he had tried in vain to describe on the same evening.

This cone-shaped picture is descriptive of cheerful and hopeful thought at a funeral. My aunt had died on May 11, and I thought of her peaceful and lovely death quite constantly that night. In connection with her death I must note that late Sunday night May 9th, or early Sunday (May 10th) morning, Miss Howard was shaken by the shoulder and a voice whispered, "Mrs. Churchill will be with you two more days."

Also early Monday morning (May 11th) at three o'clock, Will was awakened and told that "They had gone to wait for Mrs. Churchill."

I had not intended going to her that day, believing she would live another week or two, and but for this warning I would not have been with her when she passed out.]

Tenth meeting, May 21, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Joe, are you with us to-night?)

Yes.

(Are you tired, would you rather not write?)

[Drawing.]

(Joe, I am sorry we do not understand the picture, will you tell us something about it?)

Chicago.

(Joe, what were you trying to make Will do at the telephone night before last? Was that the correct name he got?)

Will tell you very much more very soon.

(Joe, can you tell me the name of Mrs. Marion Lambert's guide, my sister-in-law? You have probably seen her with me or Will?)

Odell Lovington.

(Joe, can you tell us anything more about Odell Lovington? Is it a man or woman, and where did they live and when?)

[I asked Norman for the name in the afternoon and he wrote Mammy, and said she was a negress. I was puzzled to know why I received that name and then Joe should write Odell Lovington; we were all talking about when Joe wrote—"My dear she was black."]

(Was she some one in the family in the old slave days, and did they call her Mammy?)

Yes.

(Can you tell us where she died, Joe, or where she used to live?)

She died in Virginia in 1632.

(Joe, have you found out anything about Lillie's headaches, what to do for them?)

No.

[Will had something in his eye all day and it was giving him a great deal of trouble. I asked Joe if he could tell what to do, and while we were waiting for an answer, the eye was entirely relieved.]

(Joe, there was a spirit who used to write for me that signed his name "Dad Updike." Will you ask Norman what has become of him? He never writes for me any more.) [Note 50.]

He is very far away, but if you will call he will come and write.

(Now, can you tell us anything about his son and daughter, Ewing and Queen?)

They have been gone a long time and cannot find them.

(Now, Joe, I want to ask if you have any objection to having a friend come Saturday night; Norman can tell you who he is. His name is Whit Updike.)

He may come.

(Joe, Miss Howard wants to know where her brother is; she has not heard from him for such a long time.)

I do not know him.



(Ask Agnes, please Joe, she knows him.)

He is not with us.

(Joe, are you tired of hunting up people?)

Yes.

(Shall we put out the light or do you want to say good night?)

Dark. [Note 51.]

[While we were sitting at the table one of Will's hands started to go up and I reached as far as I could, then stood on my toes and held on to his wrist. He was sitting on the stool, all the time. The same thing happened to my left hand while Lillie held it, and to Miss Howard's, though hers did not go up quite so far. For the account of the rest of the evening, follows an extract from a letter written by myself to Mr. Lambert.

"Have decided after all to write you a letter about our sitting on Thursday night, May 24th. We did some writing, nothing of great importance, and turned the lights out at ten o'clock. Will's arms were elongated (you have read a description of that in connection with Home's experiments.) Then I was turned away from the table and made to lead the way to my bed room. There Will's hand of which I was holding the fingers, fumbled about my bureau. His fingers were stiff and motionless, and suddenly he said something slid between his fingers; I could feel it also but did not recognize the little photo of Junior in the silver frame.

"We were then hurried to Junior's play room which was lighted, Will still holding the picture, and we were made to play ring-around-a-rosy on a chalk circle which Will had drawn the day before for playing marbles. Will and I were drawn from the others and whirled around by ourselves.' This was repeated, starting from the table back to my room and so on, three times. We turned on the light and asked for an explanation. It read—'Nina said she wants Will to play with Junior every day.'

"After waiting some time in the dark and receiving minor manifestations, it must have been 11.30 when I was again drawn from the table so swiftly that Miss Howard and Lillie were left behind. Will and I were drawn into my room so rapidly that I do not know how we escaped bumps and bruises. We were led directly to my open closet and made to search round in every corner of it, then were led to the front door, where my hand was made to try the bolt; not the chain bolt which was up, but the other which we found unlocked, and which I was made to fasten.

"We were then drawn back into the parlor and forcibly put in our chairs. The others joined us. This was all in the dark, but in the meantime Lillie and Miss Howard had been in the

lighted play room to write. They only had a sentence, written over and over again in a great hurry—'must watch—must watch Nellie and Junior.' They did not show us this until later, however, as they thought it meant nothing. We were still sitting quietly in the dark when Will and I were drawn to my closet again in such a hurry that we left the others behind. While we were fumbling about, we were whirled around out of it, as I first thought to my mirror—it was only a step and we were turned once. I said, 'Will I am puzzled; we were just turned around once and ought to be in front of my mirror, but it should look round instead of square.' There was a faintly illuminated square in front of us. He, too, thought we were at my bureau, but put out his hand to touch it and then whispered, 'hush.' My hand was made to rattle the chain loudly, and we were whirled at a mad speed back to the table in the parlor where the girls were sitting, and I was forced into my chair. I asked Will to turn on the light and write, as I began to be puzzled, particularly after being transported bodily as it seemed to us, to the front door. Will took the pencil and in the meantime we looked at the watch finding it close to midnight.

"You must remember that the house had been very quiet and in darkness since a little after ten o'clock. The writing came with such speed that we could hardly read it.—'The man the man he was in the hall and will come back again, he was thinking of hiding in Mrs. Lambert's closet he thinks she has jewelry in her room, you must watch, do not go to bed, he will be back.'

"Just then we heard the main door close down stairs, but could see nothing in the street on account of the rain. Will said, 'Why didn't you see him, Mrs. Lambert? I saw him through the glass when I told you to be quiet, and I saw him move away. I thought I told you but something must have kept me from doing so.' I had not seen him; in fact I was so dizzy from being whirled about to the door, that I could hardly stand, and could have seen nothing clearly.

"Will asked if he should search the stairway, but I said not to, for the place underneath at the bottom is an awful trap to walk into. I said I would phone the police station; Will was still holding the pencil and it wrote: 'No do not, they would be so long in coming they would not get here in time, he has gone out again but he will be back, you must watch for him. Will will hear him come, he must shoot.' I said, 'but Joe, if we shoot it will frighten him away and bring a lot of people here and make talk.' 'No,' he answered, 'you will get him, he will come back in the hall but I will not let him get in the house.' It was still storming hard, as it had been all evening, so I said that Lillie could not go any way, and I insisted on her and Miss Howard going to bed. I wanted them near Junior, and anyway it seemed



useless for us all to keep awake. This was about one o'clock, so we first searched the place thoroughly, then Lillie and Miss Howard went to bed. Will and I took a look at the kitchen windows and doors, though I remember now that I did not try the lock on the kitchen window; it appeared to be fastened.

"We then put out all the lights in Apartment F, except in the bath room, the door of which I left open about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The bath room window was almost closed and my window entirely closed, so there was no draught to bang the door. Besides the wind had by this time subsided. I gave Will my revolver, and we sat down in the parlor to wait. Once we heard a noise in the front hall outside the door, but by the time we got to it the sound seemed to be receding down the stairs. I told Will I did not want to frighten the man away, for if he were determined to come sometime, I wanted it over with while I had some one with me, and I wanted him caught; and for that reason we would not turn on the light.

"I took Will's watch into the bath room and found it was two o'clock; I suggested that we go into the pantry and get something to eat, and before turning on the light in the pantry I closed the door into the kitchen so the light would not be seen from the back porch. When we had finished and had put out the light, I opened the door into the kitchen again, remarking to Will that we could better hear a noise with it open, and that although the man had come first to the front door, I was always more afraid of the back porch. I thought if he had heard me rattle the chain on the front door he might be more apt to give that up and try the back. When we went back to the parlor there was no draught at all in the hall, not even enough to sway the portieres at the bath room door.

"We sat a long time in my study because it seemed that we could watch both the front and back doors from there best, but finally went in the parlor, and decided that our visitor was not coming back. This must have been three o'clock.

"Just then Will heard a voice say 'Look out, look out' and we both heard a clicking sound in the back hall. We went into the study to look down the hall and saw at once that the bath room door was closed. I said, 'Will, if any one comes out of that door you are in a good position to shoot from here,' and then I closed the door into the children's rooms very quietly. The bath room door then opened wide, lighting up the hall, and was shut and the knob turned. This was repeated, and I whispered that a burglar would be a fool to make so much noise. Will answered, 'Mrs. Lambert, something tells me I must go into the kitchen.' I would not let him go, so we waited a little longer, and Will said he did not believe there was anyone in the bath room. I said, 'neither do I, and this thing is getting on my

nerves.' Will said 'Let us go in.' I agreed, and said that perhaps Joe had opened and shut the door for some purpose. We went to the bath room, opened the door and looked in and found it empty. There was not a particle of wind. I went into my room to try and see the time, but was startled by three loud knocks over my bed. I ran to Will and said, 'Did you hear anything in my room?' He said he heard knocks but they sounded in the dining-room. Just then we heard a noise as though the door was closing from the kitchen into the pantry. We entered the pantry and Will opened the kitchen door and looked in. He closed it, telling me there was nothing there, and asked if I were afraid to stay alone a moment in the parlor while he got some ice. Presently he came back and said, 'You may come now; I wanted to look through the kitchen alone, as I found the window open.'

"I went with him and found that the window on the porch was wide open. You know the screen is fastened in at the top and the window being up we could lean out and look out on the porch.

"Will said that if only I had let him go in the kitchen that first time when he spoke of it he thought that he would have surely gotten whoever opened the window. We shut it and then, as it was beginning to grow light, and was past four o'clock, I went to bed and Will lay down in the study. [Note 52.]

"In the morning we found, not street mud, but yellow clay, on our landing outside the front door and some tracks going down the stairs.

"Think me superstitious if you will, but I firmly believe that after trying to make Will go to the kitchen, and my preventing it, Joe went and closed these doors to frighten the intruder away. He had said he would not let him come in, but that Will would know when he would try to and must shoot.

"If we had not had the warning, Will and Lillie would probably have gone home during a lull in the storm at midnight."]

Eleventh meeting, May 22, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Marion Lambert.

(Joe, can you tell anything about the open window? Who opened it?)

He came to the window but he did not come in and he will not come in.

(Did he raise the window or did one of the servants leave it open?)

He opened it.

(Joe, why did he not come in the front door?)



He heard you.

(Will he come to-night?)

Cannot tell.

(Have you any instructions to give us? Should we notify the police?)

He will never get in so you may rest.

(Joe, I do not doubt your word, but is there any chance of his trying to get in on the children's side?)

No.

(Joe, can you tell who took Mrs. Marion Lambert's jewels eight years ago?)

They were taken by—I must not tell.

(Joe, will you try to give Mrs. Marion Lambert a message from her sister Fanny?)

She says make it dark.

(Ask her if she will do anything to frighten her?)

No.

(Joe, will you not let any one touch her?)

No.

[The lights were put out and we joined hands. Will's right hand held by Mrs. Marion was raised until she stood on her tip-toes and could just touch his cuff. This was repeated.

We turned on the lights and took measurements and found that Mrs. Marion could reach to a height of 82½ inches while standing, and that Will in a sitting position could reach to a height of 72 inches, these measurements being from the floor up. According to this calculation Will's arm when elongated must have been 20 inches longer than when normal. [Note 53.]

We turned out the light and sat again. I was drawn from the table and led the party through the dressing-room into my bed-room; stopped in front of my bureau and Will took up Junior's picture and pressed it to my lips. We were then taken to Junior's play room, which was lighted, and made to run around a circle very rapidly.

We let go of hands and came back to the table and sat again, when the same thing happened, this time the picture being raised high in the air and then pressed to my lips and heart. I requested Joe not to take us back to Junior's play-room for fear of waking him and we were turned rapidly in the dressing-room. Mrs. Marion seemed to lead the party

in a circle this time, and was drawn about so rapidly that the circle was broken.

She tried to resist the impulse to whirl about and was thrown upon the sofa. We came back to the table, turned on the lights and sat down again at the table. This time Mrs. Marion was drawn from the table and led us into the dressing-room, where we were drawn about in a circle a few times. She then led us into the dining-room which was dark and we turned on the light without breaking the circle. Will's hands were raised and the one held by Mrs. Marion was elongated in the light, too, as nearly as we can judge, about seven inches beyond the normal length. We calculated by comparing it with the other arm.

The stretching was visible to all, as well as the shrinking when returning to normal size. The arm appeared to grow right out of the sleeve and was stiff, cold and clammy. We were taken back into the dressing-room and again I requested that we be not taken to Junior's room.

During the elongation of Will's arm while we were in the dining-room, there were six electric bulbs burning in the chandelier.

We were whirled about violently, taken back to the parlor and resumed our places at the table, still in the light. The table tilted violently and was balanced on one leg for fully a minute with only Mrs. Marion's left hand and Will's right upon it. Attempted to do the same thing with my right and Will's left hand, our other hands having been forcibly removed, but without succeeding in balancing on one leg. [Note 54.]

Mrs. Marion's hands were then drawn back and raised above her head, she trying all the while to resist. She was laid back in her chair and her feet started to go up in the air. We put our hands on the table again and Mrs. Marion drew Will's hand to the piano, moving it up and down the keys several times, pressing down the keys without making a sound.

We came back to the table and asked Joe to tell us what this meant, in writing.]



My dear, if you play I can hear you and you know how I love music.

[We asked Joe who had written this and it was signed "Fanny," the name of Mrs. Marion's sister.]

(Joe, will you ask Fanny to tell Mrs. Marion what work her sister does?)

She is with little children.

[Mrs. Marion then told us that her sister was devoted to children and taught a large Sunday school. While waiting for this last answer the quivering of the paper took place, which we had noticed at a previous sitting.] [Note 55.]

[The quivering of the paper was as follows:—One corner of the page which was lying flat upon the table curled up to a height of about six inches, and quivered very rapidly. The quivering was as rapid as that of a needle of a compass, and uninterrupted. This lasted more than five minutes. On one occasion we tried holding our hands between the light and the shadow cast by the corner of the paper. With one exception, the shadow cast by the paper, showed distinctly through the shadow cast by the hands. This exception was in the case of Mr. Fitzgerald, the shadow of whose hand completely obscured that cast by the paper. This was on the evening of May 19th.]

(Joe, did Mammy have anything to do with Mrs. Marion's whirling about?)

Yes.

Twelfth meeting, May 23rd, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Can you give Will a birthday message?)

Stop and think how long I have been here and then think that of all that I have guided that you are the first that has ever known me, then think how very happy I am and how I love you all.

(What do you want us to do, Joe?)

Put out the light but do not try to make it dark.

(Do you want us to put the light out in the study?)

Yes.

[Miss Howard's hands were moved toward me and I kissed her. This was repeated. Then my hand was raised

to Will's lips. I had been talking about having the rheumatism in my shoulder, and I was given the most violent exercise, using the entire arm with the greatest ease. [Note 56.] We were made to get up and change our places at the table, I was seated on the sofa, and the exercise started again, this time with both arms. Had I been left in my accustomed chair, my arms would have been badly bruised. Then we were taken to my bed-room and Junior's picture was taken up in Will's hand, pressed to my lips and also to my heart. My wrist was turned entirely around in doing this. We were then taken to the dining-room, over to a window and our hands pointed toward the house next door. Led back to the parlor, we were seated at the table, and Will's fingers began to twitch. He stood up, his arms were drawn together with great force, folded, and then he turned round and started through the dressing-room and on into the dining-room. After a long time he came back and told us he had seen Joe and had a long talk with him. Then I was made to lead the party to each window in the dressing-room, and was made known that I must pull down the curtains, not only the light shades but also the dark. We were taken from there to the dining-room, and I was seated in a chair; then Will sat upon the floor, I was then drawn to the floor. In a few minutes we stood up and started again for the door.

Just as we reached the hall Will was much startled to see Joe in the door of my study, leading the way to Junior's play-room and bed-room, and we were shown that the shades here must be pulled down also. We were taken to my bed-room and dining-room and given same instructions.

We then went back to the parlor and asked what it all meant. Joe directed me to take the pencil and said Norman would write.]

You must not be afraid but you must be careful you are in danger of being attacked at any time by a man next door, he is watching you always and has been for a long time. [Note 57.]

(Is Junior in any danger? Was it this man who tried to come in the other night?)

Yes.

(Will he come again to-night?)

Cannot tell.



(Joe said he would not let him come in.)

Perhaps he can keep him out but be careful.

(Will Mr. Lambert be in any danger when alone here?)

No, no, he does not want a man.

Nellie, you must not be afraid—George.

(George, do you know Norman and Joe?)

Yes.

(George, have you been here and have you seen what Joe showed us about the windows?)

Yes. You must not be afraid—Norman—you will be careful and nothing will happen.

(Norman, does he think my jewels are still here?)

No. It is you, you, you, you, you must not be out after dark alone, now is the time to take your first lesson Nellie.

(Who is writing, and what kind of a lesson?)

Norman—a lesson in caution and prudence.

(Do you mean that I ought to pull the curtains down right now? We have no light in there.)

No, but when the light is turned up he can see you, we have been anxious to tell you we love you, your brother Alex is here he wants to write. Nellie I am Alex, you must not be frightened but Joe is right, be careful, we have been very anxious for we knew you were in some danger.

[I said I thought I was very careful.]

You are careful enough about others but you often take awful risks for yourself, do not forget that you are still young enough—Nellie you are not careful you are reckless.

(Tell me some of the things I am reckless in?)

In many you do not think of.

(Tell me some of them so I will know.)

You are often out after dark even late in the evening. Norman says you are reckless about some other things, you do not take care of yourself.

(Alex do you know what has become of our other friends who used to come here, Queen and Ewing and Ivers Howard?)

They are all busy.

(How did George happen to come, I heard he had gone far away?)

He had but he heard you were in danger and you know how he loved you and still does.

(Was Baron worried and was he here too?)

Yes indeed he was, he has not left you since he knew.

(If Baron is here to-night give him my love and tell him mother was so pleased with her message.)

You you you you.

(Is Alex still writing?)

No, it is I. Norman.

(What do you mean by writing you over and over again?)  
 You are the very——.  
 [Did not finish and I asked Will to try and get the message.]  
 (Is it all right for Norman to write for Will, Joe? Or can  
 he tell you and you can write?)  
 You are the very dearest girl but you must take care.  
 (Is that Norman writing?)  
 With Joe.  
 (Norman will you sometime be able to rap for me again or  
 show me something, that is, if I behave myself any better?)  
 You will see me very soon.  
 (Norman will you please tell me how you will appear to me?  
 In ordinary dress or how?)  
 When you see me you will love me as I love you.  
 (Norman will I be alone when I see you or will Will be with  
 me?)  
 It will be very soon at a meeting.  
 (Norman can you tell me what those white wings were that  
 they saw over my head?)  
 I put them there but I did not mean them to be seen.  
 (Do they mean something special, Norman?)  
 They are always there when I come very near.  
 (Do they mean protection?)  
 You will see me with wings.  
 (I like that Norman and I hope I will see you soon.)  
 You will, I have been trying to show you myself.  
 Minerva——.  
 (Does any one know Minerva? [Pause.]  
 (Minerva who?)  
 Wilson [pseudonym.] You can help her very much if you  
 will all pray for her.

[She was a well-known woman, who married Mr. B——.  
 She committed suicide about two years ago. We knew her  
 very slightly.]

(Is she here, Norman, or does she send the message?)  
 She cannot come away.  
 (Come away from where Norman?)  
 From her hard hard work.  
 (What is her work, Norman?)  
 [No answer.]  
 (How did she happen to send the message to us?)  
 You were the only ones she could make know her and she  
 says just pray. [Note 58.]  
 (Who brought the message? Who in the spirit world?)



She heard that Joe came to see Will.

(Is Norman still writing?)

Yes.

(Are you getting tired, Norman, shall we say good night?)

Good night.

Thirteenth meeting, May 24, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Mr. Marion Lambert, Mr. Updike, Will Hannegan, Lillie Hannegan and Mrs. Marion Lambert.

(Joe at 8.30 o'clock, New York time, Mr. Lambert is going to give Nannie a message. Will you give it to us?)

If Nannie can bring it I will give it to you.

(Will you tell me why we have to be careful with Junior's shades as well as mine?)

You need not worry about that side.

(Joe, what do you want us to do? Could you lengthen Will's hour again?)

First put out the light, can leave windows open.

[We were taken through the rooms into my bed-room and as usual to my bureau. During the day I had changed Junior's picture, but did not tell any one about it.

Came back to the parlor and turned on the light. Mr. Marion now joined us. It was about 9.30 and we were waiting for the message from Mr. Lambert. Will took the pencil and wrote: "Norman says take the pencil quickly." I took the pencil, Will holding my wrist.]

Nannie says not to worry about Jordan or anything else and that he thinks you are the sweetest and best on earth and that he loves you so much that he cannot tell you how much.

(Norman, do you want me to telegraph that to Jordan?)

Yes.

[Sent telegram. It was incorrect.]

[After message turned out lights. I was drawn from the table and led the party to my bed-room where Will's hand fumbled about my bureau for some time. I was holding his fingers so knew just what movements he made. Our hands were rested upon the lid of the box in which I had placed the picture. Will leaned quite heavily upon it; as I held the ends

of his fingers, I knew he was not opening the box, so supposed he would fail to find the picture, when suddenly he felt it slide between his fingers without disturbing the lid of the box. He placed it on the bureau again, the circle still being unbroken, and his right arm, held by Miss Howard, was raised and elongated. We all felt of it without breaking the circle. Mr. Updike, who is a very tall man, could not reach the hand to touch it. Just then Mrs. Marion, who was holding Mr. Updike's left hand, exclaimed, "His arm is shrinking, his hand is going right up his cuff." The arm continued to grow shorter, while we all felt of it, still without breaking the circle. As far as we could judge by feeling it and comparing with the other arm, it was only half its normal length. Then we felt it slowly lengthen to the natural size. Were afraid to turn on the light for fear of giving him a nervous shock.

After this we were led through different rooms at a rapid pace, and made to go around again in a circle in the dressing-room. Then we went back to the table, still in the dark, sat quietly, and the megaphone was brought from across the room and put on the table. All heard it coming through the air and being dropped on the table. The table rocked violently throwing the megaphone off on to the floor. My hands were drawn from the table, and made to go through such violent exercise, a little in the fashion of Swedish movements, that Mr. Updike and Will could not always hold them. During this time Mrs. Marion and Will saw brilliant lights all about me; a circle over my head, a band about my throat, in the centre of which was a very large bluish light like a diamond, while streaks of light played over my body. They also saw a clear rosy light on my forehead. They said the lights about my head were pale blue. Then my right hand held by Will was drawn several times to the piano where I was made to strike several notes. The circle was still unbroken. Mrs. Marion's arms were raised high in the air and stiffened so they could not be brought down for several moments. All the while she could see bright lights over her shoe and dress, which were also seen by Will, Miss Howard and myself.

Her arms were then moved about in the same manner in



which mine had been. Her husband who was holding her right hand, and who is a powerful man, tried his best to keep her arm from moving, but found it impossible. The motions were very rapid.

Next my hands were drawn from the table and I led the party back into the dining-room where my arms were put through the same movements before described. The lights were again seen, but as before, only by Mrs. Marion and Will.

My arms were then thrown about Mrs. Marion's neck and my cheek pressed against hers. The same thing was repeated and afterwards I was made to embrace Miss Howard and Mr. Marion Lambert. The force was impossible to resist.

As we were leaving the dining-room Lillie saw an object coming toward her which struck her lightly on the head. We were then led very rapidly back to the parlor, where Mr. Updike was turned backwards over the high arm of the sofa, and was lowered on to it by my arm. I had to let go his hand when I felt he was going down, and placed my arm under his shoulder. He said I lowered him very slowly and gently. Mr. Updike is a very tall man and I have very little strength.

This left him with his legs over the arm of the sofa, higher than his head. We all tried to raise him. Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert and Will are all three very powerful, but it was some time before we were even able to raise his shoulder from the sofa, where he seemed to be held down, and we had to stand behind until the lights were turned on, as his body was inclined to stiffen and go back. He was perfectly conscious throughout and spoke to us and was trying all the time to get up, but said he felt a great force holding him down.]

(Joe, can you tell us who is Mr. Marion Lambert's guide?)

Maude Terrell.

(Will you tell us where and when she died?)

Rome, 1798.

[Mr. Lambert said he would like to know if he would be elected President of an Association in a few days.]

(Did you hear what Mr. Lambert said?) [Pause. Question repeated.]

You will know as soon as you care to.

[I took pencil.]

(Norman, will you write?)

Yes. You must not be afraid of what Alex said last night, it is all safe while Will and Joe are here but dear girl be very careful, you have been dreadfully reckless and he is watching you always, it is not the jewels and you are always in danger when you are out late or come in alone late at night and I have tried and tried to tell you to be more careful, you seem so fearless there are much worse things than robbery and you are very precious to us all. I will try to make you see me very soon, and you will not be frightened.

[Then Mr. Updike, Mrs. Marion Lambert, Will and myself joined hands on the table and sat in the light and witnessed some curious balancing of the table.

It balanced for a long time on one leg and partially turned round.]

Fourteenth meeting, May 25, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Joe, we are going to repeat the experiment again to-night. Nannie will try to bring the message again.)

Nellie must write the message. Nannie cannot come and I must not go and Norman will go and get it.

(Will Norman write it or will Joe?)

You must have more faith in yourself and Norman, he will do his best and later on he can do as well as anyone, he has never written before.

[While waiting Joe drew a very beautiful design. Then another quite different from the first.]

(Joe, did Norman tell you what I told him to tell you about an hour ago?)

No.

(I asked Joe if he would go with me into another room and I would tell him what it was.)

Went with you.

[I showed him a sealed box in which we had placed Junior's picture.]

[Took pencil as it was time for message. It began to draw a design, and after a moment wrote[—cannot.

(Cannot draw with me, Joe?)

Yes, make Will take pencil Norman is not here yet but Nellie must get the message.



(I did not understand why Will should take the pencil if I was to get the message.)

It was to let you know that Norman was not here.

(Can we go on asking questions while we wait?)

No. Norman is here.

[I took the pencil. Message—Nannie says to be sure what you do in regard to the ring. (9.40 P. M.)]

(Is this right Norman?)

Yes. [It was not.]

(How did Mr. Lambert seem to be when you saw him, is he well?)

Yes and having a very pleasant time with a sweet looking woman.

(Was it the widow or Winnie?)

The widow. [This was verified by Mr. L. It happened to be the only time he had seen her.]

[We saw lights, and Will again noticed the wings over my head.

I forgot to mention that both he and Miss Howard had mentioned seeing them three times before while we were in the parlor. Will saw my entire figure outlined in tiny green lights.

Then we came back to the parlor, sat at the table, and I was drawn away from the others, and still holding Will's hand, was forced upon my knees, making the sign of the cross several times, and my hands were placed together as in meditation.

Then I was taken up and we left the room together, going into the dressing-room as before. There I was again forced to my knees and saw several luminous appearances, while Will saw the wings and also a figure separating us, and forcing us to part hands. I was raised to a standing position and we waited for some time, seeing nothing further except luminous vapors and clouds.

We came back to the table, and my right hand still holding Will's was made to drag his other hand away from Miss Howard.

Joe then told us to turn on the light. Lillie wanted to know why Norman could not show himself to me, as we all thought he was trying to do. I said I would not ask him.]

[Will wrote]—You must try often, good night. Joe and Norman.

Fifteenth meeting, May 26, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Mr. Updike, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.

(Joe, Mr. Lambert is going to give Nannie a message at nine o'clock this evening, can you get it for us?)

No.

(Joe, were you drawing the designs just to entertain us?)

Just to be doing something.

(Joe, Miss Howard wants to ask Agnes what to do about her book?)

This is just what she says. DO JUST AS YOU PLEASE.

[Miss Howard had asked Agnes about her book before, and had received very explicit instructions. Agnes is very abrupt in her communications, and was evidently annoyed at being asked again, especially as Miss Howard wished to do just the opposite to what she had been advised. "Julia," mentioned in connection with a sealed box, is my maid.]

(Joe, do you make us whirl around in that way just to show us your power, or is there some other purpose?)

And I can do it with all your feet off the floor.

(Joe, is that the way you took Will and me to the door the other night?) [When the man was trying to get in.]

Yes.

(Joe, tell me if it is really dangerous to turn on the light when some phenomeon is going on? I have always read that it was.)

At times it is.

(What do you want us to do next?)

Turn out the light.

[We were closing the windows. Joe wrote—"you need not." We all joined hands at the table, and we were led to my bed-room, and stood for a long time before my bureau. Will felt something between his fingers. We both thought it was Junior's picture, but it was drawn back again. [Note 59.]

In the early evening I placed Junior's picture in a box,



in the presence of Julia, Miss Howard and Lillie, sealed it with Will's seal.—W. E. H. Will knew nothing about it.

Then we were taken back to the parlor and stood at the door. Will and Miss Howard saw many lights about me and saw my face grow luminous. My eyes seemed like brilliant lights; then I disappeared altogether from their view for a few minutes.

When we were being led away Will's hand was forcibly taken from Miss Howard's. She felt another hand separate them, and was startled. Will and I were taken out into the dressing-room where we remained a long time.]

(Will Norman try, Joe?)

Yes. Norman said to let Nellie write.

Message—Nannie says Mr. Lambert sent the same message he did last night, when are you coming east. [9.08.] [Incorrect.]

(Joe, do you know where Marie's money is?) [Note 60.]

If you look you can find it without me.

[Mr. Updike.] (Joe, can you tell who was trying to write for me last night?)

I cannot get it he will have to write it himself.

[Mr. Updike took the pencil. Will put his hand on Mr. Updike's wrist.]

Mrs. McCarty [pseudonym.] [Note 61.]

(Joe, can you tell us who Mr. Updike's guide is?)

Some other night.

(Can you tell us who Barron's guide is?)

Not to-night.

(Joe, are you tired to-night, would you rather we would not do anything?)

Make it dark and after a while I will show you wonders.

[We turned out the lights. I had given Mr. Updike the box with Junior's picture sealed in it, to place on the table after the lights were turned out, in order that Will would know nothing about it, Will believing the picture to be in the usual place—somewhere on my bureau.

We were sitting but a few minutes when Will said, "What have I in my hand? Where is Junior's picture? I just had it in my hand but it is gone."

Then we were drawn out to the dining-room and taken to the telephone. Will sat down and took the receiver while

I was holding the hook down. My hand was shaken violently away from Mr. Updike's and Will's drawn away from Miss Howard; we were made to know that the rest of the party should leave the room. Will heard a message through the receiver with the hook held down. Joe then told Will to write the message which he did. We could not tell the others what it was. We came back to the table, and Miss Howard felt a hand on her arm, and some one sat in her lap, which frightened her very much. Then I took Will's hand away from Miss Howard, and his right hand and my right hand were suspended in the air, over the box. [All this time Will knew nothing about the box being there.] Mr. Updike drew my left hand so I could reach the box and whispered, "Feel it, something is happening; it is going up." We could put our fingers under it. Then Will felt a hand holding his, and gave a sudden start, and we asked him what was the matter. He said, "Junior's picture is in my hand again; some one of you must have it about you." Then in rapid succession it was placed in his hand three times. He could not keep it. The table then tilted the box on the floor. Mr. Updike replaced it and it was immediately thrown off again. It fell under the piano stool. Will and I were drawn from the table again, into the dressing-room, where we saw nothing but a few lights. We came back to the table, where I was taken through violent exercise again, and the carnation, which we had placed on the table, hit Lillie and fell to the floor. After a few minutes the carnation was placed in Miss Howard's hand. She felt fingers place it there. The box which had been left on the floor was dropped on the table. The table rocked and we asked if we should turn on the lights, and it tilted "Yes." [Note 62.]

While sitting in the dark, Will and I saw lights over the other three. Will took the pencil. It wrote: "The address you got is the right one." Referring to telephone message.

Joe then said "goodnight."]

Sixteenth meeting, May 27, 1908.

Mrs. Lambert, Miss Howard, Will Hannegan and Lillie Hannegan.



(Joe, will you tell us who is Barron's guide?) [My youngest child named for my brother.]

Not to-night, there are so few who can find guides.

(What would you like us to do, Joe, write?)

Cannot say that I would, you can make it dark.

[We saw a great many lights, and my hand drew Will's left hand away, and it seemed that Will's right hand was being pulled away from Miss Howard; they both held on, when a hand was brought down on the table with great force and a very loud sound. They were both so startled they immediately let go hands, evidently what was wanted. Forgot to say we had placed a carnation on the table.

Will and I were then led into the dressing-room and watched luminosities for some time; some of them passed between us. Will saw wings form near the ceiling and reach across the room. Came back to the table, placed the carnation in the centre, turned the lights out and joined hands. The table was pressed and drawn a little with great pressure, but not tilted. Will and I then had our hands drawn to the electric light button, which we were made to turn on, and all saw the carnation lying on the shelf under the table. Our hands were put back on the button to turn out the light, leaving the carnation where it was. We joined hands and in a few moments heard creaking sounds, like wood splitting. Will and I were again drawn to the electric light button, turned it on and found the carnation on top of the table. Without touching carnation, turned out light, joined hands at table, heard the same sounds immediately, and asked if we should turn on light, and the table tilted "yes."

On turning up the light we found the carnation on the shelf under the table for the second time. When we examined the flower, which had been in perfect condition when we first placed it on the table, we found it very much dragged and some of the petals almost entirely torn from it, as though it had been drawn through a small place.

We asked Joe if it had been passed through the top of the solid table; it tilted, "yes."

Joe then said "goodnight."]

Narragansett Pier, June 18th, 1908.

Seventeenth meeting, 9.30 p. m. Miss Howard, Mrs. Lambert, Will Hannegan.

(Joe, were you in Chicago to-day? What success did Jordan have?)

I saw so much and so many and they told so many lies.

(Did you see Jordan?)

Yes.

(Did he see the ring?)

Not when I was there.

(Did you see the man put it in his hat?) [See Will's crystal vision in separate account of the ring.]

I did.

(Was Jordan well?)

Yes, very.

(Is it harder for you to write in the book?)

I will try this if he does not see it this time he will see it again if I must make him see me I tried to-day and I will. I came to Will just as this [here the pencil wandered and the writing became confused.] it is...if I could only make you hear me I do so want to tell you for I love you all and I do not want to go. [A picture was drawn here which looked like a diamond.]

(Shall I get the megaphone?)

I mean when you get the ring I may never ever again be able to do another thing and I love you.

(We would rather not have the ring than to lose your companionship, unless it is that you wish to give it as a great test, and so prefer to have it that way.)

When you get it which you will I will have to...much here for all I have done but with all of your help may be able to come at times.

(You seem very sure that I will get it.)

I am, but cannot tell when.

(Do not get the ring if it means that we must part with you.)

I will keep on and will tell you then what you can do for me.

(When I get it will you give us permission to tell the whole story to Mr. Hyslop?)

Then you must tell the whole world.

(Was Norman a sailor that he was buried at sea?)

No he was going away to join the monks and he was so nearly a saint is way he has wings.

(To what country was he going?)

Let him try and tell you himself.

[I took the pencil with Will's hand on my wrist.]



Nellie I was English and I was going to France as a missionary when I died on the ship.

NORMAN. [Picture was drawn of wings.]

(Why will I be more apt to see you near the ocean?)

You are very tranquil there and I like it we english all like the sea.

(I am sorry I fell asleep before you and Joe came last night.)

[We had written a few lines the night before on my arrival home after an absence of three days. Joe and Norman had said they would try to show themselves to me, before I went to sleep.]

We did not know how tired you were we will try it again to-night.

(I thought you could wake me if you came.)

We did not wish you needed the rest.

(Will remarked "He is as nice as Joe.")

No, Joe is wonderful he is very great a better man than I. If I were to come back now I would be very different. There are more ways than mine of being good and his was better than mine.

(Does Nina feel hurt that we do not ask her to write?)

No indeed she knows you think of her.

(Will remarked that Nina was very young.)

Yes she is young but very wise.

(If Joe can come no more will you still be able to write?)

Yes I will try very hard to do what he is doing but it will take time and I may be unable to do such wonders.

(Shall Will take the pencil again?)

Yes.

(Joe, I have often read that we hold you back from development by asking you to communicate with us. My brother says it is not so in his case. Please tell us about it. Is it all a sacrifice on your part?)

Only when we do great things that help only you.

(Miss Howard here remarked that her father had written that it was difficult to come, and interrupted his work. She said that perhaps permission was necessary.)

No where I am I can go and do what I think best.

(Does it injure you to show us these phenomena?)

It is not. I mean when you get the ring it will cause so much talk and wonder that I will keep quiet for a long time but will be with you.

(Do you mean that the notoriety will cause people to ask for demonstration, and that you do not wish Will tempted to go into such work as a business?)

It took you so long to see.

(Shall we put out the light?)

I leave that to you.

(Have you found little Barron's guide yet?)

I will tell it soon here she is now Anne Boylen [Boleyn.]

(You do not mean the English Queen do you?)

Just her.

(Is she good?)

She is wonderful.

(Will she write for us or must we wait until Barron is older?)

She may do things for you but I am sure she will do much when he can ask her.

(Joe, you promised to tell me sometime how you get your information about the past. Do you get it from persons concerned in the events, or have you access to some record as the Hindoos teach?)

Will tell you again.

(Shall we put out the light?)

Yes.

[We put out the light.]

[Will and I saw a dozen or more brilliant lights about us. We were all three drawn to the alcove, and our hands pointed to the wall, mine being stretched out palm upward, as one would hold out the hand to have something placed in it. Then we were led to the hall which was fairly lighted by the lights from the hotel opposite shining through our windows. An attempt was made to lift Miss Howard from the floor, and afterwards to raise me. Instead of my being entirely lifted from the floor my body was elongated until my shoulders were on a level with Will's eyes.

It was light enough for Miss Howard and Will to see this plainly, and that my feet were still on the floor. They noticed a clear blue light on my forehead. We returned to the parlor and sat again. Will saw Mr. Blank sitting on the sofa in the corner. This vision lasted nearly ten minutes. Blank appeared to be sorting papers and account books, and then to burn them. Will saw the flames reach clear across the room, and drew back in fear of being scorched. Blank then vanished through the wall. The flames lasted some moments after his disappearance. Miss Howard and I saw only the light and smoke in the corner. We were then led to the spot,



and my hand was placed on Will's lips as in sign of silence. After Will's vision we turned on the light, and asked if he might tell us what he had seen.]

Not yet to-morrow get—I will tell you to-morrow good night.

[I took the pencil and asked Norman to write.]

(Does Joe mean that Will can tell me to-morrow?)

Will can tell you to-morrow, get another table this one is not just right.

(Norman, did Joe mean that he wants Will to tell me when we are alone?)

Yes, just that, JOE WENTWORTH, good night.

June 18th, 1908.

Eighteenth meeting, 10 a. m. Will and Mrs. Lambert.

(Joe, tell us how you brought my ring.)

Now you can see why I did everything that I have done. I brought you the roses and let them stay and not leave you so that you could see that I could bring anything and let it stay with you. When you saw the man put the ring in the hat I took it out and brought it to you and you will keep it. Let people say what they like just as long as you have it and you all believe I will never again be able to do very much only write to you and do things in the dark but never another great thing. The ring got to the man as you think he will never let on that it is gone as he gets so much that way and he cannot say a word.

JOE WENTWORTH.

(Have we your permission now to tell Prof. Hyslop?)

*Tell everybody but do not say a name.* [Heavily underscored.]

Put it in with all of your names.

(Do you mean in the S. P. R. Journal?)

Yes.

(I wish I could see you Joe.)

You will and kiss me.

(Do our friends in your world know about the ring?)

They all knew it before you.

[The nineteenth meeting is omitted. It contains matter too personal to publish at present.—J. H. Hyslop.]

June 20th, 1908.

Twentieth meeting, 9 p. m. Miss Howard, Will, Mrs. Lambert.

(Joe, are you with us?)

I am always on the spot.

(You said you could never do another great thing. Does that mean that if Will were in danger, you could not save or warn him as you did me the night a man entered the apartment?)

I do not call that great that is only what any good person would do.

(We appreciate what a wonderful thing the bringing of the ring was. It is more wonderful than any such thing I have ever read about.)

Or that you will ever read about.

(Could you help one of us if Will were not here, and we called you?)

Yes all that I love.

(What did you mean by opening Will's window the night before I came to the Pier?)

[While I was in New York Will and Miss Howard went upstairs about ten o'clock, intending to go to bed. They heard Will's window thrown open violently, while they were talking in the hall. The maid had closed it earlier in the evening. When they ran to the window they heard a loud cry just outside. On asking Joe for an explanation, he wrote, "I am working up to what I will do when Nellie comes." During my absence whenever they had tried to write Joe told them repeatedly to wait until I came and they would see wonders.]

I by myself can come through the wall but with the ring had to come through an opening and where Will was and was trying the window. JOE.

[Smoke now appeared to come in great puffs from the west corner of the room, while we were writing. It drifted towards us and curled about the light on the table. We watched it for some time with much interest. Then the pencil which was still in Will's hand began to write hurriedly.]

It is not smoke. I cannot wait. Turn out the light.

[We turned out the light and joined hands.]

[We saw cloud after cloud of white smoke or vapor. It seemed to come in puffs, and floated around the table at



which we sat. We were drawn to the alcove where we all saw a bright light on the wall, and Will and I were separated from Miss Howard by an arm. Will saw one of the white wings before described, and we heard a ripping, tearing sound in the wall paper, and the bricks of the wall sounded as though they were cracking. This was noticed by us all. Miss Howard saw a luminous space on the wall about the size of a portrait. In the center of it she saw the outlines of a head and shoulders. We were drawn to the southeast corner of the room, and Will saw Joe standing close to us for a long time, with a glittering chain in his hand. The table moved noisily twice without contact. We sat again, and all saw brilliant lights, and were led into the hall, where a great many attempts were made to raise me from the floor. While I was pulled, swayed, and dragged upwards, Will and Miss Howard saw an arm around my waist, which remained several minutes. The hand was very large, and entirely concealed my belt buckle. This was in a half light as the street light shines into the hall as I before described. Miss Howard did not see the hand very plainly, but saw that my belt buckle was hidden for quite a time. She saw the arm clearly, but Will saw both arm and hand and described them as Joe Wentworth's. I think I have mentioned before that Joe usually appears with three broad bands, or bracelets, on his right arm. There was so much force used in trying to lift me, that I was very lame for two days afterwards. I neglected to state that my hands had drawn away from them before this began, so that I stood quite apart from the others.]

[We turned on the light and wrote.]

Baron is here for only a short time.

(Shall I take the pencil?)

You with Will. He cannot stay long. Nell I am so glad to hear about the ring it is such a wonderful thing and means so much to us all here. Lots of people will laugh but do not let that trouble you. We are so happy to think you have been so privileged you will know how to tell the story in a good clear way and Jordan will help you we are all so anxious to have it known and I know you are also.

(It is a long time since you have written.)

No I am often here but I have not time to write except once

in a while. When you begin your piano I can come more because I am to be allowed to help you. Now dear, good night.

BARON.

[Will took the pencil.]

(Joe, are there any others here to-night?)

No.

(Does Baron appear happy?)

Very.

(Will I ever be able to see him?)

If he will have as hard a time as I had I do not know if he will.

(When did you give me my ring? During the dark room sitting, or after I went to bed?)

I had it while you were sitting but did not put it there until after you were asleep.

(Did you have it in the room with us during the sitting?)

Yes and I did not know if I should put it on the table or not.

(It was much better to give it to me as you did. Had you put it on the table, others might believe that one of us put it there.)

From the very start I have done everything so that you could not think that any one with you had it or could bring it back. The one thing that you must do is to be sure that no one will ever know his name for you know that I can take it back as easily as I brought it.

(What must we do if asked if he is the man?)

If they ask you must lie and say *no no no* [no heavily underscored.]

(There several people who would not be deceived by lies, and besides I have already given the name to Mr. Hyslop. I thought I told you I was going to do so.)

That is just what. . . .

(Did you hear Will talking about sending the story to "Everybody's Magazine?")

It is the best way to have it known and you must try and have them take it. You need not use your own names if you do not wish.

(Would it also be best not to use Will's name in the newspaper statement?)

That will be best and keep everybody from coming to Will.

(Then we are only to use our names in the report to the S. P. R. Society?)

I think it best you must tell all that you know you that it was you, but it is only to keep every one from wanting you to do something for them.

(You wish us then to let Mr. Hyslop use the names in his Journal? It can do no harm?)

NEVER. Good night.



[Miss Howard and Will seemed very much shocked at the idea that the ring might be taken from me again. I said that I was perfectly willing, but did not want it taken when I was not looking, as though I were unwilling to give it up. I removed it from my finger and placed it in the center of the table, under the bright light of the lamp. It moved towards me with a peculiar wriggling motion, for about two inches and a half, when my hand was snatched from Miss Howard's, (We had joined hands around the table), and placed on it so rapidly that one finger was cut by the edge of the stones. After we went upstairs, and before Will had gone to sleep, his bed was lifted from the floor while he was in it, and rocked violently. The room was brightly illuminated. Then through the open window he saw enter a white boat which nearly filled the room. On the bow stood Norman with folded wings, his face hidden on his arm. In the stern was Joe, apparently steering with two white ropes in his hands. He was sailing very radiantly.]

June 21st, 1908.

Twenty-first meeting, 5.30 p. m. Will and Mrs. Lambert.

[We had just received a telegram from Mr. Lambert begging Joe's permission to see Mr. Blank, as he was anxious to get a statement from him. We told Joe what Mr. Lambert's request was.]

The one that will be most talked about is Nellie herself, but that will not make any difference you must not do anything with him. He can tell him that he got it in Chicago but don't ask him anything.

(Is Mr. Lambert well?)

Very.

June 22nd, 1908.

Twenty-second meeting, 8 p. m. Father Smith, Will, Mrs. Lambert.

[Will waited a long while without being able to write. Then I took the pencil and asked Norman if Joe were absent.]

Nellie he is in St. Louis. He is so afraid Mr. Lambert will have trouble with the man. NORMAN.

(Father Smith wants to know the initials of the priest who will preach the dedication sermon at his church on July 19th. When Joe comes back will you ask him?)

Yes I will ask him to tell you later in the evening I don't think he will be gone very long.

[Father Smith was unable to stay after half-past nine. Later in the evening Joe wrote,]

Nellie remember if he will say very much to him people will then have something to talk about for when he comes home the ring will be gone. JOE.

(Joe, Mr. Hyslop has written us that he is coming to the bed.)

That is the place for you all. JOE.

(Joe, Mr. Hyslop has written us that he is coming to the Pier. Will you try to do something for him?)

He is not the man for the place he is in. He makes so many of us so very unhappy.

(He told me that he had not the beautiful faith of Mr. Hodgson, but he is an earnest, self-sacrificing, and hard working man. He is giving up his life to what no one else seems willing to do, and there is no one else in this country.)

I do not care to be near him. You can tell him all.

June 23rd, 1908.

Twenty-third meeting, 9 p. m. Miss Howard, Will and Mrs. Lambert.

(Joe, have you anything to say to us?)

To start with this will be the very last night that I can write for a very very long time and I am about to tell you many wonderful things, so calm yourselves and wait Florence Parker.

(What about her?)

Tell me Nellie what would you think if I were to tell you the name of the lady in New York who has Florence's diamonds. JOE.

(I have no idea who it can be.)

Norman can soon do as much as I can.

(Through me or through Will?)

You and Will.

(Will you sometimes manifest yourself in the dark?)

I will do some things but never call me and when I can write again I will let you know.

(Joe may we call you if one of us were in trouble or in danger?)

If you are you will not need to call.

(Will said "I do not care very much what people will say about me in regard to the ring.")



Yes and those what will talk will have something to talk about. I will not bring Florence's diamonds but I will tell her where she can put her hands on them. I cannot tell when this will be.

(Joe, does the length of time before you can manifest yourself again, depend upon us, and upon conditions?)

Yes how you all live and what you do for me.

(What can we do for you besides trying to lead good lives?)

And pray.

(Joe, before you go there are two things I want to ask. Will you leave a message for Mr. Lambert for he will feel badly at not being able to hear from you when he comes. Please tell me also, whether I am leaving anything undone which I might do for his health. He is so very much better now.)

I am taking care of him myself. [Myself heavily underscored.]

(I have wondered why he is so much better, for he is breaking all of the doctor's rules. Tell me why it is harmful for me to drink, and you have made no objection to his doing it, though he takes more than I.)

He is a *man* [man heavily underscored.]

(It is kind of you to take care of him.)

I love him so much.

(Who tried to put Will in a trance last night? Should we have allowed it? I thought it might harm him.)

I was doing it. You should have them. But I will not do it again. Some day I will show the whole world what we will do.

(I hope that you do not mean that you will want Will to do public work as a medium.)

NEVER [heavily underscored.] I am going to tell something that will startle even the Pope.

(Joe, you promised to tell me how you get your information about the past. I am anxious to know whether you have access to some record or whether you ask the people concerned in the events.)

I must go and ask them.

(May I ask if such records exist?)

Will tell you again.

(Joe, you ask us to pray for you. Would you like to have masses.

VERY MUCH [heavily underscored.]

(Would you care to have a non-communicant like myself attend them?)

I would love to see you there. Tell all that have been here that I love you all so much you have everything so that you can prove anything that you want to and oh how I love you all and so good night and good-bye. JOE WENTWORTH.

[Later when Will went to his room Joe talked to him in a clear distinct voice, it was louder than when heard over the telephone. He told him that when we saw the wall lighted in the alcove, (see dark-room sitting June 18th.) He was planning to hand me the ring through an opening in the wall. But he explained that at the last moment he realized that I was unequal to standing the nervous shock.]

June 26th, 1908.

Twenty-fourth meeting, 8.30 p. m. Miss Howard, Will and Mrs. Lambert.

[Mrs. L. holding pencil with Will's help.]

Nellie I am Norman I am so glad you are not curious about the things you spoke of. It does people no good at all. You are quite right. We know very little more about them than you. We are given only what knowledge will help us in our daily work and to lead good lives and help you to lead good ones. When the time comes for us to know more we will be told and we will see what would dazzle our eyes too much. Now my dear child you are not the worldling that you say you are, only not like every one else. But you must build up your health and strength and that is why we want you to be abstemious and careful. Joe is right a man can do things without hurt which unbalance a delicate organism like a woman's, you are so very high strung and nervous in a different way from Mr. Lambert. You wear yourself out by feeling so deeply and saying nothing about it. It is not that drinking is sinful on your part, but that it is not good for your body. You do not take enough to harm your soul which is really pure and good though you are sincere in thinking it is not. Your mind is truly humble for which I am glad, for it makes you willing to learn and with so loving a heart you will be able and have already done much for others.

NORMAN. [Drawing of wings.]

[Just at this moment we heard a loud noise on the porch by the south window, as of a very heavy body falling.]

(What did the noise mean?)

I dare not tell, you will not believe me because you are doing the writing, let Will take the pencil. [Will took the pencil.] Joe will not let me tell good night. NORMAN.

[Turned out the light and sat in the dark. We were drawn to the wall where Will's arm was elongated. I asked Miss Howard to break the circle, and to bring me a chair and



a pencil without turning on the light. Without letting go of Will's hand, I climbed on the chair, and with the other hand took the pencil and marked the place on the wall to which Will's fingers reached. On turning up the light, and taking measurements, we found the elongation had been only seven inches. I then took the pencil and asked Norman if he had done this.]

I did it Nellie and I tried to lift you but I will another time. I never tried before. I am glad you are pleased. NORMAN.  
[Wings.]

(I am very pleased that you are able to do more, Norman.)

Yes Nellie I am very glad too you are tired and I will not stay long but I will surprise you when you are rested by what I can do for you.

(Tell Joe we are thinking of him.)

Yes he knows it when Jordan comes. Nannie will help me to do things in the dark she and Agnes will both try their best, but I am much stronger myself and will be able to show myself soon.

(We will not ask Joe to send us a message, but when you may, please bring one.)

Yes do not ask when I can I will give you a message from him. It will not be as long as you think before he can come himself if everything goes as we hope you will just have time to rest and be ready to receive fresh wonders. It is for your own good that he is waiting and best for you all. Let Will put out the light.  
NORMAN.

[For nearly ten minutes an attempt was made to lift me. It was finally abandoned and we turned on the light, and I asked Norman to give Will some personal message.]

Yes I can tell him many things that he might like to know but which one Will, you are so much more interested in other people than in yourself would you like a message from your mother I see her often, she says she is so very happy that she used to believe in these things and that perhaps it has helped you a little to take them so calmly as you have that she knows when you pray for her and comes near at that time and she says to tell you Joe always knows and does what is best for you, that he is so very kind to her and helped her before you knew about him. She sends her love to Lilly. I did not spell her name correctly, your sister I mean.

(Is Will's little sister with her?)

Yes she says Will must not think of his sister's suffering.

She has forgotten it and she is perfectly beautiful. Maybe you will see her. Your mother wants you to see how beautiful she is now. She is going to ask Joe about it.

(Did I really see Baron years ago or was it an illusion?)

He says you did. I was not there.

(Were you trying to show yourself in the alcove to-night?)

[The alcove was brightly illuminated during dark-room sitting.]

Yes and I will very soon. [Wings.]

(Was it you who rapped and moved the table to-night?)

I did it. I feel very happy. Good night. [Wings.]

June 27th, 1908.

We had no sitting tonight, but about nine p. m., I asked Will to go down to the beach with me, and try if we could see anything near the water. We sat quietly for a few minutes without seeing any manifestation, and then I took hold of Will's hand. Instantly we both saw a beautiful bright light over the water. It had somewhat the appearance which is made by the contact of two electric wires, when the ends are touched lightly together. Its behavior made me think of "Tinker Bell" in Peter Pan. This light showed itself at least fifty times, darting about, sometimes high in the air, and some times underneath the water. Several times after our seeing it at a height of a hundred feet or more, it disappeared, to surprise us by rolling in under the crest of a wave. We could see it shining through the water and it gave the effect of an electric fountain. A few times it appeared under the water quite far out. Twice it came in under the surf and up on to the beach quite near us. The color changed constantly from a clear white, to a very beautiful, pale, yet intense blue, which I find difficult to describe. Also to a decided green, and rosy pink of the same clear, pale, yet intense quality. The colors I mean are best described in a book called "Thought Forms," by Annie Besant and Leadbeater. After this Will saw the boat several times, but quite far out, and instead of being of a solid white appearance as when seen in his room, it was transparent and outlined by flashes of light. He could see no one in it. Will described it as a barge-like craft, very high at bow and stern, with a single mast and no sail. I could not see the outlines, though occa-



we supposed to be this street car, passed out along the dismantled Pier to where the end of it used to be, and then glided off into the water heading towards us. It now had the appearance of a peculiarly shaped boat or barge, and moved along smoothly and swiftly, but made frequent stops of a minute at a time, as nearly as we could judge. During these pauses it was not tossed by the waves, as were the few fishing boats of which we could see the lights. As it neared us, well in toward shore, it appeared to be a boat about thirty-five or forty feet long, so crowded with people that we wondered how they could stand. It was a blaze of light far more brilliant than that of any boat I have seen pass here. At this time when it was opposite to us, about in line with the Casino wall, three people came up the beach, and we asked them to tell us if it was the Block Island steamer which was passing, so brilliantly lighted. All three declared that they could see nothing but a lantern on a fishing boat far out at sea, and the Bretton Light-ship. We watched this strange craft until it was hidden by the point where the life-saving station stands. It was then moving southward. In about five minutes we walked up to the station from which there is an unobstructed view to the south, but saw nothing but the "Tinker Bell" light near us, in the water. Before we told Miss Howard of what we had seen, she informed us that at five minutes to ten she had gone to her window and been greatly astonished to see what she supposed was a brilliantly lighted steamer close up to the sea wall where only row boats venture. It was almost opposite the New Mathewson hotel. She said no passer-by seemed to notice this unusual sight, and that she could not understand why this boat, so brilliantly lighted, and crowded with people, excited no interest, and exchanged no signals with the hotel. She closed her window at ten, leaving it still in the same place. At five minutes past ten when Will and I came in, not a sign of it was visible. At ten-thirty I took the pencil and asked Norman to write.

[Automatic writing.]

My dear I am so very happy that you both saw it and also that you asked those people. I was not there, of course. I was on the boat but Joe was with you and he told me Nellie dear you

are so thoughtful that will convince you more than anything that what you saw was not a real boat. I tried to make you see my boat at first when you could not. We thought of that that perhaps you would be more convinced we were doing it if you saw something different from what you were expecting. NORMAN.

(The boat seemed to be crowded with people.)

It was it was. I am so glad you saw so many of your friends were there and Baron.

(Was Joe on the beach with us?)

Yes he staid with you but there were ever so many helping me.

(Who caused the beautiful light last night?)

I did that alone.

(This encourages me to think I may see you soon.

You surely will and when Nannie comes she will help me.

(Were any of Will's friends on the boat?)

Yes his mother and sister.

(I am very much delighted to have seen it.)

I am so happy that you are. NORMAN. [Wings.]

(I hope Mr. Lambert will be able to see something when he comes.)

I hope so, we all love him.

(Do you ever see Boyle?)

Yes I used to go to the hospital with you he comes sometimes he loves Jordan very dearly.

[Here we heard a loud whistle in the room very close to us. It sounded like the whistle of a boat. We asked who did it.]

Joe—I am so glad you have been happy all day have you not.

(Yes, I hope Jordan will see something equally beautiful.)

I think he will.

(Who was on the boat?)

There were George and Mr. U—Alex and grand-ma Winn and Mr. Woodward's uncle and brother and T—W—and ever so many who love you, good night.

[Drawing.]

### Notes to Preface and Detailed Record.

1. Will Hannegan is 26 years old. Was born in St Louis, of Catholic parents. His mother died a few years ago. Both parents were highly respected, but I understand that his mother was superior to her husband in birth and education. He went first to public school, then to a private Catholic school called the "Holy Name." From there he worked in a machine shop, first that of the St. Louis Engine Co. for a



year and then that of the Laclede Car Co. After this he studied trained nursing at St. John's Hospital. He nursed a Mr. Harry McCormick, 470 Lake Ave., St. Louis, for nearly two years. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick have the highest regard for him. His father, Anthony Hannegan, is still living, and was born in Newburg, N. Y. His mother was Elizabeth Griffith, born in Philadelphia. He has a brother, John Hannegan, who is a detective on the city force in St. Louis.

2. The table was tilted in every direction, sometimes being pushed altogether out of the circle. Miss Howard and I stood in the next room one night after the others had left, and saw it move at least a foot and then back to its original position twice. The thumbs were never under the edge. I usually held my palms flat on the table, the others holding hands as one would take a person's hand in leading them. Often we have touched it with only one or two fingers each.

3. The incidents about finding a lost ring will occupy another record, as its details are still under investigation.

[The statement by Mrs. Lambert that she thought the unconsciousness of others had affected the result led to my inquiry as to what was meant by this. The following is her reply which shows that Mrs. Lambert had not distinguished in her form of statement between the normal action of her own subliminal and the supernormal action of the subliminal of others. J. H. Hyslop.]

4. "Only that my writings were often false and inaccurate, and sometimes accorded with preconceived ideas of my own or some one present, so that I always feared I might be unconsciously influencing the pencil, particularly as I knew the word usually before it was written."

[The following note, in response to inquiry, makes the short statement about the South America incident, much clearer. J. H. Hyslop.]

5. "The message was signed 'Dad Updike,' and referred to his son, the Whit Updike or G. Whitman Updike whose signatures appear in my notes. I had frequently received such communications from the father who was very fond of my husband, but I did not receive them until he had been dead about ten years. I never met him. The message told me of

his son's arrival in Buenos Ayres, and 'was in the form of a message from him beginning 'Whit says——.' I may be able to find the manuscript on my return to St. Louis but fear not. I had Miss Howard witness it at the time, and the date of arrival as well as the hour, was afterwards verified by Mr. G. A. Sykes, 100 William St., N. Y., who wrote to the ship's company. Also by a letter from the young man in B. A."

6. The table must be a little over 28 inches in length by 22 in the widest part. The sides curve outward. I think it is about 28 inches high but I am guessing at these measurements from a table here which resembles it.

7. Without letting go of hands, and by stooping, we could reach to the floor so that I could feel about for it.

8. My outline and Will's could be faintly seen. The others sat nearer the wall, and were in more complete darkness.

9. The carnation was thrown with great force and rapidity. We were holding each other's hands all the time, and in so small a circle even a gentle movement such as leaning forward was both audible and felt by the nearest person.

10. The pencil was a foot from our hands which were near the corner of the table.

11. As described, it was in the centre and our hands near the corner just on the table a few inches.

12. An experiment which I used to try for writing. Two persons extend their hands palms upward, and fingers stretched open. A pencil is tied to the end of the cane and the cane laid on the palms. It usually begins to make a rotary motion bearing down very heavily, and will then write on the wall, where I pin a paper. Sometimes, however, it leads us about the house with great rapidity and will rise upright towards the ceiling, while only a finger of each hand touches it, without falling. I had always supposed this to be magnetism and did not connect it with spirit agency, though the cane sometimes seems imbued with intelligence. I have had a guest led to her wraps and then to the front door.

13. Was told Norman was just outside, and asked why he did not come into the room and near me.



14. "Young" was written twice.

15. Jim Doherty is a cousin of Will and Lily Hannegan. He disappeared some time ago and has never been heard from.

16. They were not thrown off the table by the rocking of the table. I have seen it rock even more violently without their sliding off, or even a pencil, paper, or megaphone being disturbed. This we have seen in the light.

17. The keyboard of the piano was about ten feet from the nearest person. The part where the flower lay, about fifteen. The room was dark but not completely so at times. I could see Miss Howard's white waist and the white of Will's cuffs and collar, but dimly. Lily Hannegan sat between the table and east wall and was entirely in darkness. I held her right hand, Will's left. Miss Howard sat opposite to me holding their other hands.

18. The room seemed very bright but none of us could distinguish an outline until later when the vapor had ceased.

19. Hands were held. (See 17.)

20. The pencil slid into his hand by itself. Miss Howard was holding his hand motionless at the time. We heard the pencil slide across the table.

21. Our hands were near edge of table as before described. The whistle, which is cone-shaped, stood on large end in centre of table. It was lifted in air when blown, then dropped noisily.

22. The whistle and mandolin on the table, when both were heard at the same time.

23. Answer to question about the ring deferred.

24. I cannot see how any one could have concealed the roses for so long without their being rumpled or showing it in some way. They had both come to dinner at half-past six, it must have been 11.30 when the roses appeared. Dew was still on them and we wondered how they could have even been picked without disturbing them more. They had not been cut from the bush. The stems were ragged and appeared to have been roughly torn. The roses were so unblemished and of such dazzling whiteness that the others begged me not to touch them, fearing they would disappear.

Dr. Hodgson investigating. You may rest assured that I have not omitted the least opportunity to gain knowledge of *Her*. I have constantly felt that her sweet spirit was ever near me, but as I do not possess the negative feature, but only the positive, it seemed impossible to establish direct communion. Now I am awaiting anxiously and you do not know how anxiously, your further reports of the communications you have been favored with. She further informed me through this source that "she dropped in on you the other evening—last Sunday." Should it be possible that another wireless communication has been established? It would indeed be like the spring the famished wayfarer finds in the desert.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sincerely and thankfully yours,  
R. H. DREYER.

The remainder of the letter is occupied with matter irrelevant to this incident. The reader will remark that the date of this letter as May 3rd, which was on Sunday. The previous Sunday alluded to is April 26th, which is the date of the sitting and receipt of the roses by Mrs. Lambert and her circle. After this remark the reader may determine for himself the extent of the coincidence in the messages.

28. We all examined the roses.

29. The door was in the adjoining room about 15 feet from us. The maids were all in bed at 9.30. Hands were held at the time as usual.

30. Where we fail to get answers we have put dotted line.

31. Baron, my brother, died in 1893. My youngest child is named for him, but we spell it [the child's] Barron, according to the old Irish ancestor from whom it came. Martin Osborne claims to be Breckinridge Jones' spirit guide. The interesting point in the name "Baron" is that Mr. Hannegan, who did the automatic writing, did not know that Mr. Lambert's brother spelled his name with the one "r." He did know that the child's name was spelled "Barron." It would have been most natural on the hypothesis of secondary personality to have spelled the name as he knew it when it was the child's uncle that was communicating.

32. Between 30 and 40 feet.

33. It seemed to be Will's voice, so Junior said.



# PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## American Society for Psychical Research

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### A FURTHER RECORD OF EXPERIMENTS.\*

By Helen Lambert.

### INTRODUCTION.

By James H. Hyslop.

The following article completes the experiences of Mrs. Lambert and the several persons named in connection with the experiments. All names have been changed except those of Mr. Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert and perhaps one or two others who may have no objection to the mention of them. The reader will remark that the report continues immediately with the paper published in the previous number of the *Proceedings*. It was not expected that this material would be accessible at this time. But its freshness and continuity with what has preceded makes it important. It has been impossible to verify the incident which occupies so prominent a place of interest throughout the record, and it would not be easy to make it serve a scientific purpose, if it were verified, unless the details should be sufficient in number to escape the accusation of chance coincidence. Consequently I have not placed any evidential value upon that part of the record. The important thing to which I wish to call attention, as inviting scientific interest, is the large number of mental phenomena both independent of the real or alleged physical phenomena and simulative of them. This was a

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\* I shall add a note here explaining that evidence has been found that the "burglar incident" had a foundation in fact. It was not a case of attempted burglary, but a certain person confessed last August that he had tried to get into the house on the date of the incident reported (pp. 338-340). In connection with it an interesting supernormal incident occurred since that time, but owing to the circumstances it cannot be stated and neither can the details of its verification.—J. H. H.

point of view to which I called special attention in the Introduction to the previous paper and I have published this article to reinforce the suggestion there advanced.

I must emphasize the fact that I am not publishing this narrative as representing the interpretation of the facts as superficially suggested, but as a human experience that comes from intelligent and respectable people. I repeat in this introduction what I said before (p. 305), that Mr. and Mrs. Lambert do not adopt any explanation of the facts reported. All that they stand sponsors for is that certain things occurred, whether really or apparently physical phenomena, accompanied by a large number of mental phenomena that demand the attention of scientific men. They leave to the reader the interpretation, be that what it may, and would ask nothing better than to have any explanation which offers itself to the reader proved. They, in spite of their close contact with the persons and facts concerned have not been able to discover evidence of such explanations as the man of the world, who usually sits in his library and never investigates, confidently and boastfully proposes. They accord to anyone the right to hold to the simplest theory that suggests itself, the theory of fraud of any kind, whether conscious or unconscious, if we may call unconscious action on the part of the automatist fraud at all. This was the assumption on which they work when concerned with the actions of others than themselves, but being themselves implicated in the results they had no way of proving that they were guilty of self-deception and found no evidence that other parties were involved in deceiving them, as nothing was to be gained by it. The only thing that proposed itself was to keep a careful record of the facts as they appeared and leave it to the scrutiny of science.

I must call the reader's attention, apropos of the above remarks, to the circumstance that the phenomena are by no means limited to Mr. Hannegan. This was suggested in the earlier report. But it is clearer in the present one. If Mr. Hannegan were the sole center of interest and causality in the phenomena as observed the case might seem less interesting, on the supposition that there was no guarantee of his



probity. But in addition to every reason for believing that he has no conscious part in the production of the phenomena, we have the part which Mrs. Lambert played in the automatic writing. Others present give their testimony to the facts as observed. Consequently we have an articulated set of phenomena in which several persons are implicated and two of them especially as automatists, where if you suspect one you must account for the actions of the other, which are not amenable to the same hypothesis without making both the victims of self-deception. Accepting the latter hypothesis we have a phenomenon worth all the efforts of the Society to probe and understand, for it is a frequent one in the annals of history, and there is as yet no approximate explanation of such a fact.

What the reader may take for granted is that the statements made are believed by the reporters and subjects of the experiences to be true in some sense of the term. They do not dictate in what sense they may be true, but at least superficially they seem to be what the language imports. That is, they seem in some cases to be real physical phenomena of an inexplicable kind. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert do not insist that they are inexplicable, but only that they have not found any ordinary theory to account for them. They have maintained a healthy scepticism about the whole matter and indeed investigated the incidents with a view to ascertaining, if possible, right within their own family, evidence of trickery, and have found none. While the alleged facts have a decided resemblance to some of the Poltergeist phenomena that have yielded to trickery and so suggest the persons to be suspected they are sufficiently different to make explanation more complicated. But as I have remarked the wrong persons have to be included in this suspicion to make it work completely, and it devolves upon the outsider to investigate, not Mr. Hannegan alone, but Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, and the use of their names is a challenge to do that. The public may ridicule the allegations, but that is neither an intelligent way to form opinions nor an honorable way to treat intelligent people.

In my own investigations I have found that all such ex-

periences deserve attention, no matter what the explanation, and I think all intelligent persons who are neither snobbish nor prejudiced will find themselves amply repaid by the study of such phenomena. Not that they may listen to statements about them with the assumption that they are necessarily interpreted as they appear, but that they contain evidence of certain systematic events that we cannot ignore in our understanding of human nature, and especially in connection with all the problems of man's spiritual nature; for he has a "spiritual" nature in some sense of that term, whether it be consistent with the materialistic theory of him or not. Folklore obtains recognition and interest, and can even have societies to collect and record its productions. Psychic phenomena, whatever their interpretation, have at least as much interest, and no clear thinking will be possible until they are investigated instead of ridiculed. Ridicule without investigation is the mark of a very low order of intelligence, and fortunately there are some that care so little for its shafts that they are content to let future generations assign to the subjects of it their place in the development of history. What we find in the facts is actual human experiences that superficially baffle any ordinarily provable explanation, and that suffices to invite investigation, even tho we find the result less disturbing than it appears on the surface.

In my former introduction I called attention to certain phenomena which appeared to be physical, but which, on the investigation of Mrs. Lambert and those present, including Mr. Hannegan, turned out to be mental. That was an important clue to what might prove true in cases where the mental was not so apparent. I wish to lay special stress again upon the evident mental phenomena in this second report which simulate the physical, but which were proved by the scrutiny and investigation of those concerned to be in reality mental. They go so far to justify serious interest in such reports and afford a clue to their explanation without doing violence to physical science and without denying other important theories, and may even serve to corroborate them while they throw an occasional light upon the larger horizon of human thought and reality.



It is not easy to indicate the alternative views which have to be taken of the phenomena here reported. We cannot limit the description to fraud by Mr. Hannegan and its concomitant deception of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert. That I have already made clear. In some way both Mr. and Mrs. Lambert have to be implicated along with several other persons present in a conspiracy to deceive. If it were only a question of their being deceived the explanation imagined might be easy. But the critic will have to sustain a much more serious claim than this if he resorts to any ordinary explanation. As I see the case we have three alternatives which will summarize the various possible views to be taken. (1) False representation of the facts by several persons; (2) Collective hallucination; (3) Actual physical phenomena of an unusual kind.

If the reader will take the patience to examine the record carefully he will quickly perceive that the first supposition, under the circumstances, seems incredible. From all that either I or friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert and those associated with the phenomena can ascertain, there is no motive whatever in their trying to deceive themselves while they are deceiving others. The experiments began only to satisfy their own personal curiosity and they consented to report the same to me from a sense of duty to science, and then courageously gave their names to the public in challenge for fair and honorable treatment. The facts are too complicated to more than mention falsification as a mark of what has been considered in the effort to give a proper account of them. Rejecting this view as unsatisfactory we are left with the other two explanations and I have at least tentatively proposed collective, and possibly veridical, hallucinations as the easiest explanation, tho reserving any other possibility that the future might render tenable.

The first interesting instance is the positive and negative hallucination of Junior on July 20th (p. 405). It will be seen that an attempt was made to conceal from him the flow of blood from Mr. Hannegan's wound, but the latter was too late in his effort and Junior, tho looking at the hand, did not see any blood. This was the hallucination, the fail-

ure to see an actual object before you as opposed to seeing something which is not there. But the positive hallucination, seeing what was not there to Mr. Hannegan, was the vision of the golden hand covering the latter's. That is, an object not visible to Mr. Hannegan was visible to Junior and something visible to Junior was not visible to Mr. Hannegan. If Mr. Hannegan had seen the golden hand we should have had the ordinary criterion of reality satisfied in collective perception, tho we should have probably been obliged to think of collective hallucination to satisfy its discrepancy with Mr. Hannegan's consciousness of a bleeding hand.

The apparent clairvoyant vision of the boy with the crushed arm is an illustration of a mental fact, even if we suppose the subject reporting actual events at a distance (p. 416). The contrast between the actual place of the subject and the content of the vision, no matter what theory be adopted to explain it, indicates that it was mental even tho veridical. It may be less mental than some other incidents because, if veridical, it is clairvoyant and such visions might be of real objects. But in the absence of verification the incident has to be treated as mental.

Perhaps a similar incident is the one in which, the moment that Mr. Hannegan took the hand of Junior, he was in a trance and seeing a clairvoyant vision connected with the same incident as the one just mentioned (p. 421).

A still better instance is that in which Mrs. Lambert saw an apparition of Will Hannegan and yet had reason from his groans to believe that he was still lying in bed and actually saw the apparition move toward him (p. 424). We have the two sensory experiences to compare. The auditory sense reports facts which point to the real Will Hannegan lying in bed. The visual sense, obsessed by a vision, displaces all other sensory stimuli, as in positive hallucinations, and the reality is mental, even tho it be veridical, or perhaps even tho its object be the actual "*astral fac simile*" of Will Hannegan's physical organism. On any theory of spiritual reality the apparition represents, on the psychical side, a purely mental fact, and for the psychiatrist it would have no other meaning. In connection with this experience there is also the in-



cident of Will Hannegan's seeing a rose which the others did not see, a hypnogogic hallucination, or perhaps a somnambulist vision.

Perhaps the best instance containing its own evidence is that in which Junior thought he saw a bright object and tried to pick it up and there was no object there (p. 445). Apparently, too, it was collective as Miss Lillie Hannegan saw and heard the same thing.

The last instance is closely related to some of those mentioned in the previous report (p. 308), and we may safely suppose that apparitions or hallucinations explain certain of the apparently physical phenomena. I do not beg any questions in this statement regarding the nature of the apparitions or hallucinations. So far as the point I am making is concerned, they may be veridical hallucinations. That will carry with it implications not involved in subjective apparitions, and I am only concerned in showing that phenomena supposed to be physical are mental, whatever their ultimate meaning. If some of them are provably mental we simply raise the issue whether they might not all be mental and the only thing to do is to see if we can make an intelligible application of the hypothesis to the more obdurate facts. I refer to such instances as the finding of the ball in Junior's pocket which was thought to have been in the bath house (p. 421), the floating of the water color sketch in the air and its subsequent history (p. 422), the appearance of blood on the hands of Will Hannegan and in the water with which he washed them and on the handkerchief of Mrs. L— (pp. 423 and 429), the disappearance of the checker-board (p. 438), the appearance of the box containing Junior's picture (p. 446), the incident in which the ball thrown at the wall remained there until removed by Mrs. Lambert (p. 447), and the second incident connected with the box containing Junior's picture.

The objector may ask how it is possible to explain these cases as apparitions, veridical or subjective, and I can only reply by first saying that I do not intend to urge any such explanation with confidence as yet. I am only proposing a working hypothesis based upon undoubted cases of apparition in the report and suggesting that, when we know more

about such phenomena we may have means of reducing the whole group to the mental rather than the physical type, and this without removing the hypothesis of foreign intervention to account for the mental facts. I do not indicate in this limitation of the theory of hallucination, subjective hallucination, to account for the phenomena that I have proof in this report that the apparitions are veridical, but only that this theory deserves investigation in the light of proved veridical phenomena in other fields. To show that it is not only a possible view to be taken I may recur to other cases for facts which may suggest the application of the hypothesis to this instance.

I shall begin with the case of the Rev. P. H. Newnham as published in the *Proceedings* of the English Society (Vol. III, pp. 7-23). These are telepathic experiments and are not amenable to the objections which the believer in telepathy brings against spiritistic theories. Mr. Newnham and Mrs. Newnham were experimenting for thought transference. He sat at a distance from Mrs. Newnham and *mentally* asked questions which Mrs. Newnham answered through automatic writing. We have in this case an illustration of a causal nexus between Mr. Newnham's thoughts and the motor action of Mrs. Newnham's mind, whether we choose to regard her action as conscious or unconscious. Apparently Mrs. Newnham was not conscious of the mental questions asked, but wrote out more or less relevant and intelligent answers to them. She did not become conscious of the questions, it seems, and hence we find at the end of the series of phenomena a physical effect nearly or remotely connected with the mental state of Mr. Newnham. The main point to be made is that we have a case of foreign mental intervention in the production of a physical phenomenon, a motor effect without the sensory accompaniment which might have been the natural result of thought transference. We have all the phenomena natural to the subject of them, but the cause of them found in a mind foreign to her own, and one that does not superficially invoke the intervention of spirits to explain it.

I shall recur next to the phenomena of Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Smead and the



whole host of mediumistic automatists. I shall make the illustration concrete, however, by describing what really or apparently goes on with Mrs. Piper. She writes automatically and gives information purporting to come from discarnate spirits. The facts are just such as may prove the personal identity of the alleged deceased person. The only difference between her case and that of Mr. and Mrs. Newnham is the circumstance that in the case of Mrs. Piper the intelligence purports to be that of the dead; in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Newnham it does not superficially indicate any such intervention and makes no claim to being this. The physical phenomena are the same in both cases, namely, motor automatism.

Now we can go farther. In the early stages of her development Mrs. Piper exhibited the phenomena of echolalia, which means the imitative reproduction of what she saw and heard Prof. James doing, who was hypnotizing her. This phenomenon indicates a highly developed sensitiveness to automatic action and in her trances this sensitiveness and automatic predisposition results in automatisms which give rise to the dramatic play of personality in the record. That is, whatever the source of her messages, thoughts not connected with the main stream of the "communications" will, at intervals of interruption in these, slip through unintentionally and confuse the record. Her record is full of them, probably due to this echolalic condition. Interpreted in terms of foreign influence, whether telepathic or spiritistic it matters not, it means that some thought or statement transmitted to the "communicator" and not intended for transmission to the sitter, nevertheless comes through and is a part of what superficially claims to be communications. We have in it an illustration of motor effects caused by foreign thoughts, if we apply either telepathy or spirits to the explanation. The dramatic play and the peculiar relevance of the phenomena to spiritistic intervention inclines the intelligent person to that hypothesis to account for it, and the accompaniment of supernormal information, representing the personal identity of particular deceased persons, makes the conclusion seem imperative. But this aside, the main point to be noticed is

that Mrs. Piper's motor action is stimulated by some foreign intelligence in at least the supernormal phenomena and that her echolalic condition exposes her to casual mental states not necessarily connected with the main "communications." They are physical phenomena instigated through the physical organism of the psychic, but they do not take the form of appearing without contact. They are simply phenomena traceable to foreign intervention and partake of the motor type.

Now in the *Phantasms of the Living* it was clear to the authors, whatever theory be adopted to account for the facts, that sensory automatisms also occurred due to foreign intervention. Mr. Podmore admits the existence of telepathic hallucinations in his last work (*Naturalization of the Supernatural*, pp. 124-148). This means that the thoughts of the agent may appear to be real physical objects to the percipient. They are veridical, of course, which means that they correspond to some external cause and are not purely subjective hallucinations, but are causally related to foreign agencies.

There are cases in which both sensory and motor automatism occur more or less in conjunction. Some psychics see the apparitions of the alleged spirits supposed to give rise to the motor automatism of writing. There is no fixed limitation to the relations between these phenomena, and as we know how anaesthesia may vary in different individuals, in respect of the compass of consciousness, we can easily conceive cases in which all types of phenomena with amnesia may occur in simulation of physical events. Combine amnesia, anaesthesia, and sensory and motor automatism and we should find conditions for the occurrence of all sorts of phenomena that might be truthfully described by the subject, but yet not be any more representative of physical reality than a subjective hallucination. This will be especially true if the subject does not completely combine all the functions mentioned so that some of the normal mental judgments may be formed on data produced subliminally in other fields of mental activity. Suppose, for instance, that self-consciousness remain normal and retains a memory of the events going on, but that the sensory system be anaesthetic and the motor



system consequently acting without sensory memory of the fact, and we might have a series of physical facts reported which never occurred outside the mind of the subject. Take, then, a case in which the sensory and motor facts so reported were instigated by foreign influences and there would be all the mental phenomena of reality without its physical characteristics. The inhibition of sensory effects at the periphery accompanied by self-consciousness of the subliminal apparitions would prevent the judgment from discovering the real nature of the situation and facts would be reported to the external observer which would not be true or visible to him, but which would be true, at least mentally, to the subject. That such a thing may be possible is apparent in an experience which I used to have quite frequently during my tendencies to nervous prostration. I often felt that I had not slept at all during the night. I seemed to be wide awake all the time. I finally discovered, however, that my visual field was occupied with hypnogogic illusions, that I was self-conscious, and that other senses and centers were evidently asleep. I discovered this on several occasions when the disappearance of the hypnogogic illusions was abrupt instead of through real sleep. Thus various functions of the mind may be associated and dissociated in different degrees, so that the type of such phenomena may vary accordingly, giving rise to great discrepancies in the reporting of them.

All this is drawn from well known facts in psychology wholly apart from any of the allegations of the supernormal, and we may find in them the clue to the subjective conditions in which the supernormal appears. The supernormal may intrude itself into various degrees of trance and unusual physiological and psychological functions, and so give rise to apparent physical phenomena, whether consciously or unconsciously on the part of the foreign agent.

As a first illustration of the complicated possibilities of the case here reported we may briefly compare the experiences of Mrs. Lambert with those of Will Hannegan. Mrs. Lambert has no memory of her clairvoyant travels and experiences. Will Hannegan does, at least at times, have this memory. This implies that the dissociation of mental func-

tion is not so complete with him as with Mrs. Lambert, and hence memory brings back events which Mrs. Lambert would have to report in her trance or by automatic writing. The cleavage in Mrs. Lambert's case between her normal and subliminal life is complete and things may take place with her physically of which she is either not aware or has no memory. Mr. Hannegan is likely to remember his experiences and hence to be in a position to compare them with the natural events.

Now in mediumistic cases often the psychic is easily and quickly seized with a trance and may as easily and quickly recover from it, or alternate between normal and trance conditions. I have actually witnessed this in one or two instances. Equipped with what this implies we may turn to the instance of Mrs. Lambert's clairvoyant or attempted clairvoyant journey (p. 427). She reports that she entered her room and locked the door, and after her devotions found that Mrs. Billings had come into the room in spite of the locked door. Mrs. Billings had thought Mrs. Lambert had gone on her journey and returned. Mrs. Lambert felt that she had not, as her memory of the events was only that she had been praying and had not been unconscious at any time. The probability is that she had gone into the trance, unlocked the door, or had not originally locked it as she supposed, and on awakening from it had no memory of anything done during it. The statement of Joe Wentworth through the automatic writing that she has no memory of events in her trance and that she had actually gone with him on the journey, tho worthless as evidence, psychologically coincides with the possibilities of the case, and all that had appeared as a physical phenomenon turns out to have been purely mental. The cleavage of the two states and the amnesia dissociating them, but allowing a perfect connection between the two normal parts of her life shows that much might have been physically affected during the trance, whether subliminally or through foreign intervention, that she would not know or remember in her normal state. Mrs. Lambert had suspected herself that this trance condition may have come on without her knowledge of it in some cases (p. 428), and we do no violence



to any situation if we suppose it active when the evidence is not superficially apparent.

Take again the phenomena of July 22nd (p. 408). A sketch book was placed on the mantel before retiring, and in the morning a sheet had been torn from the blank and was leaning against the wall beside the pad. What probably took place was that some thought, subjectively or objectively instigated, had during the night suggested a subliminal act and the subject arose and tore off the sheet and placed it where it was found, all a trance phenomenon much like the echolalia in Mrs. Piper to which I have called attention. A similar explanation would apply to the disappearance of the picture of the swan the following night.

The illustration of motor phenomena under apparently foreign stimulus will be found in the two cases where Will Hannegan played an accompaniment for Mrs. Billings and yet does not know one note of music from another (p. 415), and the automatic playing of Mrs. Lambert (p. 413). The most interesting accompaniment of the phenomena was the auditory experience of the bass notes without any visual accompaniment of the moving keys which should probably have taken place in a genuine physical phenomenon. Then the vision of lights in one case accompanying the musical sounds, which lights would be recognized by most psychic researchers as mental facts, at least in content, whatever we suppose about their external instigation. Both sensory and motor automatism occur in these instances, some of them simulating physical phenomena, but not in their entirety.

The two most refractory instances are the case of the blood on the hands and in the water and that of the ball lodging on the wall. But in both of them, if we reckon with negative hallucinations, such as undoubtedly manifested in the case of Junior when Will Hannegan hurt his hand, we may readily account for the phenomena as mental instead of physical. Of course the bloody handkerchief remains to contradict this view really or apparently. But as an interval of sleep occurred during which the critical mind of Mrs. Lambert might have unconsciously supplied the stimulus for unconsciously producing the very evidence for physical phe-

nomena, we may not find this incident an exception. The reader will have only to examine the record carefully to ascertain that Mrs. Lambert was exceedingly careful to experiment in a test manner for results and did not trust Mr. Hannegan implicitly in such cases. There is no reason why either her subconscious action should not endeavor automatically to supply the evidence, or to assume that the foreign intelligences supposed did not consciously or unconsciously instigate motor acts that brought about the physical phenomena to appear as evidence. It would only be a question of making continuous observations to decide whether the results were as conjectured possible. In the case of the lodged ball, let us suppose that Junior was again affected by a negative hallucination and Mrs. Lambert by a positive hallucination, and the amnesia dissociating the normal sensations from the subliminal might prevent all discovery of the real facts.

The disappearance of the checker board might have been due to the sudden coming on of a trance and the putting it away during this trance with no memory of the facts afterwards. That Mrs. Lambert may have such trances the reader may observe from the incidents of July 18th (p. 405). I may also reinforce this by the incidents in the experience of Mlle. Helene Smith, the case studied by Prof. Flournoy (*"From India to the Planet Mars"*). On one occasion she started home with him after dark and he allowed her to lead. After walking some distance she suddenly became conscious that she did not know where she was. She had gone in a direction different from what had been intended. That is, she had gone into a trance after starting and had not known where she was going. A better instance was her beginning a letter in French to Prof. Flournoy and suddenly changing it to Martian and mailing it to him without any memory of having written it. The case in which she found an orange on the other side of the room, when a few minutes before it was on the piano beside her, is probably one in which she suddenly went into the trance and threw it herself, only to awaken and find the orange out of its place and no memory of her own probable share in the act. I have the record of another case



carefully investigated in which a photograph taken by flash light shows a young lady doing things which she would revolt against in her normal state.

Such an explanation, of course, is not collective hallucination, but I am not insisting that the whole class of phenomena in this record shall be so explained. The sensory centers may not always be the ones affected by the causal agencies. The motor centers may often be the ones employed, and now and then both motor and sensory action combined, so that a physical action appears without any normal memory of it.

Now, if I am asked whether I would press such a hypothesis with confidence I could only say that I would not. All that I am doing is to approach the more complex and refractory cases from the side of those that are perfectly explicable in the way suggested and that are provably so explicable on the testimony of the reporters. The habitual method of the average Spiritualist is to regard the refractory cases as proof of the supernormal and to insist that the explanation must be sought from that point of view. But he forgets that he has to face a violent antithesis to certain physical laws and so cannot get the unity in the cosmos that is so necessary to a complete scientific theory. He approaches the less marvelous through the more marvelous. All that I am doing is to approach the more marvelous through the less so. I agree that both methods are perfectly legitimate. But we can assume the supernormal as our *point de repere* only on the assumption that it is proved. But even then we must not too easily set aside well established physical laws. When we do set aside any physical law it must be done in a manner which articulates our conceptions with some other recognized law. But the simplest way to deal with the case is to see if we cannot obtain an explanation of the more perplexing through adjustments of known mental phenomena, and in this case abnormal psychology and psychic research have furnished us with data for reducing the phenomena to mental ones instead of supposing them to be the physical events which they superficially appear to be, and this can be done without denying the theory of the spiritualist, tho it does deny the application of it which he makes. The spirit-

ual world must be conceived by every one as a mental world primarily, and we find in the supernormal phenomena generally that they simulate the physical and all that we require to do is to press mental laws into service as far as they will go, and in this way we may explain the phenomena without doing violence to physical science and without eliminating the spiritual from the causal agency in the result. The fact that some of the phenomena are undoubtedly mental and mental alone, tho superficially appearing to be physical, affords the clue to this mode of treatment.

If there were nothing supernormal in the record we should not require to go beyond subjective conditions in explaining the apparitions and simulation of physical phenomena. We should be dealing with facts that would be classifiable with the ordinary abnormal phenomena. But the unmistakable presence of supernormal incidents, accepting the credible testimony to certain facts, show that we have objective conditions to reckon with in our theories. As evidence of the supernormal let me refer to the various incidents which suggest or prove it. They would not prove it apart from the existing independent evidence for it, but with the supernormal a more or less familiar fact in such phenomena as are already on record, there will be no difficulty in recognizing it in this collection of facts. As illustrations of it we have the name Mary Lane (p. 410), the apparently clairvoyant perception of Mr. Hannegan that Mrs. Lambert did not have the usual pink gown on (p. 423), the statements about the office of Mr. Lambert (p. 437), the message about Dennie McLaughlin, tho not literally correct, was relevant and had reference to things unknown by the psychic (p. 439), and perhaps a few others, in addition to those mentioned in the previous report.

I have not mentioned a number of possible instances because they have not the kind of verification necessary. But the presence of some supernormal suggests a foreign cause of it, and when that is once conceded we have all the complications to reckon with that must attend the physiological and mental conditions affecting the occurrence of such phenomena. All sorts of functions may be set into action and



in different combinations and relations. It matters not whether we regard them as instigated by the living or the dead, they are presumably external to the subject. It would be natural to suppose them hampered by all kinds of resisting influences and obstacles to complete control of the organism, or even aided by subliminal functions in various situations. Let us imagine discarnate spirits trying to influence the physical organisms of Mrs. Lambert and Mr. Hannegan and meeting with various limitations and obstacles, some of which are wholly unknown to them. What would be the natural result? Suppose them familiar only with the subconscious agencies of the living mind and having only an indirect knowledge of the physical body itself. Suppose that they more or less free the living mind from its natural control of the organism, but retain such an automatic relation to it that the divided or combined influence of spirit and living should vary in affecting subliminal action. Suppose that the discarnate in the effort to influence a living mind should both be powerfully affected by the mind and will of the medium and subject to the capricious automatic action of the organism in the attempts to produce what they desire. I have seen cases, and perhaps it is an important truth, in which the desires of the psychic materially affect the possibilities of the "controls." Suppose that the trance condition disturbs rational control of the organism and subjects it to those echolalic influences which make it respond to the mental conditions of both spirit and living soul which are so interfused as to produce a miscellany of effects, all apparently supernormal but reflected in the physical function of the organism. Imagine the released soul conforming to the demands of spirits in receiving their mental states and in the process of interfusion having them come out in automatisms that do not reproduce the spiritual side at all, and we may have some conception of the complications with which we may have to deal in the analysis of such phenomena as are here reported. The pure automatisms of Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Smead seem to suggest just this condition of things, the reproduction in the world of familiar motor actions which betray the accompaniment of certain mental states on the other side not intended

to be transmitted. In the effort to convey information spirits might cause, consciously or unconsciously, all sorts of physical phenomena, and this effect might be quite natural if we supposed them maliciously disposed and determined on deception regarding real physical phenomena. How easy to produce the trance and then incite physical events by means of the organism of the medium for him or her to find inexplicable facts on recovering normal consciousness. Of course, I think we have no scientific evidence for evil or deceiving spirits and I do not mention the possibility to defend it, but only to indicate how easily it would apply to such facts, if we had abundant evidence to believe that such agencies existed, and this without taking the facts at their superficial value. But the same apparent effects are produced in automatisms without supposing malicious intentions. Knowing that physical effects in automatic writing are produced in a causal series connected with transcendental mental states, telepathic or spiritistic, we can imagine that spirits that are not evilly inclined might, in the intensity of their effort to influence the mind of the living, unconsciously give rise to physical phenomena automatically through the organism, and if they were not conscious of the physical organism, imagine that they had produced independent physical phenomena. All this is perfectly conceivable, not in the abstract, but in the light of what we know actually occurs in mediumistic automatism and in all subliminal actions of our own ordinary life. In psychics these influences become associated with evidence of the supernormal, but also exhibit themselves in the whole system of phenomena that manifest through them, whether evidential or non-evidential.

A critic may say that mal-observation may be supposed and that if the facts were more fully reported we should find a much simpler explanation. This is quite true. We have to assume that the circumstances did not favor accurate observation, and the hypothesis of sudden trances favors this view. I have no doubt that many incidents are not reported from lack of observation of them which the scientific man would like to know. But a better observation might have led to the confirmation of the hypothesis which I have put



forward. The possibility defended depends on positive observations. The reader must remark that the intelligent and critical scepticism of Mrs. Lambert led her to positively test certain incidents and the record shows the discovery of positive hallucinations and mal-observation may only have concealed equally good evidence of their presence in the more refractory instances.

I have never exhibited the slightest trace of supernormal phenomena in my own personal experience, but in several instances where I was experimenting for them in the person of others I have had some interesting experiences. These, however, have not occurred in the presence of perfectly developed mediums. They have occurred where I did not find any evidence of the supernormal at all in those trying to manifest mediumistic phenomena. Once, in a case where a gentleman was trying to develop clairvoyance, I discovered, later than the others, that I felt very distinctly the same effects as electrical currents in my arms and fingers. I had never before felt this. It was hardly due to suggestion, partly because I have always been proof against this and partly because it did not follow the persistent consciousness and mention of such sensations in those with me. But I became very sleepy in the experiment after these sensations occurred and when the experiment was over the sleepiness entirely disappeared and I did not feel even the effects of drowsiness. On another occasion a man called on me to try for table tipping. I sat with him and there was no tendency to it during the hour that we tried. But I became sleepy again, felt fits of vertigo, and finally my hand became very light, trembled in its muscles and had an irresistible impulse to write, tho it would not write in spite of my willingness that it should. Again, on the occasion mentioned in the previous report (p. 311) the sensations of both personal motion and motion of the table were very distinct, and certain associations which were not mentioned may be remarked now for their interest. In the first instance when I thought both the table and myself were rising in the air, in spite of my discovery that there was no motion, the sensation continued for fully ten minutes and then stopped instantly, when, as if struck by lightning, a

lady at my right fell over in a trance. We obtained some automatic writing as a consequence. Continuing the experiment I again felt my hands and the table rising in the air and examined the facts as before, finding that no movement was taking place. But my consciousness that the table and my hands were not rising did not prevent the sensation of this motion from persisting for some minutes again when another lady fell over in a trance as before, just as my sensation instantly ceased. In a third experiment a gentleman sitting opposite me felt himself pushed and, as that ceased, a lady at his right went instantly into a trance and did considerable automatic writing. Later one of the men, there having been three ladies and three gentlemen at the table, went into a trance and while nothing supernatural occurred the usual appearance of communication did take place.

Now if we can suppose that discarnate spirits were trying to communicate with us and that their intense efforts were transmitted to me, producing sensory effects allied to or identical with hallucinations and automatic writing as well as trances in others, we may well understand how more psychic people than I am should be more distinctly affected in this way and that all sorts of phenomena should occur which they might partly observe and partly misinterpret, tho telling the strict truth in so far as it can come under their observation. They did occur in some of the events actually reported in this record, whether regarded as supernatural or not, and when they become familiar facts in ordinary experience and are also accompaniments of supernatural phenomena, it makes the working hypothesis clear with which we are to proceed, at least tentatively in the explanation of them.

While this report is going through the press I have received an account of personal experiences apparently representing physical phenomena, but which, like my own, turned out on examination to be mental. A man distinctly and frequently felt, at intervals of some days, shocks and apparent movements of a house and objects in it which others had not noticed at all, and he was laughed at for it. They continued after he returned to his own home. At about this time the reporter says: "I had a new sensation. Immediately on re-



tiring the bed began to sway back and forth exactly like a hammock, and yet, tho I did not seem to move, it seemed to be a sensation only. Thinking the beating of the heart might have something to do with it, I counted the beats, but there was no agreement. Then I held my breath, but it made no difference." The reader will remark that the reporter had investigated his sensations sufficiently to discover that they did not imply actual motion of the bed, tho subjectively all the phenomena were present to indicate it normally save that they would not respond to the final test. The gentleman reporting the facts had some interesting experiences connected with the facts that are of the mediumistic type.

I do not mean here to apply sensory and motor automatism with any absolute confidence to the most refractory instances of this record. It is hard to believe in any such collective adjustment of hallucinatory functions in two individuals at the same time to account for the supposed hallucinations of the boy and the mother in the case of the lodged ball, or that there should be the suitable combination of positive and negative hallucinations in the case of the blood on the hands of Mr. Hannegan and in the water with which he washed them. Such things are incredible enough. But on any theory, accepting the statements of the witnesses, we have the negative hallucination of Junior in the case of Will Hannegan's wounded hand and the reaching for the bright object on the steps—an instance, by the way, that was collective,—and we might not have any unusual difficulties in supposing the proper combination of influences with such psychically disposed persons as were together in the experiments to produce such unusual effects as are reported. The ease with which the group could experiment in automatic writing and the evident readiness to go into trances and not be conscious of the fact are all so many facts suggesting possibilities with which we should reckon before accepting the phenomena as physical. The automatic playing of the piano in both cases is an illustration of apparent external influences, and so are many of the other events, so that with the mixture of sensory and motor automatisms we may well conceive that the phenomena were mental rather than physical, and that

or involved in the phenomena which they could not explain in any ordinary way. I know a case of trumpet mediumship where there has been undoubted supernormal acquisition of information, whatever theory we adopt about the mode of delivering it. The lips are not moved, but it was demonstrated to me by careful observation that the vocal muscles were influenced whenever the voice was heard in the trumpet. I have been able to convey intelligible sentences myself in this way without moving the lips. But in the case under mention there is some reason to suppose that anaesthesia accompanies the deliverance of the message, tho there is no distinct proof of this. If anaesthesia does prevail it is probable that the trumpet voices are vocal automatism associated with the supernormal acquisition of the knowledge conveyed. But granting that the vocal action is conscious and not unconscious, it is apparent that the supernormal has to find expression only through motor action, as the sensory functions do not here lend themselves to phenomena that can express or convey the desired information. The physical organism of the psychic is a factor in the result of the apparently physical phenomena, and in the case of this trumpet medium often it is difficult to suppose that the voice, so loud is it occasionally, could be produced wholly by the action of the vocal organs without moving the lips. But practice may have made it possible in this case and only report the feeling which a man would have about it when observing the case without making allowance for exceptional vocal organs and experience. But without supposing that the vocal part of the phenomena is mysterious, it is clear that the organism is a part of them on any explanation of the origin of the information.

I am not here taking up the cudgels for physical phenomena, but suggesting how they may be accounted for if they really or apparently occur. We require to bridge a chasm in such cases and I am suggesting by the reduction of some of the phenomena to the mental type that the chasm is at least partly spanned by the fact, and when we know that many of the physical phenomena associated with automatism are directly connected with the organism of the psychic we



have only to proceed along those lines to discover a way to understand the further and still unreduced cases. I emphasize the fact, however, that in so reducing them we do not classify them with the ordinary mental facts of hallucination. They belong to a type associated with the supernormal and must ultimately be implicated in the theories that explain the supernormal. The single record would not prove them, but the reader will remark that it can be classed with the many instances hitherto reported and published and has its unity established with them in many of its aspects.

In regard to the passages of the record which have been omitted as personal I should state that a number of them were predictions of the death of friends or acquaintances. Since making the record and putting it in my hands, and indeed in one instance while the report is going through the press, these predictions have been fulfilled. There was no special reason for antecedently expecting such events.

### The Detailed Record.

Narragansett-Pier, R. I., June 30th, 1908.

Present: Mr. Lambert, Mrs. Lambert, Will Hannegan and Miss James.\*

Put out the light.

[We sat for about five minutes in the dark and then Will had a vision which he did not tell us about until later, when Mr. Lambert and I were alone with him. He said he saw Nettie James lying in a casket very near where we sat at the table. There were a great many lighted candles about her. I remarked that Joe had frequently predicted that Nettie James would enter a convent; as this is frequently a part of the ceremony of taking the

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\* Unless otherwise indicated, Mr. Hannegan is the automatic writer. Mrs. Lambert did her share of it, and when the writing is hers the fact is indicated in the appropriate way.

There was no punctuation in the original record. In fact the words are not separated at all, the writing being continuous. I have inserted punctuation only where it was absolutely necessary to make the reading and interpretation of the sentences easy. Capitals are used only as in the original automatic writing, or as the original automatic writing indicated the emphasis that we can express in that way.

The symbols indicating what the sitters said and what are subsequent notes and comments are the same as in all these records, and are explained above p. 121.

veil, that it might be the meaning of the vision. I took the pencil and Norman immediately wrote:]

I think it is that, not death.

[After seeing a few lights, we turned up the light and Will took the pencil to write. There were a great many aimless scrawls and we asked Joe what he was trying to write.]

Ortran.

(Mr. L.: Am I a hindrance? Shall I leave the circle?)

I love to have you here, it is me myself.

ORTRANT.

My dear, it is so hard. I have been looking for my painting.

(Is there a signature on the painting?)

JOE WENTWORTH.

[The full name here was intended to represent the signature of Joe Wentworth on the picture which he had earlier said was in Havana and painted by himself. The signature is in large letters and ends with a triangular flourish.]

[The following is the record of my own sitting.—J. H. Hyslop.]

July 4th, 1908.

I had visited Mr. and Mrs. Lambert at Narragansett Pier for the purpose of witnessing some of the phenomena that had been reported to me and during the morning Mr. Hannegan did some writing while I was not present and Joe Wentworth promised to do what he could for me, tho he expressed a very distinct dislike to me. I had not yet witnessed any of the writing and had only had a short talk with Mr. Hannegan who showed no such attitude toward me, but in reality was open-minded and ready to do all he could to satisfy me of the existence of the phenomena. He told me in a frank and honest way his history and the origin of his writing and seemed willing and even anxious to be rightly understood regarding it. There was not the slightest reluctance to be under my scrutiny or to try the experiments. Nor did the attitude of Joe during the afternoon, when he wrote his dislike for me, in the least affect the action of Mr. Hannegan when we came to experiment in the evening. Apparently Joe did not show himself and Mr. Hannegan did no automatic writing. What little I received came through Mrs. Lambert. Most of the experiment was taken up with



the effort to get some table tipping. But failing this Mrs. Lambert tried automatic writing. The following was the result.

Yes, yes [circles drawn about the words.] I will be glad to meet him \* \* \* \*

Agnes will help when Miss James comes. [Wings drawn.] My dear Nellie, I am so sorry we disappointed you but you know we told you that you and Will were tired. would not do much for a little while. We will try to \* \* [scrawls.] it [?] better to morrow. [Wings drawn.]

On Thursday, July 16th, 1908, Will left for Providence, and went to the Hotel Dorrance. In the evening he heard so many raps that he thought someone was in his room, and searched everywhere, but found no one. He took the pencil and Joe told him that he had been knocking to let him know that he wanted to write. He then received a personal message for me from Adeline More. On Friday evening the noises were repeated. When Will took the pencil, Joe told him that he must not go far from the hotel on the following day, Saturday, as he would go into a trance sometime during the day. On Saturday at one thirty P. M., Will was in the hotel office. He began to feel sleepy and very light, as though he were off the floor. He walked with some difficulty to the elevator, but does not remember how he got to his room, which was on the fourth floor. He had left the door locked and had the key in his pocket. When he came to himself it was about three o'clock. He was lying on the floor with his face hidden on his arms, feeling well enough, but dazed and confused. He recalls that during the trance he saw Joe standing beside him, but noticed nothing of his surroundings. Will started away with Joe, having a sensation of being transported through the air, but still unconscious of seeing anything about him. He then found himself with Joe inside of a little picture and bric-a-brac shop, where the walls were entirely covered with old pictures and several empty frames. He remembers some large blue and white vases streaked with pale green. At the left of the entrance was a stairway with a light plain banister, leading

up to an attic or half-story. He had an impression that the shop was built against the side of a hill. Joe led Will to the foot of the stairs and showed him, hung on the left wall from the entrance, a framed landscape about three and a half feet long. It was a twilight scene in rather strong style and color with a signature in the lower left-hand corner of the canvas. Will asked Joe where they were and he answered "In Ortrando" and said the name was written in our book on the same night that he showed us how his picture was signed.

Will returned home from Providence on the same evening, Saturday, July 18th, about half after eight. I was sleeping with Junior, and, as I was not feeling well, I took some medicine and fell into a deep sleep almost immediately after going to bed. I took the medicine at half-past nine. Will came up to his room at ten o'clock and had just gotten into bed when he heard the door of Junior's room open. Thinking I might want something, he got up, turned on his light, and opened his door. He saw me pass through the hall and down the stairs, and says I wore a pink dressing gown and my hair was in a knot on top of my head. When I went to bed it was braided and hanging down my back. Will says I went into the parlor and turned on the light; then, into the pantry and back again to the parlor. From there, I went to the front door, unfastening the two bolts noisily, and out on to the porch. Will did not like to follow, but felt uneasy, so sat with his light turned on for twenty minutes, waiting for me to come back. Then he heard me come in, lock the front door, come up stairs, and close the door of Junior's room.

On July 20th, Junior and Will were alone on the beach when Will cut his hand very badly while trying to wind a mechanical boat. He held his hand up with the blood streaming down, and then happened to think of Junior, who is very sensitive to suffering and the sight of blood. To Will's astonishment, Junior was jumping up and down and clapping his hands with delight. He did not see the blood, but kept shouting, "Oh Will, the hand, the beautiful golden hand holding yours!" On the evening of the same date, June 20th, Mr. Sykes, Will and I were sitting in the dark at the table, with joined hands. After some tilting of the table,



Will's arm was elongated seven inches, according to measurements taken after this in the light. We were then led to the front door, which we interpreted as an invitation to go out. We walked down to the life-saving station and sat against the stone wall of a sort of tower. We were facing north. After we all three had seen the "Tinker Bell" light a few times, Will described a boat with a filmy sail spread, which was moving about not far from us. Mr. Sykes and I could not see it but several times saw a light like a large lantern, which Will said was on the bow of the boat, and the only light on it. Suddenly my arm was thrust back of me and my hand seized an oar which we had not seen, on account of the intense darkness. Waving it towards the water, I started down to the edge, both men trying, with all their strength to hold me back. The oar pointed to a spot where lay a small skiff which we had not seen until quite close to it on account of the darkness, and until it had been indicated to us. The oar was then lowered to the ground. It was so heavy that I could not in a normal condition have held it up as I did with one hand. We then returned home and Will took the pencil and wrote as follows:

George I am Venna.

[Mr. Sykes' name is George, but I did not know it nor did Will, until he told us, after this writing. He signs his name, "G. Allen Sykes." Most of his friends call him "Allen," or "Psyche." Venna is the name of his deceased wife.]

At the end of the pond, near the log with the dead duck on it is just the spot if you will just wait a little while I will tell you about it.

JOE.

it is where you could find. I do not want any of you to think that anybody's mind has anything to do with this.

YOUR OIL.

JOE.

(Where is the pond?)

It is not just time to tell you.

(I am afraid the duck will not last very long. You mean that you will put one there when he goes to look?)

Just it.

(Have you heard from Jordan or Nannie?)

[I believe that Mr. Sykes has an interest in some oil lands but I do not know where, and neither Will nor I knew of it at the time. The reference to the duck and pond I understood to mean that Joe would indicate in that manner the particular spot where the oil would be found.]

Norman will be glad to go in his boat if you ask him.

(Joe, can you tell me what was meant by showing me the oar and the skiff?)

You went down in the night, took the oar, got in the little boat went out to meet Norman's boat, got in and went to Jordan. it was when Will saw you go. [See Saturday, July 18.]

[Mr. Sykes here described something that had happened recently at a friend's funeral. His friend had been very mediumistic, and Mr. Sykes attributed the incident to displeasure shown towards him by her guide, an Indian girl. This was what happened: A large cross of flowers sent by Mr. Sykes was leaning against the altar, well tilted back, at the head of the casket. During the service the cross swayed from side to side and then fell forward onto the casket. Joe must have heard Mr. Sykes say that he thought the guide, Wild-flower, was angry at his not attending the service, for the pencil began to write immediately.]

[As described to me I understand that the cross swayed for some time from side to side with a regular motion, as one would wave a fan, and then fell forward.]

not at all the reason. Oh my soul is so tired.

(Who wrote this?)

MARY BARTO.

(Who is Mary Barto?)

She is George's guide. Nellie, there is just a very little that I want you to write.

[I took the pencil. Had remarked that most of my astral journeys seemed to be made when under the influence of a narcotic or hypnotic.]

Nellie, you must not take anything to make you sleep. I will be able to take you much better without it and I will take you again and you shall remember and perhaps Jordan will see you.

[Wings drawn.]

Joe will talk again.

[Will took the pencil.]

I will send Will with you.



July 24th, 1908.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

[Mrs. Billings is not a relative, but was a guest in the house at the time of the experiments. She had never witnessed any phenomena of this kind before.]

FANNIE DAVENPORT.

I can dance and sing with anyone, as I did in days gone by.

(Joe, how did we come to receive the name of Fannie Davenport?)

For the last few days everyone has.

[The appearance of Fannie Davenport seems to have been due to the fact that Joe said he was teaching her to guide. None of us knew her, nor do I know the date of her death.]

[Here I tried to guide the pencil which was in Will's hand, in order to avoid a hole in the paper. I explained to Joe why I had interrupted his writing and the answer came like a flash, "Don't you think I can see it?" and the sentence was resumed where I had interrupted it as follows:]

been all going and all upset here. that is why she came and you may hear from a great many, many more.

(Should we discontinue the writing on account of the confusion?)

They are all good and you need not fear, so many have been sent to other places and others have come here and I am going with Fannie Davenport and teaching her how to guide and every time I leave her she comes back with me; poor thing she is so very frightened all the time.

Baron and Nannie with you and Jordan will do and do and do. you must try and write some music. Nannie did write some very grand things that have never been known and she will write them again with you and Jordan.

[The capital letter in the name "Baron" was begun by a large sign of the treble clef.]

(Do you mean with Will or with me?)

You.

(Will she write them automatically?)

She will play them for you.

(Do you mean that she will play them on the piano herself, without our touching the keys?)

Yes.

(Can Mrs. Billings write?)

She is a great help.

(She is afraid to try the dark room?)

She just thinks so.

(Whose form did Mrs. Billings see last night against her door?)

It was me myself.

(Can you find her guide for her?)

Yes ORLANDO MAC CLURE, make it dark and we will show you.

(She does not want it made dark.)

Yes she does. do you want to see me make it dark?

[Here the lights began to grow dim and we asked Joe not to put them out, as Mrs. Billings was really frightened.]

MARY LANE, hard to tell you. you have no one to blame but yourself.

(What does that mean?)

That belongs somewhere else.

(Did Orlando write this?)

I did the writing but Orlando told me.

[Here Mrs. Billings remarked that Orlando was treating her rather abruptly. I explained to her that this was frequently the case when a guide first began to communicate.]

That is because they cannot tell things just right at first.

(Mrs. B.: Did Orlando mean that he heard Mary Lane say that I had no one to blame but myself and what did she mean by it?)

He heard her but cannot tell.

[Will and I had never heard of Mary Lane. She keeps a boarding house where Mrs. B. used to stay.]

(Mrs. B.: Joe, can you tell us where Phil is?)

When the time comes you will know.

(Joe, did you hear Junior talking about you?)

You bet I did and I stay right with him. I am going to let him see me soon.

(Have you heard from Jordan?)

You will go and see him with Will. it is time for bed. good night.

JOE.

July 27th, 1908.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert. [Mrs. Lambert holding pencil.]



Nell you must practice now that you have a piano.

[Will had been holding the pencil before I had it, a few bars of music were written, and the request made that I take the pencil.]

(Things have been too upset for me to do any practicing.)

I tried to write some music that I will play when Auntie comes here. I know you have been disturbed, but now it will be all right.

(Where is Auntie now?)

She will soon be with me. Nell you can do nothing for W. and you must give it up ["must" heavily underscored.]

(I gave up trying some time ago.)

Yes, but you must not even think of him or worry about him. you have had enough. you will not be able to live long at such a rate so take care of yourself for Jordan and the children. you know what Dr. Boom told you last winter and he is a good man and he did not say it to frighten you, but because he thought you ought to know the truth. let Will look after things. you must have peace and rest ["must" heavily underscored.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[An incident too personal to be published is omitted here.]

(Is Auntie able to go about yet?)

Yes.

(Where is she most of the time?)

With Mary.

(Who wrote the music for Will?) [Had remarked that it was incorrect.]

Norman. He does not know how but he is going to learn to please you.

(It is too late for me to do much with my music but I hope Junior will.)

YOU YOU YOU. [Heavily underscored.] good night.  
BARON.

[Will took the pencil.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[An incident too personal to publish is omitted.]

(Will you try to take a message to Mr. Sykes?)

I will stay with you but Norman will go.

(Norman will you please take my message to Mr. Sykes?)

Yes.

[Repeated message aloud. 11 P. M. it was not received.]

ANNABELLE.

Annabelle.

(Mrs. B.: What about Annabelle? Is anything wrong with her?)

No.

(Mrs. B.: Can you tell me anything about Fred?)

He fell from off the rocks he—

(What about him? Was he hurt?)

Oh nothing.

(Joe, we have had enough tragedy lately; say something to make us laugh.)

If you could see Nettie James just now you would laugh.

(Is she just angry or really insane?)

She is both. [Heavily underscored.]

(Is there any probability of her coming here?)

There sure is. [Heavily underscored.] she is just crazy enough and you would not believe me the night that I said that you can never tell what will happen.

(Is Bell angry, too?)

The same kind of people have the same kind of guides.

(That seems rather unfair. If one has a bad temper, it seems as though one would need a gentle guide.)

You know, Nellie, that some people have a greater effect on their guides than we can sometimes have on them and an axe is the best thing to use on some people. LAUGH.

(Did you read N. J.'s letter?)

Before you did. I had it out of the mail bag once, but could not keep it.

(Should I answer it?)

Yes. tell her that hereafter all mail and packages from her will be put in the fire unopened.

July 28th, 1908.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

Nellie please go to the piano.

(Am I to sit down?)

Yes.

(Shall I put my hands on the lid?)

No on the keys.

(With Will?)

Alone. put out the light in here quick.

[I placed both hands on the keys. The room was quite dark, and Mrs. Billings, being afraid, stood just outside the



door. After waiting awhile, I told Will to stand on my right and put his hand on my right wrist. Immediately my right hand played a series of simple chords with very beautiful modulations, in the form of an old-fashioned choral. During this, my left hand was drawn from the piano and laid in my lap. Mrs. Billings and Will both heard a bass played to the chords with a fine contrapuntal effect, though no visible hand was playing the bass. I have never been able to improvise, or to play the simplest thing by ear. I called to Mrs. Billings and asked if she had noticed the beautiful chromatic modulations, whereupon the whole thing was immediately repeated, and the chromatics were played a third time by themselves, as though to show her.]

(Joe, who made me play?)

I did it. it is what I heard Baron play, Nellie, when Jordan comes with you and Will at the piano, Nannie will play her wonderful song and I will write you the words. the name of it is LOVE DANCES.

(Will Jordan sit at the piano? Or will he listen and try to write it down?)

He will write the music and after he goes home she will make him play her great dances.

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July 29th, 1908, 9 P. M.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will, Mrs. Lambert.

Nellie you must for a short time and Annie must stay. make it dark.

(Do you mean here in the parlor?)

Yes.

(Mrs. B. I cannot stand it.)

My dear, you will feel much better if you stay. I want her to stay.

(She is afraid. Shall Will and I go into the dining room and darken it?)

Yes.

[We did so and had sat only a moment when Will said, "I see Joe's arm near the ceiling, and he has some papers in his hand." He then gave a cry of fright and began to be elongated. As far as I could tell by touch, for it was very

dark, not only his arm but his whole body was stretched. I could not even reach his head when on tip-toe, and I think his arm must have reached nearly to the ceiling. When he gradually resumed his normal size, he was trembling so that he could not stand alone and his hand held some papers which I also grasped and managed to hold, in spite of the great force which seemed to be pulling them upward. On going into the light, we found that they were some papers which I had put away in my room up stairs just before I came down. No one knew where they were, nor had anyone else left me to go up stairs after I had placed them in the drawer. Mrs. B. testified to having seen me take them upstairs a short time before.]

[Will did not seem to get the papers from the drawer upstairs himself. They appeared to be given to him through the ceiling, but we were not in the room underneath mine where the papers were kept, but in another part of the house. The dining room where we were is on the west side, and my room where I had placed the papers projects over the porch on the east side. I think there could have been no illusion on my part as to the elongation of his entire body, as I could not reach his head. He was conscious throughout and complained of pain in connection with the stretching. In reference to the second question, as soon as we left the dark room I had no difficulty in holding the papers, tho in the half light by the open door I still felt a force drawing them upward and had to hold them with both hands. As soon as we went into the lighted parlor, however, I had no difficulty in holding them and placed them in my dress where they remained until I removed them to undress for the night a couple of hours later.

The letter to which reference is made was thirty pages long and represents the papers which we received through the ceiling.]

(What do you mean by giving me this letter?)

I mean I am sick of it. burn it.

(But I want to show it to Jordan.)

My dear but put it some place where I will not have to look at it, on the floor of your closet. I don't go in there.



(N. J. says that a white robed figure made her get out of bed and write it.)

She is using that for she knows that you believe such things. I will try and bring the pieces of paper that she wrote it on the day before getting it ready.

(Joe, I got some writing today signed "Norman." Was it really from him, or from my own subconsciousness?)

[The writing stated that W.'s father and sister had come to warn Norman that I was in danger from him.]

I cannot say.

(Please ask if it was Norman who wrote it.)

It was.

(Does not my own mind sometimes influence my writing?)

Sometimes.

(Please ask if what I wrote was true, and from Norman.)

Yes.

[Personal matter omitted.]

If you go to the piano you will play it.

(Will: Who?)

You.

[Will went to the piano. The room was in half light; Mrs. Billings stood at the door and I stood by the piano. Will immediately played selections from *Trovatore* with both hands and from a number of other operas; then, Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* with the right hand, and Mrs. B. and I both heard the correct bass played, though I did not see the keys move. There was light enough for me to have seen, had they moved. Mrs. B. asked Will to accompany her while she sang, "*Still Wie die Nacht.*" He played a very good accompaniment but tried in vain to transpose it to a key low enough to suit her voice. One composition was played in the style of "*Butterfly*," but was not from that opera and none of us recognized it. It was constructed on the Japanese scale, however. Consecutive octaves were very noticeable, and it was distinctly modern in style. Will was so frightened when he found himself playing these things that he begged me to help him leave the piano, but it was impossible to get his hands away from the keys, or his foot from the pedal. He does not know one note of music, though he is very fond of it, and has never played in his life. While he was playing we both saw a brilliant blue light on the key-board. When he left the piano, I made him take the pencil and write.]

She will have a fan.

(Who will have a fan?)

Nina when Jordan plays Nannie's Love Dances she, on the table, will dance and will try and make all of you see her. Bartie and Grace are in, if someone would only help me.

(Where are they?)

Bed.

VENNA.

[Bartie and Grace are Mr. Sykes' son and sister, still living. No one but myself knew their names, and I was not touching Will's wrist when he wrote.]

(Do you know here G. A. S. is?)

[No answer.]

(What is the writing on the wall?)

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

Yes.

(Joe please tell me the meaning of that fall on the porch?)

[See June 25th, p. 366.]

Will tell you soon.

(Are you tired?)

No.

(Will Norman write for me?)

You try but not long.

GOOD NIGHT. JOE.

[I took the pencil.]

Nellie, you ought to go to bed.

NORMAN. [Picture of wings drawn.]

[On the evening of July 30th, while Will was waiting beside Junior's bed for him to go to sleep, he saw a bright, blue light playing over Junior's face. A young girl with something red in her hair and a black lace shawl over her head and draped all about her, came and stood beside him. When she disappeared, he saw Mr. Lambert standing near him in the room. This was about 9:30 P. M., which would be 2:30 A. M. in London, where Mr. L. was. The next thing he saw was a crushed and bleeding arm. Immediately he grew drowsy and found himself in a little drug store, dressing the arm of a tall, slender boy, who appeared like a miner or mechanic. Will thought he was about twenty-two years old, but did not notice his face particularly. The arm was badly crushed and bleeding profusely. A man with bright red hair



assisted Will in bandaging it. Will seems to remember the appearance of this man more clearly than that of his wounded companion. After this, he saw a picture of the accident in which the young man had been hurt. He saw him with the red-haired man, in a car such as is used in mines. It did not seem to be underground, and the track ran down an incline, with large, new-looking wooden posts on either side. He has the impression that there was yellow clay all about. The car came down the incline and jumped the track. It turned around twice, striking one of the posts and crushing the young man's arm against it; then ran beyond the post and turned over. When Will regained consciousness in his own room about ten-thirty P. M., he was too much alarmed by his various experiences to tell us about them until we received the following writings, which called for an explanation. He was chiefly troubled at having seen Mr. Lambert and thought something must be wrong with him, but did not ask Joe for fear of worrying me. We had not put a question when Joe began to write:]

It was Jordan.

(What about Jordan? When did you hear from him?)

Will saw him last.

(Will says he does not understand.)

Yes he does. he saw him upstairs.

(Did he really come, or was it a projection of thought during a waking condition, as when I have seen him?)

Yes. I did not see him until he was here.

(Is he troubled about something, or just thinking of us?)

Just thinking.

(Did he come downstairs where I was?)

He saw you. Will, his arm is very much better now and it has stopped bleeding.

[We questioned Will and he told us of his experience.]

(Who is it that Will helped?)

It was a boy in—WALTER I am trying.

["Walter" is probably an attempt to write *Wales*.]

(Are you tired?)

Yes he fell—

(Can I help you to write?)

Try. [Very small, faint letters. I took the pencil and Will held my wrist.]

He fell and hurt himself and I took Will to help him. he would not go home.

(Can you tell us where it happened?)

I am too tired.

JOE.

[We have no explanation of these incidents about the boy throughout the record, beyond Joe Wentworth's as given in the notes. It is not unprecedented, however, that Mr. Lambert should have appeared without special cause, as Mr. Hannegan saw him once last spring by daylight and heard his voice, and he has appeared to me and spoken aloud several times in past years. The fact of his having appeared to me when I knew he must have been awake on previous occasions, caused me to ask about the nature of this apparition. On this occasion he was probably asleep in London, England.]

After writing on the evening of July 30th, we came upstairs and Will went to bed about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Billings and I chatted until eleven thirty, when she went to her room and closed the door. I went into the bathroom and was about to come out when I heard loud knocks on the door. I opened it at once but saw no one and went into my room and locked the door. Immediately afterwards I heard Will unlock his door, shutting it after him. He went through the hall; then I heard him turn back and come into his room again, where he opened a drawer, making a good deal of noise, as though hunting for something. I then heard him leave the room again and close the door behind him as before. He was gone about fifteen minutes. I was about to get into bed when I heard him come back and a moment later there were five very loud knocks on the head of my bed. Mrs. Billings, at the same moment, heard loud raps on her door. She, too, had heard Will leave his room twice, and wondered what was the matter, but was afraid to open her door until I called her. On hearing the knocks on my bed I was a little startled, as I rarely hear such loud ones unless as a warning, or summons. I went to the door which leads from Will's room into mine and called him, but, as he did not answer, I opened it and went in. I found him in bed, but



with head and shoulders hanging over the side, his arms hanging down and hands clasped. When I spoke to him he gasped and tried to raise himself, but could not. He said, "Oh, I have been there again!" and held out his hands. I wish to emphasize the fact that I held both of his hands firmly in mine for a minute in trying to help him to his feet. As soon as he was able to stand alone, I led him into my lighted room, thinking to rouse him, and saw that his hands and wrists were entirely covered with blood, some of it much clotted as it usually comes off on the hands in dressing a wound. I looked at my own hands, which had been holding his, and found there was not a trace of blood on them. He told me that he had been to the mining camp again, found the arm bleeding profusely, had dressed it once more and was just gathering up the bloody bandages when he found himself with me. He remembered that the red-haired man had held a basin while he washed the arm and assisted him in various ways. There was not a scratch on Will's hands which could have caused the blood. I made Will wash his hands in a large basin full of water. The water was stained a deep crimson and was full of clots. Mrs. Billings begged Will to take the pencil and ask Joe to write.

Midnight, July 30th, 1908.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will, Mrs. Lambert.

Nellie, it all started bleeding again and he would have died if I did not have it dressed at once.

(Who is it?)

A boy in a mining camp.

(Is it anyone we know?)

No.

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July 31st, 1908.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

Nellie when Will goes away if I must go with him Nina will stay with Junior.

(Can she influence Junior very much?)

Not yet. I can and she will soon.

(Could Nina wake me if Junior needed me?)

Yes.

(Did Will go out of his room, then come back and hunt about in the bureau drawer for something, and then leave the room a second time?)

He did and he went back for his bichloride.

[We looked for the bichloride next day, but it had disappeared. It was kept in Will's bureau drawer.]

(Could blood stains on Will's astral body convey themselves to the physical?)

No.

(You surely do not mean that his physical body was transported to the mining camp?)

Yes. I told you before the summer was over he would go through the wall.

(If I had followed, could I have seen him pass through the wall?)

Yes.

(Would it do any harm, if any one of us followed to watch the other?)

No. Very soon Will will be able to go wherever he wants to.

(Why did you knock on the bath-room door and on Mrs. Billings's door?)

I had such a hard time. I knocked every place getting Will away.

(Were the knocks on my bed meant to call me to help Will and was I right to rouse him?)

Yes.

If Nina cannot influence Junior, how can she take care of him?)

I mean Nina cannot make him do things that she wants him to do, but she can keep anything from happening to him.

(What was Orlando trying to tell Mrs. Billings today?)

He said that Jennie will soon hear from Phil.

(Can you tell us more about Orlando?)

Will tell you all about him some other time.

(Joe, were you ever married?)

NO. [Letters four inches high.]

(Joe, did I go with Norman in my physical body the night I went to Jordan?)

Yes.

(Is that the way we usually go?)

NO.

(Mrs. B.: Will I be able to see Orlando's face in the crystal?)

You will see him himself Nellie you see that I can do everything that I told you I could you know that there are some people that we cannot get near.



(What do you mean by saying that?)

There are some people that are talking about you all and I would like to stop them but I cannot get near

(I am sure it is no one who would make any difference to me.)

Please do not ask me just whom good night. JOE.

[I took the pencil.]

(Norman, does that mean that Will must go to sleep because he is needed to dress the arm?)

Yes Nellie do not be troubled at Will's going. it will be alright and the boy needs him.

[This was about ten P. M.]

On the afternoon of August first Will and Junior started for Wakefield, expecting to visit a little boy. On the way, Junior was wondering what they would play, and regretted not having gone down to the bath house to get his ball which we had left on the shelf there when we came up from the beach in the morning. They passed some pear trees, and Junior filled his empty coat pockets with pears to play with, as he had no ball. When they arrived at Wakefield, he put his hand in his pocket to take out a pear and exclaimed: "Will, here is my ball! Joe must have put it there!" They examined it and found it was the same ball which we had left locked up in the bath house. They found there was to be a base ball game, so decided to see that instead of making a visit. They were watching the game about four P. M. when Will heard Joe's voice say: "Take hold of Junior's hand." He did so and instantly found himself in a very poor looking room. The injured man was in a bed, dressed in his underclothes. Will remembers that he was covered with a very worn and faded patch-work quilt; there were no sheets, and the mattress and pillow were covered with blue checked gingham. The red-haired man was in attendance, and reminded Will that he had left his bottle of bi-chloride there the night before. Will found the arm in a very bad condition and asked for some nitrate of silver, which the red-haired man procured from a drug store. Will dressed the arm and the next thing he remembers was finding himself sitting at the base ball game, still holding Junior's hand, and Junior's asking him if he were not very cold. That afternoon when they came home Junior said, "Will, how high are the rails

on those little narrow railroad tracks?" Will asked what he meant, and he said, "Oh, you know what I mean. It is so hard to make you understand." On this same evening Will was dressing Junior in their room about eight o'clock. He had closed the windows and doors when they came in, and there was not a particle of draught. Suddenly a little water-color sketch which Junior had made and left on the mantel floated out into the room and began to go around in a circle in the air above Junior's head. Junior tried to catch it and cried out, "Joe, Joe, please don't take my picture." He finally caught it and when I came into the room, he was hiding it under the bed. He said, "Mother, Joe tried to take my picture right before my face and eyes." He finally climbed up on a chair, put the picture between two heavy books, and went to bed, quite sure that it was safe. While Junior was going to sleep in the darkened room, Will saw Joe go and lift the book which was on top, and take the picture. It has not been found. When Junior woke in the morning, his first thought was to go and look between the books. When he found his painting was gone he said he did not care, and that he could paint himself another, but that the reason why he did not want Joe to have it was because it was not good enough.

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August 1st, 1908, 9 P. M.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(Mrs. B.: Joe, you whistled in my room this afternoon at four o'clock and Norman wrote that you wanted me to look in the crystal. I did so and saw nothing but a railroad track.)

If you had looked quick you would have seen Will going away.

(Did Junior go with him?)

Yes.

(Norman told me this afternoon that I would go with Will tonight. Is that true?)

Yes, Nellie, I will try and take you and you must never worry if I take Will and Junior, for I will bring them back safe.

(Mrs. B.: Will I know and hear when they go?)

We may make so much noise that everybody will know it.



(Will you try and make Will remember to ask where we are?)

All that you will have to do is to look over the door as you go in and will see the name and place.

On the afternoon of August second, Mrs. Billings looked in the crystal and again saw a narrow railroad track, with a wrecked car beside it; also, a figure in light clothes of which she could not distinguish the color, coming down the track. The country appeared mountainous and unfamiliar. On one side of the track was a rough looking field. When Will woke this morning—August second—he told me that he had been again early in the evening, just after he went to bed, to dress the injured man's arm. He said that I was with him, and he remembered my holding a basin while he washed the arm. As Joe had told him that he would try to take me, I had thought of a test. Remembering that when Will had seen me in negligee I had always worn a pink dressing gown, I put it away and took a blue one, which he had never seen, out of my trunk, and laid it by my bed when I went to sleep. When I asked Will how I seemed to be dressed on this journey, he said promptly that I was not in pink, and he had thought it strange. I remembered nothing about having been away.

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August 2d, 1908, 9 P. M.

Present: Mrs. Billings, and Will Hannegan.

(Mrs. B.: Was it a railroad track I saw in the crystal today?)

Yes.

(Mrs. B.: Were the two figures I saw walking along it Will and Nellie?)

Yes.

(Will I know when they go again tonight?)

Yes.

(Will you whistle to let me know?)

Will try.

(Mrs. B.: What was the object I saw lying beside the track?)

The broken car.

(Mrs. B.: If Nellie needs me may I go in to her?)

You may. Will must go to bed. good night.

JOE.

On the evening of August second, when Mrs. Billings showed me the writing which Will had done with her, I came to my room about ten o'clock, intending to go to bed at once in order to be asleep in time to go with Will. I turned out my light about ten thirty. The noises on the street were very loud, making it difficult to distinguish the sounds from those in my room, but it seemed to me that I heard a key turn in Will's door leading into the hall. I got up and looked into the room but, hearing him move about in bed, supposed that I must have been mistaken, and went back to my room. The noises were so persistent that in a few minutes I went in again and found him just turning on his light. He said: "I had to go in a hurry. He is very sick. I did not dress the arm to-night, but he was delirious, and he caught hold of my arm so tightly that it still hurts." Will rolled up his sleeve and we found a deep black and blue bruise, like a finger mark. He said he must certainly have been out of his room, for he had found himself down stairs in the hall by the front door. Mrs. Billings told us next morning that she had heard him come out of his room, go down stairs and close the front door. She heard this at the same hour that I thought I heard his key turned in the lock. Will seemed to remember very little more, and went to sleep again directly. I left the door open between our rooms, and continued to hear a great deal of noise, particularly around Will's bed. Finally, I got up and went to his door. The darkness was intense and I turned on my electric flash-light and saw Will standing very stiff and straight in front of his door, with one hand stretched toward the knob. At the same moment I distinctly heard him groaning and moving about in his bed. I flashed the light only for a second, but saw the form at the door turn slightly and vanish towards the form in the bed. I went to Mr. Sykes' room, which communicates with mine from the other side, and called to him to watch the hall, as I thought Will was going. Mr. Sykes opened his door into the hall so that he could watch Will's door. The hall was not so dark that we could not distinguish objects. I went back to my room and looked in at Will's door again. It was impossible to see anything, and I was afraid to use my flash light, but I heard him



still groaning and moving about in bed. Just then a deep, gentle voice close to my ear said: "Go away and leave him alone for a minute." I went back to Mr. Sykes and we went down stairs and sat for awhile by the parlor door but heard and saw nothing. Finally we decided to go upstairs and take a look at Will. We turned on the light in Mr. Sykes' room, which made a dim light in my room, enabling us to see into Will's. He lay near the edge of the bed, his arm stretched towards me, saying: "Why don't you take them? have you got them? I am afraid you dropped them in the hall. I tried to give them to you when I passed you there." I asked him what he had and answered, "A bunch of flowers and a branch with some olives on it. Cannot you smell them?" and he leaned out of bed and groped around on the floor as though looking for something. When he finally roused himself, he told us that he had been again, and had found the boy asleep and much better. Will remembered having passed through a great many places, but was particularly positive of having been in Italy and Wales. He said he was sure that the boy was in Wales, and that it was a slate mine among the hills. He asked me if that was the way that slate was obtained, and described a man whom he had seen at work. He said that this workman laid a slab of slate across his knees, marked it into a regular square with a rule, and then struck off the uneven edges with a long knife something like a cleaver. After evening the edges of several pieces of slate, the man stood them on edge and split them into thin layers with a different instrument. Will said that during this trip Joe told him why he was so anxious to save this boy. Joe said the boy's father owned the little shop where his picture was; that the father was old, would die soon, and, if this boy died also, the shop would pass into other hands. If the boy lived, he would go back to Ortrando and take charge of the shop, would recognize Will when he came and give him the picture. Joe also told Will that he himself had already bought the picture for a large sum, that it was marked "sold," and would be held until Will went to get it.

On August third, about five P. M., Mrs. Billings looked into the crystal. She saw the track with the overturned car

beside it and cottages in the distance with lights, for it seemed to be night. She saw two figures in the distance, dressed in light garments, walking down a road. The road seemed to be higher than the track which ran down an incline. We asked Joe to write and tell us who the figures were, and he wrote, "Will and Nellie."

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August 3d, 1908, 9 P. M.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(May we leave a light in Mr. Sykes' room tonight, so it will shine into the hall?)

Nellie Will is so tired he cannot go tonight and you must go to bed and be very calm and go to sleep and I will take you and let you fix the arm.

JOE.

(Joe, please try to leave a blood stain on my hand, so I will know that I dressed it. I hope I will not injure the arm in doing it.)

Nellie, you know that I am doing it.

(Will you try to let Mrs. Billings and Mr. Sykes know when I go?)

I think they will know and Nellie you must try and remember what you see and do.

(Did you really bring some flowers and a bunch of olives last night? He kept saying that he had dropped them in the hall.)

Yes when he let go of them they were gone. he passed you in the hall and tried to give them to you.

(Was it because I was not STRONG that I could not take them? I thought one need not be physically strong to be psychic.)

You do not, Nellie. you must be like Will. you try too hard to see things. he does not try and then it is much better.

(Have you anything more to say?)

No, my dears.

(Mrs. B.: Will you whistle in my room to let me know when Nellie goes tonight?)

Yes.

(Mrs. B.: Can Norman take Nellie to see Father Brown?)

I can.

(Mrs. B.: Will you?)

Some time good night.

JOE.



On being told that I was to take Will's place in caring for the boy in the mining camp, I got ready for bed, put out the light about ten o'clock and knelt beside my bed to pray before going to sleep. There was a good deal of noise in the street, and I heard Mr. Sykes moving about in his room. I have no recollection of losing consciousness or of regaining it. To the best of my knowledge I had been meditating consciously for nearly half an hour, and was still on my knees when I distinctly heard the key turn in my door. I had locked it just before putting out the light, and Mr. Sykes and Mrs. Billings, whose doors were open, had heard me lock it. Neither heard the key turn this time, however, though it was noisily done, and both were watching for whatever might happen. A moment later Mrs. Billings opened the door and walked in. I rose and went to her, saying, "I locked my door. How did you get in?" She answered, "You have been," meaning that I had made my journey. I said, "Oh, no; I have not been asleep yet." I have no recollection of anything further which passed between us, or of my closing the door when she went out. I got into bed, but was very wide awake, and grew more and more nervous from the noises in my room, as well as from the thought that if I could not go to sleep I would be unable to do what was required of me. The same deep, gentle voice spoke my name twice, and told me to go to sleep, and I heard whispers in different parts of the room. I said aloud: "Joe, if I may take something to quiet me, please rap." [All stimulants and hypnotics have been forbidden me by Norman.] Instead of the usual rap on my bed, I heard promptly five raps on the medicine glass, as though it were touched lightly with a spoon. I took a dose of medicine and tried in vain to sleep. The whispering and noise of footsteps continued until I grew very nervous, and, feeling that I could stand the darkness and loneliness no longer, I slipped on my dressing gown, caught up my handkerchief and flash light and ran into Junior's room. As I turned my light on the two beds I saw that Will and Junior were sleeping soundly, Will's right hand holding one of Junior's. I reached for his left hand to awaken him, when I felt an arm about my waist and a hand laid on my forehead.

and the same deep, gentle voice said, "We are all right now." At the same time, I caught Will's left hand, for which I had been groping in the dark, and held tightly to one finger. I turned on my light again and saw that Will and Junior were still sound asleep and neither had stirred from the position in which I had found them, nor been roused by the voice. Will was lying on his side with his back turned to me and his head on Junior's pillow, so close to him that I was afraid to make any further effort to awaken Will, or to turn on the light, for fear of disturbing Junior. I sat there for five minutes or more, in the dark, still holding Will's finger with my right hand. With my left I was holding my handkerchief to my eyes and remember that it was perfectly dry, for I was shedding no tears and only sobbing from nervousness. Presently, Will turned over and said, "What is the matter, Mrs. Lambert? Can I get you something? Are you frightened? There is such a beautiful blue light over your head." I told him I was nervous and very much distressed because I had been unable to go to sleep, and knew that unless I did, I could not go and attend to the dressing of the arm, and the boy might suffer. Instantly my hand was lifted in the air, still grasping Will's finger. At the same moment, the handkerchief which I was holding tightly to my eyes seemed to melt from my hand. Will suggested turning on my flash light for a moment to see in what direction my hand was pointing, and again mentioned the blue light over my head. He then exclaimed, "Why, your hand is all wet and sticky!" I turned the flash light on my hand, and saw that it was smeared with blood and that Will's finger was stained where I had held it. On the sheet where my hand had lain was a large stain which was still quite wet. We were afraid to call Mrs. Billings for fear of waking her husband, but we turned on the light and called Mr. Sykes in. I asked him if he thought it possible that I could have gone a very while awake, as I still insisted that I had not lost consciousness for a minute. He said he thought it was impossible, but that he was sure that I must have passed into a trance without realizing it, as we could in no other way account for the blood. Before I went back to bed we all searched for my handkerchief, but



could not find it. In the morning it was found under the bed, completely saturated with blood, which was still wet. There was no stain on my face where I had been holding the handkerchief.

Following this is Mrs. Billings' account of what happened.

"I was in my room, writing letters, about ten thirty, and heard Joe whistle softly. I paid no particular attention. In a short while he whistled so sharply that I dropped my pen and went to Mr. Sykes' door and said, "Mrs. Lambert has been." I asked him to go with me to her room, he replied: "We cannot; it is locked." I replied that I was going and turned the handle of the door and walked in. Mrs. Lambert was standing, facing the door. I said to her, "You have been away." She replied, "Oh, no. I have been on my knees, praying, for the last half hour. I told her Joe had whistled for me to come and said, "Feel my hands; I am trembling." She took my hands, but seemed dazed and wanted to be alone, so that she could go to sleep, as she insisted that she had not gone with Joe yet. I asked for some powder to clean my shoes, which she handed me, seeming to be able to get it at once in the darkness. I left her and returned to my own room and fell asleep. I was awakened by a sharp pull at my hair. I thought I had caught it on something, but when it happened again more insistently, I realized that it was not accidental, but to call my attention to something. I listened very intently but heard nothing, so supposed I was too late, and did not go out of my room. Then I heard the most persistent knocks on the front door downstairs, which ceased after a time. Two very beautiful blue lights appeared at the door of my room and flickered so that they hurt my eyes. After watching them for a time, I moved so restlessly that my husband woke and spoke to me. The lights immediately disappeared and I fell asleep. Just before Joe whistled, the ice in my water pitcher rattled about very noisily at short intervals."

[A third witness to the facts sends me direct the following testimony, he having been present on the occasions.—J. H. H.]

New York, August 10th, 1908.

My dear Dr. Hyslop:

I have read the notes which Mrs. Lambert made and wish to say that wherever I have been mentioned it is with my cognizance and sanction.

Regarding the blood stains, I feel very sure that it was caused by blood, as I have had more than the usual experience with wounds, dressings, etc. I saw no cuts or wounds on Mrs. L. or Mr. H. from which these blood indications could have proceeded.

G. A. SYKES.

In further corroboration of the incidents of August 2nd and 3rd, the same gentleman writes:

August 2nd.—During the night I was awakened by a noise in the hall and upon going out found Mrs. L. who said—"Will has gone on his journey."

I went down stairs alone and sat in the parlor in the dark, in order to watch the front door and down stairs hall. After about ten minutes I was joined by Mrs. L., who seemed quite unnerved, giving as a reason therefor that she had been startled by a voice in her ear.

We stood in the hall for a few minutes, hoping to see some sign of W. H. Nothing appearing we went upstairs and looked into H's room. He was sitting on the edge of his bed and appeared somnambulist. He talked rather incoherently at first and then said: "Didn't you see me when I passed you in the hall just now?" Then he said to Mrs. L., "Did you get them?"

"Get what," she asked.

"The flowers and the branch with olives on it? Joe gave them to me to bring to you. You must have dropped them in the hall."

He commenced to rub his arm and upon rolling up his sleeve, showed a bruise about the size of a finger print. He said that the patient to whom he had been called was delirious and had grasped him violently causing the bruise.

August 3rd.—I went to my room, but did not undress. I heard Mrs. L. go into her room and distinctly heard her lock the door. In about half an hour, I should judge, a knock came at my door and upon opening it I found Mrs. Billings there. She said, "Mrs. L. must have gone on her trip as I heard Joe whistle most plainly." I tried to hear a whistle or other noise, but could distinguish nothing unusual, when Mrs. Billings suggested that she look into Mrs. L's room. I said, "You can't get in as she locked the door." However, Mrs. B. tried the door and to my surprise walked into the room. She reported finding Mrs. L. in a dazed condition and soon retired.

G. A. SYKES.



[I omit certain statements of Mr. Sykes which are too personal to publish. They contain references to facts which might be mentioned if we could discuss the only natural theory to account for them. We can only say that it was investigated and found to have no grounds for supposing it.

The handkerchief has been chemically and microscopically examined. I am not at liberty to give the names of those who made the examination. One of them made only a microscopic examination and thought it probably human blood. The other made both a chemical and a microscopic examination and gives the following report:

"The stains upon the handkerchief, which you sent to Dr. X— with a request to have it examined and ascertain whether it contains human blood, were examined in different places both chemically and microscopically. Chemically the test was negative. Microscopically the specimens showed considerable debris with a few crystals *resembling* those of haematin. Corpuscles of any kind, fully formed and non-disintegrated, were quite scanty. Those that were seen do not at all resemble either the red or the white blood corpuscles of human blood.

The only opinion which can be given from this examination is that the material dried upon the handkerchief is *in all probability not* human blood."

In an interview with this physician he stated that the handkerchief had been submitted too long after the event to determine anything assuredly one way or the other and that the crystals observed might have resembled some of those in analine dyes. But he thought the examination on the whole was entirely negative.—J. H. H.]

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August 4th, 1908, 9 A. M.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(Did I go to dress the arm?)

Nellie, you did do it and did it fine.

(When did I go?)

When you were on your knees.

(Did you unlock my door so that Mrs. Billings could come in?)

Yes.

(Did you whistle for her to come to me?)

Yes.

Mrs. B.: When did you pull my hair?)

It was when Nellie went to bed and I wanted you to go in.

(Did the boy see me?)

Yes and liked you very much.

(I imagine it would be comforting to a sick person to see a woman in a place like that.)

That is why I am going to take you now for a few nights.

(Did the red haired man, or any of the others, see me?)

Yes, they all saw you. you told them Will could not come and that you were coming in his place.

(Would they know me if they saw me again?)

Yes and you gave them money.

(Where did I get it?)

Nellie I gave it to you.

(Was it English or American money?)

American.

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August 9th, 1908, 7 P. M.

Present: Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

Nellie you went three nights and I went myself last night as you but I will take you until you will see all that Will has seen. just don't try so hard.

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August 9th, 1908, 8:30 P. M.

Present: Mrs. Lambert, Father Brown, Mrs. Billings, Mr. Lambert, Will.

(Will you try to do something for Father Brown and the Doctor?)

I cannot tell what we can do. It is so hard to even get near Will when he is near Jerry. [Dr. Jerry Billings.]

Would you prefer not to try?)

For all of you it is best not but if you want I will.

(Do you mean that it would be too much of a drain on both your strength and ours?)

That is just it, Nellie.

(How about trying to write for Father Brown, leaving Jerry in another room?)

I will try with him.

JOHN EDWARD.

RICHARD HODGSON.



Nellie, there are so many here tonight I must get them all.

(Is Mr. Hodgson here?)

He was. I must get some of them out before I can do much.

GEORGE. MARY. CLARENCE.

[We began to laugh at this list of names.]

I am glad that you laughed so much for what I will tell you before long you will not laugh at.

(Did you write all of these names?)

Yes.

(Who are they?)

They were all here but you do not know them.

(Who is Father Brown's guide?)

BARTLETT MINOT. he died May 1796 on a visit to Norway.

(What have you to tell that will make us stop laughing?)

It is what Venna has to say Nellie. do not ask me any more. here is Venna. she said not to tell you. when you think a little while you will know what it is.

(Does it distress Venna?)

VERY MUCH.

(Did I go with you last night?)

Nellie I do want you to see all and I will take you tonight. the boy was out today.

(Could you not make me bring home something to show where I had been?)

On his table is a little picture of himself and, if you will help, you can bring it. when you see it you must think and take it.

[I asked Mrs. Lambert whether these names had any meaning to her or to those present, and she replied: "Of course these are all familiar names to every one, but we none of us could connect them with any one whom we knew, and they therefore had no special meaning to us. We concluded that they were strangers to our circle."

I may add for myself that I recognize the names George, Mary and Clarence, as well as Richard Hodgson, as pertinently related to me. I do not see that they carry any evidential significance in this connection, but mention the circumstance of their pertinence because they have occurred so soon after I had visited the Lamberts for experiment. I had been there on July 4th and 5th. I had not alluded to them in any way. In fact George and Mary are names that might be known in connection with myself, but Clarence could not

Cleveland.

(Cleveland?)

Yes.

(Was it during our life time?)

Yes.

(Was it some years ago?)

Yes.

(Where have you put Junior's paintings?)

Some time you will find them.

[None of us have any conscious recollection of having heard or read the name of Seymour Smith. I have written to a friend in Washington to ask if information can be had regarding him.]

[Careful inquiries were made regarding the incident which the record shows was vaguely recalled and it developed that the story of Seymour Smith's death was widely known at the time in the newspaper world and that the man was not married, but that the wife of another man had been suspected and accused for the crime, but escaped conviction, the evidence not being sufficient to convince the court. The trial seems to have been a sensational one and occurred in 1901. How far resurrected memories may account for the automatic writing cannot now be determined. Those present knew or remembered nothing consciously of the facts, as indicated in the first note.—J. H. H.]

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August 14th, 1908, 3 P. M.

Present: Mrs. Billings, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(Am I still going to see the boy?)

Nellie, I told you I would take you until you would remember all and I will tell you more tonight.

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August 14th, 1908, 9 P. M.

Present: Mr. Lambert, Mrs. Billings, Will, Mrs. Lambert.

(To which man did I give the money?)

The boy with red hair Nellie I want you to be able to prove



all and I am trying so hard to tell you something. he went to London with the money you gave him and had it changed. I am trying to tell you where he had it changed.

3 WATERLOO PLACE.

[I learn by inquiry of Miss Alice Johnson, of the English Society for Psychical Research, that there is a Waterloo Place in London at the south end of Regent St. According to the postal directory 3 Waterloo Place is the address of the Egyptian Mail Steamship Co.—J. H. H.]

(What do you want us to do?)

Nellie, I must leave something for all of you to do.

(How is the boy?)

Fine.

(Joe, how did the white feather get in Father Brown's room?)

Norman says he will tell you.

HOWDY.

(Is this Mammy?) [Mrs. Marion Lambert's guide.]

YES, she said why the hell don't you send those answers.

(I know what Mammy refers to. I have a letter from Florence and a telegram from Marion, each containing a question. Will has not seen them and I have forgotten the questions. I was leaving for New York when they came and hurriedly put them in a sealed envelope. Will you try to answer them?)

Bring them I will try.

[I brought the sealed envelope and laid it on the table.]

MARTIN.

(Who is "Martin?")

I do not know her that is the name in the telegram.

[We opened the envelope and found that the name was correct. The telegram asked for the name of Mrs. Martin's guide.]

(Can you answer Florence's question?)

I cannot with her so far away.

[Florence did not write the question, but told me to ask Joe how something of which she had been thinking would turn out.]

(How much money did I give the red haired man?)

In American money, \$113.

(Can you tell what the exchange was?)

No I cannot, Jordan; in the desk by the door. do not say anything until you look. I must not tell too much but you bet I can.

(Do you mean the desk in this room?)

NO. 200 JAMES STREET.

(Mr. L.: Which desk do you mean, and which door? There are five desks and two doors.)

That is what I mean in the larger room by the door as you go in the door.

(Mr. L.: There is no desk near that door.)

[On August 22d when Mr. Lambert went to Boston, he found that a desk had been moved to the place indicated by Joe, and that it was evidently the one to which he had been directed.]

I said in the larger room by the door as you go in the door.

(Which door?)

The door to the small room.

(Mr. L.: In what part of the desk is the thing I must look for?)

You know it is like the trunk. I can see it but cannot tell just where. [See coin incident, p. 330.] It is near the bottom.

(Will you ask Norman about the white feather?)

I will try you no you he said yes let Will hold your hand.

[I took the pencil.]

Nellie I took you to see Father Brown and I did leave the feather I wanted him to give it to you you said you wanted one.

(Did you make Father Brown bring it to me?)

Yes.

(Did Joe go with us?)

Yes. Joe helped me to put the feather there. [Wings.]

[Mr. Lambert found the desk broken open and all papers gone. Joe claims to have burned them while in possession of the man who took them. It is not possible to verify this.]

[On October 14th Mr. Lambert went to his office alone and when those in charge were away. While there and searching about he accidentally came across the papers which Joe seemed to imply he would find. He took them home with him and examination revealed a state of affairs which made it necessary to discharge those in the office. The employee present the next day admitted that the facts ascertained were true. Mr. Lambert that evening told me over the telephone what he had discovered and the next day I saw him and obtained the facts from him orally.—J. H. Hyslop.]

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August 17, 9:30 P. M.

Present: Mr. Lambert, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

WINNIE GREY she is Mary's guide and she said she wishes it were time to come home. [Mary is my sister.]



(Time for whom to come home?)  
 All of you.  
 (Did Winnie or Mary say it?)  
 She heard her say it.  
 (Was it Winnie who did the sewing for Mary?)  
 [My sister wrote me about some sewing which was mysteriously done for her on the machine one night while she was asleep.]  
 Yes and she does many things for her.  
 [Drawing was made here, which is as large as a silver dollar:]  
 This day of our Lord. That is on the paper you will find.  
 (What is the drawing?)  
 The top is a seal.  
 (You mean there is such a seal on the paper for which Jordan must look?)  
 Yes. It is red and two little blue pieces out of the top.

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August 18, 5 P. M.

Present: Junior, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

### **My Soul to Your Soul.**

The way will be long and so weary,  
 But the road it will turn near the end  
 And with all things that can make one's life dreary  
 Brave heart you will have to contend.

Joe Wentworth.

(I never heard that before.)  
 And no one else did.  
 [Junior put his hand on Will's wrist and asked Joe to write him a special message.]  
 Dear boy, I have your picture and you will find it sometime and I am so glad you can hear me call and knock.  
 (Did you mean anything special by the verse?)  
 I think it very pretty.

As the morning was rainy and Junior had to stay indoors. I looked for a checkerboard which I had bought some time before, but had put away without unwrapping. I could not remember where I had placed it, and after Will and I had searched for some time, Junior suggested that we ask Joe to find it. I told Will to take the pencil and Joe wrote: "In the trunk upstairs." Will opened the steamer trunk in the attic and found the package containing the checker-board.

He laid it on the floor while closing the trunk, but when he stooped to pick up the package, it was gone. We searched the attic and the rest of the house for an hour. Neither Junior or Will were out of my sight at any of the time. Finally I went to a high shelf in my closet to get a pair of slippers, and found the checker-board back of my shoes on the shelf. It was unwrapped, and the paper and string were nowhere to be seen.

---

August 20th, 9 P. M.

Present: Mr. Lambert, Father Brown, Mrs. Lambert and Will Hannegan.

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

[We then turned out the light. Will's arm was very much elongated three times, and mine once. Father Brown. Will and I saw several lights; the table was tilted quite hard. Father Brown left about ten o'clock, and Mr. Lambert walked to the station with him. While he was gone, Will took up a horn which we had brought down stairs, hoping that Joe might use it during our dark room sitting. As soon as Will put it to his ear, he heard the voice of his sister Lillie, who was in St. Louis. It sounded as though she were speaking over the 'phone, and said:]

"Dennie McLaughlin is dead."

[A post card from Lillie was written on August 21st, and reads: "Dear Willie, am trying to locate poor Dennie. He went away this morning and said he was going to the City Hospital. Clara went to the country on a visit, and left him at home. Poor fellow!" Lillie has told us since that she did telephone a friend on the previous evening, and said she thought he was dead, as she had been unable to find him.]

[The record which thus states that "Dennie McLaughlin is dead" was put into my hands about the middle of September. At that time nothing more was known about the person, but since that time inquiries were made and it was ascertained that Dennie McLaughlin was taken to the hospital on August 20th and the doctors reported him as in a dying condition since that time. To-day, November 13th,



about 11 A. M., I received a telegram from Mrs. Lambert reading: "Dennie McLaughlin died last night."—J. H. H.]

August 21st, 9 P. M.

Present: Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(What did Father Brown think of the writing?)

I was going to tell him every word they both said, but when I saw him I saw it was not best.

(Was he frightened?)

Very much. he will believe it is the DEVIL, Nellie. you know so many do.

(Were you here last night when Will heard Lillie telephoning?)

Yes.

(Did you hear what Lillie said?)

I did.

(Is it true?)

I am most sure he is, but if not he will be in a very few days.

Now I will tell you what Norman said for us to do. he was a priest you know and you not being a Catholic and Will being one, he said some night very soon when you hear Will knock or make a great noise at your door you must go to it and you will find him on his knees at the door and his mouth open and you must look in it and you will see that Norman has come with me and he gave him holy communion and then you kneel down with him and say amen.

(May I turn on the light when I hear him?)

All the light you want.

(Cannot you call me before he has the wafer in his mouth, so I can testify that he did not put it in, himself?)

Yes, Nellie, I can call you but I do not know if I can make you see.

(I do not ask you to let me see Norman do it; only to let me see that Will's mouth is empty before I see the wafer in it.)

Yes.

(Joe, is the seal on the paper which is in the desk at 200 James Street broken?)

I think not Nellie Norman wants you to write some.

[I took the pencil.]

(Norman, how old were you when you died?)

Nellie, I am so glad you want to know more about me. I was forty-one when I died and it was from a fever.

(Were any other priests with you on the voyage?)

One other.

(Can you bless some candles for me to burn for Seymour Ayers?)

Yes.

(Does Venna feel badly at Jordan's knowing about the paper?)

[Will took the pencil.]

No indeed.

(Is it something that concerns Jordan personally?)

I cannot tell just what it is but it is something that Jordan ought to know.

(Has the paper been opened yet, or is the seal still intact?)

It looks open.

(How is it that Venna does not object? She prevented your telling us on August ninth?)

She told me to tell.

(How is the boy in Wales?)

He is fine and, Nellie, they are trying to find you and Will.

(Do I still go there?)

Nellie, but you go and the boy with the red hair follows you very far he went so far the other night that I had to take him back, Nellie. I am trying so hard to prove this and they all see you and you are the talk of the whole place so many have seen you they watch you come and go.

(Do they not wonder at seeing me dressed as I am, or do I appear differently to them?)

That only makes them talk and think more.

(Does the arm still need attention?)

Very little.

(Is there any hope of my being able to bring the picture?)

Nellie you dropped it in the ocean that was the night the boy got lost following you so far.

(What is the nationality of the two boys?)

The boy whose arm was hurt is from Italy and the one with the red hair from Wales.

(I had supposed that the injured boy was Italian.)

Nellie, Will knows a relative of his that does not have anything to do with him and his name is Del Bosco.

(I asked my father to look in an atlas for Ortrando. He could not find it, but wrote that I must have reference to Ot-ranto.)

Nellie, there is much water by the same name, I think a bay.

[In the year 1904, at the World's Fair in St. Louis, Lillie met Capt. Phillip B. del Basco. He was one of the Italian commission. His home is in Florence. He was formerly a cavalry officer in the Italian army, and is still connected with the Italian government.]



[We are trying to communicate with him, but have not yet found his address. Lillie Hannegan thinks he is either in New York or Cuba.]

On August 21st, Mr. Lambert left for Boston by the evening train. About five thirty P. M., August 22d, I received the following telegram: "Boston, August 22d, Mrs. Jordan W. Lambert, Narragansett-Pier. Someone else seems anxious to investigate the desk. It was broken open last night. Consult Joe. Will phone at seven o'clock."

[The reference to "much water by the same name, I think a bay" has some interest as suggesting confusion resembling that of communicators through Mrs. Piper. The reader will have observed that Joe Wentworth associates Wales and Italy in the various incidents, and in the sitting of June 30th, the first of the present record, he gave the name "Otrant," which was not intelligible, tho Joe was trying to tell where his painting was. Mrs. Lambert then explains as follows:

"Later during the trance described by Will Hannegan while in Providence he understood Joe to say that the picture shop where he took him to see the painting was in 'Ortrando.' This was not written, but heard as conversation during the trance. Later when I wrote to my father asking him to go to the library and see if he could find such a town he told me that I must have reference to 'Otranto,' a small town in Italy.

When I read his letter to Joe the latter's answer was that there was much water near it by the same name.

As soon as I reached town and secured a map of Italy I found that there were two towns in the South of Italy about thirty miles apart, one called 'Otranto,' on the open coast, and the other 'Taranto,' situated upon the gulf of the same name.

The distance between the town of Otranto and the nearest part of the gulf of Taranto is less than the distance between the two towns. There is evidently some confusion caused by the similarity of the names."—J. H. H.]

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August 22, 5:45 P. M.

Present: Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(We have just received a wire from Jordan, saying the desk was broken open last night. He asked us to consult you.)

Let me get things a little straight first.

[Waited five minutes.]

Nellie it would be awful if I would tell you and Jordan all, but he will know himself very soon and if he does not find out as soon as I think I will tell him things that will help him to know all. I will say that HE did not have his key and he broke it open when he thought Jordan was coming.

(Could Will help Jordan if he went to Boston?)

[Mrs. Lambert sent Will to Boston fifteen minutes later.]

But you cannot be alone.

(Yes, I can. If you want Will to go, I will send him.)

You know, Nellie, that I can get much nearer to them all with Will if you think you are strong enough to stay with Junior.

---

August 26th, 9 P. M.

Present: Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert. [Mrs. L. holding pencil.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[The sitting of this date contained matter that is too personal to publish.]

---

August 27th, 9 P. M.

Present: Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

I am so glad now Jordan need not know what the papers were. it will save the man much trouble and most of all all the expense that it will save Jordan and now again I have done what I have wanted. I had Jordan do the best thing and did not have to make anyone unhappy and now He can not do anything to Jordan.

(Joe, did you have anything to do with making Will speechless and unable to move last night?)

Then that man had the papers out, a cigar lighted near them. he went to the toilet and I put the cigar on the papers and burned them up and I needed some of Will's strength to do it with but you bet I did it and I wish you could have seen them burn.

[Will remarked that we would not have a friend left on earth.]

You will find that I can do more good for you than anyone



that I see you going about with and I think that I have about shown what kind of a friend I am.

\* \* \* \* \*

[The remainder of the automatic writing is too personal to publish.]

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Sept. 8th, 9 P. M.

Present: Lillie, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

Who told you. I do not know what to tell first I cannot tell you how badly I feel to tell you that before long, I do not say just how long, it will be, but sooner than I want you to know you will know what the fall meant. [See June 26th.]

(What does it mean?)

I can only say wait.

(Have you seen N. J.?)

Let me tell you something she is going to show you all the best time you ever had. that is where I have been. there is no one that knows the tongue she has. I cannot stay I must go again.

(Please tell us more about the fall on the porch?)

I will not tell too much I cannot upset you she cannot harm any of you, but I do not say that she will not try. I must go. good night Norman will tell you what I told him.

JOE.

[I took the pencil.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

NORMAN.

---

September 9th, 9 P. M.

Present: Lillie Hannegan, Will Hannegan and Mrs Lambert.

I come and go so many times I cannot stay. go right to bed. I may need you.

JOE.

[I took the pencil.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

(What dropped in front of Junior on the walk?)

[About five o'clock this afternoon Lillie and Junior were

sitting on the front steps, when a bright object much larger than a coin fell on the pavement in front of them with a metallic sound. Junior jumped to pick it up and was much disturbed that it vanished before he could grasp it. It fell just at Junior's feet as he was sitting on the lowest step. Lillie was about four feet from where it fell, on the top step.]

It was Nina.

(What did she throw?)

A bracelet.

(Who pulled up the shade this morning while I was playing the piano?) [Will and Lillie saw it pulled down before it went up.]

I wanted you to know I was there.

(How did Junior know what Lillie did in the church at Newport?)

[Junior remained outside while Lillie went into the church and lighted a candle. When she came out he said, "Lillie, what did you light?" It was impossible for him to see into the church from where he and Will were standing.]

He sees much that you cannot.

(Who threw the ball out of the window?)

Nina says she did.

[In the morning Junior was playing ball in the front yard and accidentally threw the ball in a tiny window which was half open upstairs. The space was ten by fifteen inches. A moment passed before the ball came out of the window again. Had it struck something and bounced back, it would have come out much more quickly. In fact, it seems impossible that it could have struck in such a way as to have bounded back through so small an opening. I was in the next room with the door open and know that no one was in the room which the ball entered.]

[In this instance Junior was about twelve (12) feet from the house when he threw the ball. He was merely tossing it in the air and not trying to hit the house.]

---

September 10th, 9 P. M.

Present: Lillie Hannegan, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

[While waiting for the pencil to move we heard knocks all



about the room and a clear, sweet bell struck once which we have heard once before at the same hour.]

I do all this because it takes so much time to write.

(Who was it that threw themselves against the front door last night and moaned so loudly? We knew that if any visible person were there they would have been seen and heard, as it was only half past ten, and there were many passing on the street.)

It was she. [N. J.]

(Do you mean her astral, and was it she we heard up stairs by Junior's door afterwards?)

Yes I came with her.

(Did you drop the box with the picture?)

[On hearing the noise at the front door I ran into Junior's room. While Will and I were listening to it, or, rather, to the following noise in the hall upstairs, we heard a peculiar rattling sound in my room as though it were coming towards us. It finally sounded just over our heads and something fell on the bed. I ran to pick it up and found it was the sealed box containing Junior's picture. I had left it on a dresser at the farther end of my room. The rooms were dark, but, judging from the sound, it must have been brought quite high in the air. The distance from which it came was twenty-one feet.]

Yes, she was in the room and I tried to hit you with the picture to make you turn your head. I knew you would jump and hide your eyes.

(Where did you get the money which I gave the boy in Wales and that with which you paid for the picture in Otranto?)

Norman got the money from the bottom of the ocean. so many can go and get it. I am trying to do so many things at once, Jordan. I must do something for him. I must and will get a statement for him and I am trying to see which way will be best.

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

Yes, I have so much to say, but you all must go to bed.

[I took the pencil.]

Will must go to Junior in case she comes. Junior might see her and it would not be at all good for him. Nina cannot prevent him from feeling her presence if she comes. he did one

night, the night he thought she was dead she looked so awful to him.

[A few nights ago Junior was alone in his room, asleep. We heard several raps and then a very loud thump on the door between his room and mine. When Will went to him he was sitting up in bed and said, "Will, N. J. is dead." He appeared to be talking in his sleep.]

[I, Mrs. Lambert was writing, but we were told that the girl was not dead. Norman told us that it was her astral that Junior saw. The death-like appearance was corroborated by Mr. Lambert when I saw him on October 1st. He had seen her in St. Louis and said she had the appearance of having lost fifty pounds.]

---

September 11th, 9 P. M.

Present: Lillie Hannegan, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

Nellie, the fifth string was put on your harp today Baron said.  
(What harp, Joe?)

On your harp with Baron. you will have one when you get to him.

(Is that a reward of merit because I have been practicing?)

That is not it. it is as the time gets near for you to use it.

(I am very glad that I am to play in Baron's orchestra, but I am in no hurry about it.)

That does not mean that you will use it very soon.

(I have not heard from Baron lately. Has he been here?)

He will always let you know when he is here.

On the afternoon of September 11th, Junior was playing ball in the front yard. Will was with him. Junior tossed the ball, which was a smooth rubber one, against the side of the house. To their astonishment, it remained there. They called to Lillie and me and we went out to look at it. I went up to my room and leaned out of the window near which the ball was. I could reach it and I took it off and threw it down, examining the wall carefully to see if there were a splinter or nail on which it could have stuck, but there was nothing whatever; nor was there any hole or mark on the ball.



[In response to inquiries regarding some details connected with this incident Mrs. Lambert replies:

"Junior was throwing the ball against the house and catching it on the rebound. He may have been as much as fifteen (15) feet from the house. According to a rough guess the window was twenty-four (24) from the ground, possibly a little more."

The ball in question was sent to me for examination. It is the usual rubber ball for children and shows no indications of rupture or means of lodging on the wall, unless an abrasion about one-quarter of an inch square could be interpreted in this way. It shows that a small sliver has been torn off, but very thin. There is no indication in the mark that it could have stuck to the wall and thus been torn off, tho the fact of abrasion should be noticed. In every other respect the surface of the ball is intact.—J. H. H.]

---

September 12th, 9 P. M.

Present: Lillie Hannegan, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(Are you still busy in Chicago?)

The thing to do is to get him at the right time; for he cannot always say he did not have it, [The ring.] for he saw me take it and the only thing is that he is so very afraid of Jordan. I wanted him to know where it went. that is why I let him see me. [Waited several minutes; then I took the pencil.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

[Half an hour later Will took the pencil.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

JOE.

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September 18th, 8.30 P. M.

Present: Will Hannegan, Lillie Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

This has been a great day for us here. We all have been

talking about you all day. everybody has been with me. I was a very very odd man when I was on earth.

(Norman said you had something to tell us.)

That is what I have started to do. that is part of it and I love you and Will because you are both so odd and I am going to tell you something that no other person will dare to tell you. I have just been talking again with Nina. she is so happy, she wants you to look and see how fine your son looks and she said you think that you should be with him more and she said,

NO.

You must not be with him very much at all.

(What is the reason? I know it is true, and have often been told so.)

The make up of you both do not just now go together Nina was worried, for she said he is the making of a wonderful man and she said he must make one and you cannot see now, but you must not be with him much. Nellie you can see what these few days make. Nina has guided only wonderful people. the last one was the late Archbishop X——.

(Is it on account of my temperament or my habits that I do Junior harm?)

That is it the temperament.

(Will our temperaments agree better later on?)

Very much better.

And I had not finished. she wanted you to be away from him so much for yourself as well as for him for what he will need of you later.

\* \* \* \* \*

[A personal incident is omitted.]

I am doing so much in so many places that you will have to go to bed.

JOE.

(Before you go tell me what you have to say that no one else dares to tell me.)

It is things that I will tell you from time to time about yourself and Junior.

Of all the guides here with me I am the only one that thinks about other people than the one that I guide and it is because I love you and you and Will and myself are just ALIKE.

JOE.

[Archbishop X—— was a prominent Roman Catholic and much beloved in St. Louis. A small park was named for him in St. Louis. He opposed the infallibility of the Pope in the Council that declared it, but afterward acquiesced in the



definition of it. He died at an advanced age about ten years ago.]

---

September 20th, 8.30 P. M.

Present: Lillie Hannegan, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

We are going to do the most wonderful things that have ever been known for we are the finest combination that ever was to work with.

(What combination? The group of guides?)

Me with you and Will.

[I took the pencil.]

(Norman, will you see if Anne Boleyn will come tonight?)

She is always with Barron.

Have you ever thought how glad we are to be asked about. I am glad you asked me to come. I will write for the young man, if his guide does not object. I will ask him next time. now I will help father Newell if you want it dark.

ANNE.

[We turned out the light and had sat for only a few moments when something fell on the table around which we had joined hands. It seemed to fall from quite a height, as from the ceiling. On turning up the light, we found it to be the little picture of Junior in a silver frame, which has so often been mentioned. I had broken the seal which fastened the box in order to show the picture to a miniature painter, but had left the box closed with the picture in it on my bureau upstairs. When we went upstairs later in the evening, the lid of the box was lying on the floor. The box was still on the bureau in the same position.]

[Will took the pencil.]

I came back and I could not wait and I took it out of the box and gave it to Nina. I gave it to her and let her drop it. you know, she has to learn a little at a time and I have Norman so that he can do many things.

You know that I would sooner do things that will help you all than things like this now that you know that I can do them. Nellie, you know that I only care to do things that will do you all good other people believing does not do us any good or you either.

(I thought it helped others, and you also, to have people believe.)

No it does not.

I have charge of more guides here than anyone else.

(Was it you who talked to me last night, and what did you say? I could not understand every word.)

I did not want you to feel that you were alone.

(Was it you who spoke to Lillie?)

Both of you.

About 11.30 P. M. Will saw the west wall of his room brightly illuminated. Finally, the wall itself disappeared, and he saw Joe and Norman, standing together. It is the first time that he has seen Norman's face, which, before, was hidden in his arm.

On the morning of September 22d, when Will and I were in swimming, a little white feather fell on the water directly in front of my face. An instant later, another fell just in front of Will. We were about twenty feet apart. The sky was very clear and we could see no bird or speck in it in any direction. As we came out a few minutes later, another fell in front of Will and quite close to him. Though the water was very rough, the feathers remained perfectly dry and fluffy until we took them in our hands. We did not touch them until almost into the shore, but blew them along before us as we swam in.

A naturalist has since told me that he knows of no white birds in that region which fly too high to be seen easily.]

---

September 22d, 8.30 P. M.

Present: Lillie, Will, Mrs. Lambert.

I was going to tell you much tonight of my life what I did and what you will have to do before you find happiness. will tell you tomorrow. good night.

JOE.

---

September 23d, 8.30 P. M.

Present: Lillie Hannegan, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

The more I did the less people thought of me and I tried and



tried and those that I did most for were the meanest to me and in 1621 I left London and no one ever heard from me again and then I went among strangers and O such little things pleased them and then I was so happy, but one thing that I dreaded most all my life, but it happened anyway my dears.

I DIED ALL ALONE.

I was painting a picture of the shore and I had made a small raft and I was on it when it broke away and I was lost.

JOE.

(Were you drowned?)

I lived two days after I was washed ashore.

(Was it a deserted shore?)

Yes.

(Were there any of your paintings in Havana?)

Yes.

(Did you paint when you lived in London?)

Yes.

(Did you arrange to have me meet Will, or did our meeting bring you and Norman together?)

It was I that brought you together for many many reasons that you cannot see now. you see all that you have done together is nothing to what you will do.

I mean the ring and all.

(Do our guides leave us as soon as we die?)

We do not stay with you very long but we can go and see you whenever we want.

[I spoke of what Joe had said about not caring to use his power for demonstration, and remarked that while we had no need of it, such things helped to convince others who were made happy by the belief.]

Yes, Nellie, but those people would believe without ever seeing anything and other people no matter what they saw would be the same.

Nellie, I mean that I have done enough to make anyone that ever will believe believe now.

(Is it good for the others,—Norman, Nina and Nannie,—to learn to do such things as a beginning?)

Yes it is.

(I thought it might be a part of their development.)

Yes, but I must help them.

(Should we discontinue trying the dark room occasionally?)

No, Nellie can write for a little while. good night.

JOE.

[I took the pencil.]

Nellie I am glad you and Will like the feathers and that you gave Lillie one. I meant the third one for her.

September 24th, 10 P M.

Present: Will Hannegan, Lillie Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

(Joe, what caused the smell of ether in my room?)

I was trying to fix things so that you would see Norman. Nellie, I never knew anyone like Jordan, the way you both have to put up with people after the way they do and there is really no need to do so much for people that do such things to you. you must both remember this, I mean what I am going to say.

Thine be the grief.

as is the blame.

thou art not what thou was before.

WHAT REASON I SHOULD BE THE SAME.

(Is Jordan helping anyone just now whom he ought not?)

He will be the first one that wants something.

---

September 27th, 9 P. M.

Present: Lillie Hannegan, Will Hannegan and Mrs. Lambert.

JOHN LIZZIE BELLE.

Nellie, I am trying to save myself. you cannot know how much you all will need me before long.

JOE.



## A RECORD OF DREAMS AND OTHER COINCIDENTAL EXPERIENCES.

By Marie F. Shipley.

Introduction by James H. Hyslop.

The record of experiences which is given below had its origin as follows. Mrs. Shipley wrote me in July, 1907, and gave me a running account of some of her dreams and coincidental experiences, with the statement that they could be confirmed by various witnesses and naming a number of them. I at once saw their importance if they could thus obtain the desired corroboration and wrote her to that effect. She at once promised me the record signed by the proper parties who were witnesses to the occurrences of the dreams and other events before she had obtained normal knowledge of the actual facts. It is this record which is here published, with only an occasional one not confirmed by independent testimony.

One defect the more critical sceptic would observe. The record as published was not signed by the corroborators until after the fulfillment of the dreams or until after Mrs. Shipley had obtained knowledge of the coincidental facts. But there are two circumstances to be remarked in connection with this incident. (1) Mrs. Shipley, according to her own statements, kept a written record of her dreams and other experiences, which she made before any knowledge of the events coinciding with them had been acquired. (2) According to her statement they were told at once to the persons who confirm her account, and the witnesses are so many and in connection with so many incidents that it will be hard to discredit the testimony on the ground of errors of memory. One incident might be discredited by doubts regarding the crucial points in it, but so large a number of coincidental in-

idents would hardly be characterized by so universal a defect of memory. Besides in some cases the witness has been obtained at once. This is more true of the later than of the earlier cases.

I am not concerned at present with any theory of the facts. The question for the reader to determine is whether there are any evidential weaknesses in regard to their occurrence and the accuracy of the narratives. The written record of them immediately in the morning protects them against the usual objections to be brought against the memory after the lapse of time, and whatever weakness may be supposed to attach to the memory of our dreams, as this is often defective, is not only equally applicable to all statements about our dream life but does not affect the coincidences that are said to have occurred and to have been noted afterward. The only objection that a critic can make at this point is that the narrative is not a truthful one, and the responsibility for believing this rests on the man who assumes or asserts it. The only liability of memory in the case is that attaching to the statements of the corroborative witnesses. The sceptic may choose to suppose that their memories about the dates and the mention of the facts before the actual events were known may be mistaken. But while this might apply to one or two experiences it is not so easy to suppose this error is so large a number of persons and in so large a number of incidents. Other objections would more naturally have to be assumed. Besides the phenomena are of a type already proved by the English Society, and there is no special reason to raise a doubt about the main point, namely, the coincidence between the dream or vision or impression and the event. But if any new feature be involved in the coincidence we might well entertain the various difficulties suggested in admitting that. Each step made must be subject to careful scrutiny, while those already made and evidentially supported may be less incredible.

The reader will remark a few experiences that have no special dates. Mrs. Shipley began her diary of them for herself and had no intention of giving them a scientific value. Hence the coincidence depends for its acceptance and value



upon the accuracy of her memory. They are, of course, more or less protected, in this respect, by the better recorded cases with their corroborative witnesses. For that reason they receive the same attention in this account as the dated ones. Mrs. Shipley soon discovered also the importance herself of having the exact date recorded as a means of protecting her own memory against illusions. This gave greater importance to her record.

The chief interest of the record is that the experiences are not all of the same type. The largest number of them are premonitory dreams. Some of them appear to be more or less coincidental dreams, tho, if we allow for the reception of the information at the time of the event in some cases and the occurrence in the dream soon afterward we might resort to latent and subliminal data which emerge at a favorable moment. But I do not think that there are cases of this worth remarking in the record. The coincidences are usually of the telepathic and the premonitory order. The coincidences that can be classified telepathically are relatively few, and the apparent communications with the dead where the incidents are not premonitory on their face are still fewer. But it is interesting to observe that the different types of phenomena are associated together, making the explanation one that should cover the whole field.

One of the most important features of the phenomena is the amount of symbolic or semi-symbolic data in the dreams. Perhaps "symbolic" is not a correct term. But I want to note by it the circumstance that two remarkable characteristics occur in the experiences of the dreamer. Sometimes her dream appears to be fragmentary in its nature. The person whose death or illness is to be indicated by it is not the central figure of the experience. A relative may appear in it and this relative may be either living or dead. Apparently Mrs. Shipley does not get the whole of what is apparently intended. Then the other feature is the peculiar figures and scenes associated with the apparent effort to transmit the information to her mind. Sometimes the scenes depicted in the vision are of the clairvoyant type and so are not in any respect symbolical. But certain distinct events

are usually denoted in a certain way; for instance, the vision of a casket seems to indicate a death whether coincidental or premonitory. This and all the visual phantasms suggest the interpretation which may be placed upon such phenomena in connection with experimental cases. That is all that I need remark at present in the matter. When we have collected a larger number of such experiences we may undertake theoretical constructions. For the present we may be content with remarking the connection between the psychological features of the phenomena and those in the experimental and mediumistic type.

I call attention to the visual and often symbolic character of the experiences because the apparitions which Mrs. Shipley describes and from which she extracts her evidence of their possible meaning coincide in their nature with what Mr. Podmore recognizes as a fact, namely, telepathic hallucinations. He devotes a chapter to instances of this kind (*The Naturalization of the Supernatural*, pp. 124-148). They are, of course, veridical hallucinations and so represent an extra-organic stimulus, a cause extraneous to the organism of the percipient. If then we have telepathic hallucination due to the influence of one living mind upon another there is no reason why, spirits, if they exist, might not produce similar effects in the endeavor to convey information to the living, and indeed the proper quantity of evidence of supernormal information conveyed in this way and representative of the personal identity of deceased persons might actually serve as evidence of their existence while the accepted law of such action between the living might serve as an explanation of the process with which the evidence goes. But I shall not emphasize this aspect of the matter. I desire only to call attention to the character of the phenomena and to leave the interpretation to the reader.

I have given notes indicating the character of each individual record. In some cases there is no coincidence and in some it would not prove anything of a supernormal character and to a sceptic might be accepted as chance coincidences. But many of them hardly present so easy an explanation. The collective mass of them shows more evi-



dential suggestiveness of the supernormal than the individual cases alone can do. That is a truistic for science, but should be remarked that the sceptical habit of reducing one incident shall not lead to a neglect of the cumulative force of quantity in the direction of coincidences hardly due to chance. I do not need to advance any explanation regarding them until we have collected a larger mass of similar phenomena and determined their articulation with each other and with some acceptable cause. What I wish to emphasize is the fact that the phenomena here recorded are not all of one type, but partake of several different forms of manifestation. There are apparently telepathic coincidences, apparitions of the living, apparitions of the dead, apparent communications with the dead, and premonitions. In some cases it is interesting to note that the premonitions are associated with dream apparitions of certain related deceased persons and in others with certain living persons. But it is evident that all the phenomena are in some way associated with a supernormal faculty, if it can be so called, which is not limited to one type of incident, and the explanation of them must be one that will cover the entire class, whether that explanation be simple or complex.

The best lesson to learn from the record is the importance of keeping such. Had Mrs. Shipley neglected to record the facts in the manner she describes (p. 464) we could not have taken any account of her experiences when narrated from memory alone, not because memory is so faulty as to be worthless, but because the sceptical critic avails himself of all possible defects to support his doubts, and if these phenomena are genuine they do not depend upon the accidents of mental weaknesses. Readers may see how easy it is to make scientific contributions if they will only conform to a few simple rules about recording their experiences before they become exposed to the sceptic's solvent. It is hoped that all will appreciate their opportunities to make similar additions to our evidence of the supernormal, and perhaps we may some day be able to thread our way through a large mass of them with greater ease than we can approach an explanation of the individual case.

I should, perhaps, call attention to the record as a whole and to certain specific instances of it for the reader who may wish a few suggestions as to its character. The introductory notes preceding each experience will indicate sufficiently the opinion which may be taken of it, but will not note the collective import of the whole or of the more striking incidents. The critical reader will remark without suggestion from me the instances that appear most clearly to be casual coincidences, if that explanation be applicable, and I need not call special attention to them. The cases which invite more serious consideration will, perhaps, present themselves to such readers, but it may conduce to a clearer understanding of the record if I remark a few that appeal to me, with my information regarding the circumstances surrounding them, as at least suggesting unusual coincidences.

Whatever doubt may be entertained about hyperaesthetic perception of some casual remark of the young man who wanted the shoes of Mrs. Shipley (p. 466), both the hyperaesthesia and the remark being purely *a priori* assumptions, there is less objection to the instance of the boy being kicked by a horse (p. 468). The wandering nature of this incident, however, might appear as an indication of its possible casual nature, and only the number of coincidental factors in it can suggest a defence against this supposition. But the dream about Mr. Charles Eckert inheriting some property (p. 471) is very direct and free from those circumstances which might suggest guessing. More striking still are the coincidences in the dream related to Mr. Lewis (p. 479). The incidents are so remotely associated with normal life that we should have to assume a greater familiarity with the man's habits than so exceptional an incident would imply to be a fact. No doubt Mrs. Shipley knew the general work of Mr. Lewis, but that he should at that particular time be occupied with the special incidents appearing in the dream is not easily attributed to chance coincidence or guessing. There were too many points of resemblance in the factors making up the whole to hastily adopt that explanation. The same may be said of the dream about Ruth Heizer (p. 484). Here the incident has no relation to the known habits of the child



and the place. The isolated nature of the incident is so marked that the coincidence stands out in great clearness and exceptional character. The apparently telepathic dream about Mrs. Knox (p. 482) is another which does not suggest previous knowledge to explain it. If it had been merely that Mrs. Knox was or was going to be ill it might have had no significance. But the reference to an accident and the nose was clear enough hint of what happened to her face to make the coincidence intelligible, even tho it be a confused one.

The vision of Sadie McMillen paying a debt (p. 482) also stands out clearly enough in its environment to exclude all appearance of chance. The lady was not associated with the daily life of Mrs. Shipley in any way to make her familiar with her habits and the distance from Mrs. Shipley's home, perhaps two hundred miles, sufficiently indicates the unlikelihood of even casual information that would affect so trivial an incident. One need not question its possibility in the abstract, taking coincidences as they sometimes occur, but the character of the parties is something in the case where their testimony denies previously acquired information. The premonition of Sadie Tanner (p. 468) is perhaps a still better incident than this, not only because it is a premonition, but contains features not suggested by what we know of the life of the person involved. The incident of Miss Puntenny's hat might be exposed to doubt about its significance, but the remark of the father strengthens the supposition that it is not due to chance. The dream about the death of Mrs. Shipley's aunt, Mrs. Heisterman (p. 486), has its exemption suggested by the fact that she was in good health and there was no reason on the dreamer's part to expect her death. The error regarding her son is noticeable, but the remark of a correspondent indicates what confusion may have given rise to this mistake. Perhaps the same remarks will apply to the dream about the death of Mrs. Shimp (p. 486). Her state of health seems not to have been such as to create expectations.

The dream about the berries (p. 503) is sufficiently trivial to exclude apparent chance, especially considering the fact that Mrs. Shipley did not know the person concerned. One of the most striking of the premonitory dreams is that about

herself (p. 512), in which Mrs. Shipley appeared to be in communication with the deceased Mrs. Shimp and received from her the information that she, Mrs. Shipley, was exposed to kidney trouble. Until long after, the dream seemed to be only one of those casual results of association with the memory of her friend. The fulfilment of it, taken with the fact that her friend was an old nurse, gives it an interesting pertinence at last and without any expectations on the part of Mrs. Shipley to suggest its probability. Another is the experience, telepathic or clairvoyant, in connection with Mr. Caylor (p. 517). The circumstances of his accident and the details are not like chance coincidence. That she might have dreamed of an accident to him after knowing his habits might very well be casual, but that it should be so specific in the details of the accident is not so natural. The dream, premonitory in character, about Miss Ferree (p. 530), is a good one, as there seems to have been nothing to suggest the possibility to the normal Mrs. Shipley. The premonitory dream about the death of Mrs. Wallis (p. 532) has the weak point that Mrs. Shipley knew of her illness and the fears about her life. But the real or apparent coincidence about the rain is not to be explained in that way.

There is a considerable number of dreams and experiences that show much confusion and just enough coincidence to awaken interest. The source of this confusion may be conjectured, in some instances at least, to have been association and inference on the part of Mrs. Shipley's subliminal mental states. In others it is not so simple, tho it would be difficult to prove that it was involved or not involved. An illustration of confusion is the dreamed death of Mr. Ed. Heisterman which did not take place (p. 498). This the reader will remark in a number of cases, and whatever the source of the supernormal, or apparently supernormal hits, made, there is evident distortion and error of an interesting kind present. If it had not been for the apparent coincidence in connection with the dreamed death of Mr. Heisterman, the coincidence being established by his illness, we might dismiss the chance of correctness in it, but allowing for associative disturbance we may well conceive that the information



reached her mind more or less indistinctly and was confused by the mind's own action upon it. One of the best instances of this confusion is the dreams about the death of Mrs. E—— (p. 492). This did not happen, but the death of her father, who was not connected with the dreams, occurred sometime afterward. In that respect the premonition was an entire failure. But the reference in the dream to a jacket, which Mrs. E—— bought long afterward, seems to show coincidence enough to suggest fragmentary information conveyed to Mrs. Shipley's mind and the influence of association upon it to suppress the really intended information. This confusion is still more interesting in the two dreams about the death of Miss P—— (p. 509) which did not take place and which would be classed as ordinary but for the apparent communication with her deceased brother and description of him, tho Mrs. Shipley seems never to have known anything about him.

This fragmentary and confused nature of the information is a most interesting feature of the phenomena and suggests comparison with similar characteristics in the experiments with Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Smead, Mrs. Quentin and perhaps all psychics. But in the case of Mrs. Shipley there is a suggestion of a larger influence on the part of her unconscious mental action on the information conveyed to it. It matters not what explanation we adopt in the case. If we suppose that there is any supernormal knowledge at all, the confusion and fragmentary nature of it must be explained quite as much with reference to external source of it as from the modifying influence of Mrs. Shipley's mind upon it. It is possible that the distortion is due wholly to that internal influence, misapperception, association and various subliminal agencies similar to the normal functions of consciousness. But the fact that we can give the errors a constructive explanation in connection with the subliminal influence of Mrs. Shipley's mind suggests the interpretation that may be most natural in the case, tho we should have to obtain evidence elsewhere of the theory which would justify this constructive explanation.

The source of error in many cases may be due to the

effect on Mrs. Shipley's mind of frequent premonitions of death. It will be apparent to the reader that there are many of the premonitory dreams of death and that they produce an impressive effect on Mrs. Shipley's mind. It would be natural for the conscious realization of them to create a sort of dream expectancy that would lead to the misinterpretation of the information conveyed to her. For instance, suppose that she received some allusion to the death of Mrs. Eckert's father and caught only the name of Mrs. Eckert. Or suppose the allusion to Mr. Ed. Heisterman was to his going to be ill, and the knowledge that her dreams had often meant death might precipitate upon the dream the thought that it was death that was meant, and the correct information is suppressed unconsciously.

I do not require to comment on this characteristic farther. It was necessary only to suggest a possible explanation of anomalies or errors that might be construed as objections to the significance of the facts as a whole. If it were not for the collective value of many of the incidents, especially the more striking ones, and also if it were not for the association of certain mistakes with striking coincidences in the same phenomena, the confusion and errors would correctly suggest objection to the belief in the supernormal. But if that characteristic be once granted for the more evidential cases, it is important to ascertain whether certain types of confusion are not perfectly consistent with it, and I think the suggestions which I have made do explain the facts in accordance with the belief in supernormal information, no matter what the source to which we attribute it.

It remains to say that careful inquiries were instituted regarding the character and reliability of Mr. and Mrs. Shipley, and these were made among both their friends and those who would not be supposed to have any prejudices regarding them. It suffices to say that the replies all give them the highest standing in the community for honesty and business connections. The worst that was said simply expressed the belief of some persons that they, Mr. and Mrs. Shipley, were a little visionary. This suspicion, in the light of what we know about the prejudices against psychic research and the



supernormal among people who never investigate it, is unexpected and does not reflect on their character or veracity. Mr. Shipley has been connected with several banking institutions in the city of Columbus and is now associated with one of them. He has also had other business connections involving considerable trust. Mrs. Shipley has been an active member of important charities and both are active members of the church. Those who are connected with them in their work speak in the highest terms of them, so that the story of Mrs. Shipley's experiences are not such as may be picked up on all sides to-day without confirmation or antecedent probabilities in their favor. Whatever meaning they bear the marks of being honestly reported.

#### Detailed Record.

[The manner in which Mrs. Shipley made and kept her record is explained in a letter of a later date and it is transferred to this place in the paper because it is well that every reader should have some conception of the pains taken to have the incidents free from the ordinary objection bearing on the record is examined.—J. H. H.]

[Envelope postmarked, "Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 25, 1908. P. M., 1908."—J. H. H.]

[The failure to date the letter is explained in a postscript of a letter on the same date and written later (p. 525).]

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York.

Dear Sir:—Am glad to know that you received the records I sent you, and am glad, too, that you are satisfied. I want to thank you for the compliment you paid me. I surely appreciate the spirit in which they were received. Also have a few more to send with this letter. Had one about a Mr. and Mrs. Merrill, but am not sure I can get them to sign for me, in time to send with this today; but, not, I shall do so soon. There is not much to it, anyway; it shows a mental connection.

The manner of keeping my record accurate is easily stated. We very seldom retire before midnight, so I know my dreams will not occur on this date, but count them on the next date. The next day I should happen to waken out of or after a dream, I go to my clock and see what time it is. I keep a candle and matches near my clock, which has been a habit of mine before I kept a record.

of dreams. In the morning, I tell these dreams to my husband, sometimes before breakfast, but usually at breakfast. If the dream impresses me very much and rouses me out of my sleep, then I waken him, also, and tell the dream and time. He has often asked "what time is it?" before I would have a chance to tell him the time.

After he leaves the house, I take pencil and paper and write out the dream and date it; then, when I have time, I put it on the typewriter; always make a carbon copy. I have a copy of everything I sent you.

In the first place, I have been blessed with a good memory. I really would not need to take time in the morning to put them on paper, as I remember them just as well without, but, when they occur so close, I don't always have time,—which you will see by Doctor S——'s dream. That dream is just as clear to me at this moment as it was the night of the dream. I simply live right in them; therefore, they are like real life to me. I hope this will be clear and satisfactory.

If you have any other questions you wish me to answer, shall be glad to do what I can, and, if you think best write Mrs. Wright concerning the S—— dream, (p. 507), be very glad to have you do so.

After I put these dreams on paper in the morning, I try to get someone by phone if I can, as we have both phones in our office and conveniently near. Then, too, I go, if I can, and tell someone else, as soon as I can leave the house. Mrs. Wright is here almost always, so my husband and she are the first ones to be bothered. I miss her now.

I find people becoming interested in the work by my telling these dreams. Some you cannot convince, even when they see.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[The first incident, as the reader will remark, would be classed as telepathic, assuming that no fatal objection to its supernormal character would be presented. The sceptical question to be asked would turn about the possibility of having heard, consciously or unconsciously, some conversation about the shoes. If there were any auditory hyperaesthesia in Mrs. Shipley and if any statement had been made by the young man to his employer about his intention with reference to the shoes the telepathic nature of the coincidence might be doubted. There are no means now of deciding such a question. The incident that might make any such explanation



doubtful is the statement that Mrs. Shipley had the feeling thrice. It is not likely that the phenomena would occur in that way, namely, by hyperaesthetic perception of the man's remark, which would have to have been made as many times, tho we have no means of proving that they did not. Taken alone the incident would not go far in the proof of such things.—J. H. H.]

April 16, 1902.

We had two paperhangers at our house; one an elderly man and the other a young man. Sometime in the afternoon, as I was sitting in our sitting room, doing some needle work, it came to me that this young man wanted my shoes. It came to me the third time that he wanted my shoes, and this time I believed there was something in it. The next morning I brought down the shoes and placed them in the dining room, near the door leading to the back stairs. Mr. Shipley said to me, "Why are you bringing down those shoes?" I said, "That young paperhanger wants my shoes. It came to me yesterday afternoon that he wanted them, so I thought it best to bring them down."

While we were taking breakfast this young man came into the back door and into the dining room. The first thing, he said, "Well, here are those shoes that I was tempted to take yesterday afternoon. They made me think of my mother's feet. She had such a little foot. My wife has such a large foot and I knew she could not wear them; otherwise, I would have taken them. Mr. Shipley ought to be very proud of your little triebies." Mr. Shipley and myself looked at each other, to hear his own confession. I was glad to hear him say this, as otherwise I should never have known that there was anything in the incident. When I brought the shoes down, I had no idea that he would say anything about it, even tho he had been tempted. It was a surprise to myself and husband.

This young man lived in a small town near this city at this time, but I did not learn his name. Had I known that I should ever need it, I surely would have asked him his name. We said nothing to this elderly man about it. He had hired this young man to help him.

Both of these men were upstairs, papering, in the afternoon, when this came to me. Have told this to a good many people since then, but my husband was the only one I had a chance to tell it to before the young man made his own statement.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I certify the above record to be correct.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

[The next is a premonitory dream, and there seems to be nothing indicated by the narrative that would suggest an ordinary explanation. Apparently there is nothing to indicate that the danger might have been suggested by any well known habits of the victim. The postponement of the fulfillment for so long a time is perhaps indicative of the view that normal suggestion affecting the dream could hardly have given rise to it. Possibly chance coincidence would suggest itself to most critics. But the association of the person and the flames is striking, even on that supposition, and with a setting that hardly suggests such an event it may not be easy to make chance an adequate explanation. If a general dream of fire or of the burning of some one had occurred and afterward Mrs. Shipley had thought that it fitted Sadie Tanner the case might be different. But the real person being associated with the incidents of the dream and actually dying as apparently indicated by the dream is not a coincidence that would be hastily ascribed to chance in a murder trial.—J. H. H.]

September, 1903.

Sometime during this month, I dreamed that I was at my grandma's and I saw a fire by her back gate, near the barn. I went to the back door and there stood Sadie Tanner in the midst of those flames. I became very much frightened and called out aloud, "Sadie Tanner, you will burn to death!" She paid no attention to me and burnt to death. I stood and watched the flames,—they were so bright and leaped so high; and poor Sadie, standing in the midst of them, never moved or tried to get out of them. I shall never forget it. When I think of her now, I always see her standing in the midst of those flames.

On the very morning of my dream she came here to my house to clean for me, but I did not dare to say a word about my dreams, as she was a firm believer in them. How glad I am that I did not say anything to her! Her aunt came to see me after her death and I told her the dream I had about Sadie and she said, "I am very glad that you did not tell Sadie, for it would have troubled her a great deal, because she used to say, 'Marie Shipley's dreams always come true,' and I know she would have looked forward to such a death."

The time passed on and I thought nothing would come of it, after three years, but, on December 21st, 1906, at 5 A. M., Sadie did burn to death. She was sitting at her dresser, combing her hair, and picked up the lamp and the handle came off and fell in



her lap and she was all flames. She died at 11 A. M. at the hospital. She knew everything to the last and told how it happened. Her cousin, Ada McCampbell, died on the 24th of December, from the shock. This Ada phoned me the message "long distance." They are living in Marysville and Sadie was living there at the time of her death, staying with her aunt.

This dream will be a living picture to me as long as I live. Sadie has come to me a number of times in my dreams and the last time I asked her how she liked her new home, and she said, "Oh, I like it all right," and she seemed very happy.

She lived with my grandmother after I was married, and was a noble, Christian woman.

I was careful not to tell this dream to anyone but my husband and my grandmother, fearing that something might be said, as Sadie knew almost everyone I knew, so I am very glad that I kept it in the family.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Sadie Tanner, was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley. Date, Sept., 1903.

MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN,  
Per GERTRUDE RILEY,  
HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

[The next case can be classed as premonitory. Its chief interest is the circumstance that the subject of it was unknown and not in any way identified. The fear that it might point to her nephew is an interesting circumstance, as it diminishes the probability of expectancy and its suggestion of the dream when applying to a stranger. How far chance coincidence may apply is not determinable. Had the dream been merely of an accident to some one and then identified with the one mentioned afterward we might well explain it by chance coincidence. But the facts that the dream referred to a boy; that he was kicked by a horse; that he was in a hospital, and possibly that some one was leaning over him, are incidents in the coincidence that make chance as difficult as it would appear in any question in the civil court.—J. H. H.]

September, 1903.

Sometime in September, 1903, I had a dream about a little boy being kicked by a horse. I dreamed that I was out in a field, a strange place to me, and there I saw a horse and a little boy.

Fearing that the horse might kick him I took the little fellow by the hand and led him away, saying to him, "That horse will kick you." After that I wandered away on something else which I so often do in my dreams and then come back. This I did in this dream. I came back and saw some man bending over a small form and I asked, "What is the matter?" The man replied, "This boy has been kicked by a horse right over the right eye." I asked him to let me see the little fellow, and as I looked at him I said, "This is the same little boy that I led away a while ago. I told him that horse would kick him."

This boy looked very much like my nephew and was about the same age. I was worried thinking it might be my nephew, as he was around horses a great deal and the field was out that way, east. Mr. Shipley said for me not to worry as they would let us know if it were Harold. I had this dream after midnight and on the following afternoon I took a nap and dreamed again about this boy. I saw him in a hospital with his head all bandaged up, reaching out his little arms for me to take him.

I became very much worried this time, fearing that it must be my nephew, and had my husband telephone to the neighbors living near them. They said the boy was all right and was playing. In the evening paper I read in big headlines, "Kicked by a Horse!" I read the article and it was the very same thing I dreamed. I wanted to go and see the boy, but not knowing the family, I decided to stay at home. This dream seemed wonderful to me because I dreamed twice at night and then again the next afternoon that I saw him in the hospital. I have tried hard to get the date of this incident, but the nurse said she could not find it but would try again, so that if at any time they should find it I will send it to you.

In the first place I had a friend call Dr. Lawrence, who attended the boy and he said we should call up Mrs. Jennie Williams, the nurse, who might know. I made a trip to her house, as she is sick in bed, to get full information. I told her my dreams before I asked her any questions. "Well," she said, "you could not have told this any better if you had been there and seen the accident." Her daughter said she had led the little boy away and used those words that I did in my dream. This part of the dream is like the one I had about Mrs. Brindle, using the exact words. Can you give me any light on this? I should like to know your opinion on this subject. I can't understand how any person could use the same words that I used in a sleep. Her daughter told me that the accident happened about noon and they had great trouble in getting a doctor. The phone did not work and they did not reach the hospital until between three and four P. M. I saw the boy in the hospital at 3.30 P. M. He was cut very badly and the cut extended over the right eye. She said it took



four men to hold the boy during the operation. This boy is a neighbor of hers and just about the same age of my nephew. The boy is well and strong again. This dream I had told to my husband, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Lewis, my grandmother, my sister's people and ever so many others.

If any person at any time wishes to write to any of these people I have mentioned I am sure they will give you all the information as to my honesty in this matter. It would be no value to me to be otherwise, or, in other words, to cheat myself.

I feel that this is a gift from God and I hold it very sacred and I am thankful for it. I often have the feeling that I must see into the life beyond this. I have to stop myself, as it almost overpowers me. That is why I was anxious to see Mrs. Piper.

Mr. Shipley will be glad to confirm my statement about Joe Dabb being kicked by a horse. I had told him the dream in the morning and again in the afternoon when I saw the boy in the hospital, just as my record shows. Mrs. Williams, the nurse, is dead. She said the accident happened about 11 A. M.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I, Mrs. Francis McElvain, certify this statement concerning the dream of Joe Dabb. The dream was told me by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same day of the accident, Sept. 1903.

MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

I very clearly recall the dream relating to the "Boy being kicked by a horse," being served up with it at my breakfast on the morning of the accident and also was informed by Mrs. Shipley of the boy being taken to the hospital previous to her knowledge of the accident.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

[For a correction of some incidents in this dream of the boy see letter of June 14th with record of same date, p. 468.—J. H. H.] [Cf. Note 5, p. 515.]

[The following coincides with a death and seems to have no details, except the most interesting incidents that reflect the influence of memory on the symbolic feature of it that indicates the effort to convey information.—J. H. H.]

On October 25th, 1903, 6 A. M.

In my dream of this date Mr. Smith Spencer kissed me as he went to his long home. This awakened me, and, looking at the watch, I saw that it was just six o'clock. I then wakened my husband, telling him that we must get up, as I knew Mr. Spencer

was gone, because he came to kiss me good-bye. This man was a relative of my grandmother and was very fond of me. He so often would put his arms about me, draw me up to him and kiss me. He was so fatherly and so kind to me that I still miss him, but often see him in my dreams, and that is a comfort to me. He died the same morning at 6 A. M.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mr. Smith Spencer was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, 10-25-03.

Date Oct. 25th, 1903, FRANCIS McELVAIN,  
Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

[Mrs. Shipley writes that her uncle had been ill for two weeks or more before his death and that the fact was known to her. The coincidence, however, between the dream and the death remains unaccounted for on the supposition that previous knowledge suggested the dream. The fact that she frequently had dreams about him would perhaps strengthen the suspicion of chance coincidence.—J. H. H.]

[In the following premonitory experience I give two separate accounts. The first one was written to me without corroboration and contains more detail than the one which was accompanied by the signature of witnesses. It is an especially interesting one since the parties concerned in the leaving of property to Mr. Eckert were so remotely related to Mrs. Shipley.—J. H. H.]

I had a dream sometime in January, 1904. I did not keep the date of this and some others I had. I had no idea that I should ever need any of them.

In this dream I was in a little town, a place in which I had never been before, and as I got in front of a house, an old lady appeared at my side in front of this house and said to me, "I want Charlie Eckert to have this house." That was the end of this dream. I had never seen or heard of this woman. I went to see Mrs. Eckert the next morning and told her my dream. She said, "I don't know of any one who would leave Charlie anything." I then described the woman and after that she said, "Charlie has an aunt answering to that description but she won't leave him anything, and, too, she lives in a small town, but I'm sure she



won't leave him anything. She has a house and money besides. Her name was Mrs. Seahm.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

This old lady died March 23, 1904. Mrs. Eckert called to me one morning, "Your dream has come true. That old lady is dead and Charlie got a notice that he is an heir!" He got some money and the house will be sold after the death of her husband and then he will get another share. This lady lived in Canal Dover, Ohio, which is only a small town.

This dream was very strange, as I did not know that such a person was living, not even heard of her. I know nothing about his folks. I must have got this news from a deceased person, otherwise I cannot account for it, and too, I firmly believe that this old lady wanted this Charlie Eckert to have this house. It must have been on her mind and given to me as I said. This woman did not know me and never saw me. This I had told to my husband and next to Mrs. Eckert, Mrs. Furniss, who lived next to me, Mrs. Mary A. Wright, my grandmother and a number of others.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

January, 1904.

Dreamed that I was in a small town, a place I had never been. Walking through this place I came in front of a house and an elderly lady appeared in front of this house and said to me, "I want Charlie Eckert to have this house." She then disappeared. This woman was a stranger to me. I never saw or heard of her and why she should come to me I do not know. This same morning of my dream I went to see Mrs. Charlie Eckert and told her my dream. She said she did not know of anyone who would leave Charlie anything. Then I described the woman to her and she said, "Charlie has an aunt answering that description but she won't leave him anything. She lives in a small town, Canal Dover, Ohio, but I'm sure she won't leave Charlie anything. She has a house and some money. Mrs. Charlie Eckert told me that her husband got some money from this old aunt's estate and they will gladly confirm my statement. [Note 3, p. 515.]

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Seahm was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

FRANCIS McELVAIN, January, 1904.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

MRS. CHAS. ECKERT, January, 1904.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, January, 1904.

Received this money from Mrs. Seahm, my aunt's estate  
Nov. 26th, 1906.

CHAS. A. ECKERT.

[The next instance is apparently a coincidental dream, tho there is no distinct proof of this. The temporal relation between the dream and the event is a close one and we cannot determine whether it is telepathic or premonitory. The chief incident of interest is the apparition of a deceased relative of the suicide. The second dream, tho coincidental and relating to the previous death of a brother, might be attributed to expectation, especially as it is premonitory and the illness of the subject was known. But in the first case the coincidence is so close and the reason for expectancy not so apparent that the explanation may not be so simple.—J. H. H.]

August 19th, 1905.

Soon after we retired, almost midnight, I became nervous and felt that I should see something. At last I gave up, and to my left I saw a "hill," and alongside of this hill came a light, almost white "casket" with beautiful flowers, different colors. Tried so hard to see who it might be, but failed to do so, as the casket was loaded down with flowers. Thinking all was over, I opened my eyes and still something was working on me, so I closed them again. This time a "black" casket appeared, the head of this one close to the foot of the white casket. It was covered with violets. Both caskets moved along together. This time I was very anxious and felt that I must know, knowing that I should not be able to sleep if I did not find out. Here came Mrs. Laura Spencer's face out of this black casket. It came three times, going back and forth, till I was satisfied, and all was over. After this I slept and rested well all night.

On the next morning, as I was washing the dishes, I saw the form of a man standing in the doorway leading into the dining room. As I looked at it, it disappeared. At noon, as I was washing the dishes, someone touched my left arm; this same form of a man stood there and disappeared. Had told Mr. Shipley, when we came downstairs, what I saw after we went to bed, fearing something would happen to Mrs. Spencer's folks. Her youngest son, Harry, took his own life that very morning. He lived on Price Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio. I have never been there. He was



a son of this Mr. Smith Spencer. Also told this to Mrs. Mary A. Wright and my grandmother.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.  
FRANCIS McELVAIN,  
Per GERTRUDE RILEY,  
HARRY H. SHIPLEY,

Aug. 19, 1905.

[The next two experiences are hardly classifiable, unless we make them telepathic. But we have no proof that the supposed agent was in any way thinking of Mrs. Shipley. It is noticeable that they center about deaths and are not like the incidents in this record which show coincidences in certain trivial events of the living at the time. But whether we can classify them or not they appear to be coincidental.—J. H. H.]

October 1st, 1906.

This morning I dreamed of being in a house that had such low ceilings. In this room where I sat I saw a black casket in the middle of the room. It stood slanting, the head toward the east. For some reason I was unable to see who was in the casket. Soon Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Smith and the rest of the relatives gathered about this casket and I knew it meant some of their own people.

A few days before this [in my dream] I saw a grave dug and some people standing around it. I saw Mr. Nathan Smith there very plainly and Mr. Samuel McElvain, a relative, who had been dead for some years.

On this very morning, Chub Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Smith, took his own life. It must have been almost the exact time of my dream from what the wife told me, about 5 A. M. We knew nothing of this until evening when we read it in the paper. I had told this to my husband in the morning. The next day I went out and told my grandmother about this dream. She is a sister of Mr. Nathan Smith. I had never been in this house till the day of the funeral and those ceilings were very low and the casket stood just exactly as I saw it in my dream, the head to the east. The family gathered as I saw them. The mother of this man and a brother have gone home, too.

The brother was laid to rest a few weeks ago. Before his death I saw a black casket and his father sitting close to it. This man had been ill for a long time. I was lying on the couch one afternoon resting when it came to me, about three weeks before his death.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY, Columbus, Ohio

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Chub and William Smith was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley, on the dates opposite our signatures.

FRANCIS McELVAIN, Oct. 1st,

FRANCIS McELVAIN, Dec. 4th, 1907.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

Also told me the vision concerning William N. Smith at the time above mentioned.

FRANCIS McELVAIN,

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Oct. 1st, 1906.

[The next instance is an apparition coinciding with the death of the apparently recognized person in that room. If the person who recognized the description was correct as to the identity of the apparition it has some coincidental importance. But the value of the incident will depend entirely upon that circumstance. Mrs. Wright was evidently impressed with it, if we may judge from the inquiries which she made to be assured that her identification was correct.—J. H. H.]

October 2nd, 1906.

About 4.30 P. M. I went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. As I was going toward the kitchen table my attention was drawn to our office. Looking the second time I saw the form of a man standing by our desk toward the kitchen. To make sure of this I walked through the dining room and as I got in the doorway of the office it disappeared. I went back to the kitchen and about twenty minutes later the door-bell rang. I answered it and my neighbor, Miss Fanny Furniss, came in to stay till her people came home from down street. It was just getting dusk and I lit the gas. As I came into the sitting room I saw this same form of a man standing in the parlor with his right knee resting in a rocker, his right hand resting on the arm of this chair. He was looking at me. I stood perfectly still and kept my eyes on him till he disappeared. He was broad shouldered and about six feet tall. I did not know him. I said nothing to Miss Furniss as I feared she would be frightened. She was of that nature. I told this to my husband when he came home. The next morning I told it to Mrs. Mary A. Wright. She questioned me about it in a number of ways and wanted to know if I had investigated. I gave her all the particulars and when I got through she said, "I believe you saw Mr. Wright. Yesterday was the anniversary of



Mr. Wright's death. He died in that office of yours. We used it for a bedroom when he was living." She asked me again this last anniversary if I had seen him. She firmly believes that I really saw her husband, the description of him was so accurate. Now, I never knew this man and I did not know that that was the day of the anniversary of his death. I did not know that he died in that room. He has been dead about nineteen years. Mrs. Wright is not here to sign this. When she returns home she will be glad to confirm this statement.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I certify the above record.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

[The following dream is like the preceding one in many of its characteristics. Its importance rests upon the probability that Mrs. Shipley had not known the man or seen any picture of him. Apparently there was no incident in the life of the Hubbards to give it coincidental interest or to explain the naturalness of the occurrence. Mrs. Fowle is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard. Also Miss Nettie Hubbard.—J. H. H.]

January 21st, 1907.

This time I dreamed that I called on Mrs. Eliza Hubbard and her daughters. Mrs. Fowle came in the room and said her mother would soon be in but was then washing her hands. Her mother came in later and said, "How is Harry." I told her that he had sent his love to her and she sent her love to him. While there I saw a man opening a door leading from the front hall into the sitting room. Was much surprised at this, as I never knew that they had a door there. This man was in his shirt sleeves and came directly to Mrs. Hubbard and talked with her. She looked at me and said, "This is Mr. Hubbard." Soon after he opened the door leading into the parlor and was gone. Mrs. Hubbard then looked at me with such a beautiful smile and said, "That was my husband." I told her that I must go home, as I had left my sitting room window up and feared some one might get in. I said I would soon return.

This man was tall, with broad shoulders and a mustache and beard on the chin. His cheeks were smoothly shaven. His face and appearance in every way impressed me very much. As he walked to the door I could not help thinking what a fine looking man he was. He died long before I knew them and not one of the family had ever told me anything about him, only that he was

dead. Her daughter, Nettie, 'phoned me asking if she could come over and spend the afternoon with me. She came and I told her my dream. She said, "Marie Shipley, my father looked just like that and you have never seen his picture. I shall show you his picture when you come over again. She did show me the picture **and it looks like the man I saw in my dream.**

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Jan. 21st, 1907.

NETTIE HUBBARD, Jan. 21st, 1907.

I 'phoned Mrs. Shipley the 21st day of January, 1907, on the same morning of her dream. Do not remember the exact time. Was surprised to have Mrs. Shipley tell me about my father's appearance. My father looked just as Mrs. Shipley saw him in her dream. Mrs. Shipley never knew my father. She did not know what he looked like and had never seen his picture.

Respectfully,

NETTIE HUBBARD.

[Mrs. Shipley wrote me an account of an experience associated with Mr. Thomas K. Lewis, who was in New York City at the time, and gave me his address for inquiry and corroboration. I wrote to him and the following is his reply. —J. H. H.]

New York City, June 4, 1907.

Mr. James H. Hyslop, New York City,

My dear sir:—Your favor of June 1 received in which you ask for reference concerning Mrs. H. H. Shipley of Columbus, O. I am very glad to give you some facts, as I hold her in my high esteem, both as a lady of fine quality and as to her rather remarkable ability as a dreamer.

I hope you will pardon a rather careful and accurate detail of one instance I am about to cite, every part of which I can vouch for. My home is in Columbus, Ohio, and I am a professor of art and drawing in the Ohio State University and I have known Mrs. Shipley for over six years. Last July I came to New York to study for one year. About September I received a letter from her and I sent her a Christmas card. This includes all our correspondence until February or March. At that time I was asked



by the kindergarten teacher at Teachers' College, Columbia University, to build a small bird house for her kindergarten class, to afford them an opportunity of seeing how some of the wood working tools were used. I was asked to do this work about one week before I finally carried it out. This was in the forenoon period and I did the work with the large number of children seated about me. They had just left their games and toys which had been placed together on the floor in the center of a circle, about which they usually sat. When I came home, about 12.15, for luncheon, I found a letter from Mrs. Shipley had come to our flat at the above address and, on reading her letter, in which she inquired about your Society, she rather incidentally remarked that she had had a dream about me in which she saw me surrounded by little children and the playthings were piled upon the floor—and some other statements equally accurate.

While I could give you a good many more proofs of what I am certain is a quite remarkable ability, I think this is sufficient, as she did not know any more about the details of what I was doing, scarcely more than you do. She knew I was studying in New York and that was all.

Very sincerely yours,

THOS. K. LEWIS,

Ass't. Prof. Art and Drawing, Ohio State University,  
Columbus, Ohio.

[This reply to my inquiry led to the request to have the original letter of Mrs. Shipley to Mr. Lewis and to have further details establishing the coincidence between her dream and what Mr. Lewis was doing at the time. The following is his reply to that request and contains the original letter of Mrs. Shipley to him narrating her dream. Mr. Lewis gives his evidence of the relation in time to the two events.—J. H. H.]

Ohio State University, Columbus, Mar. 30, 1908.

Mr. Jas. H. Hyslop, New York City.

My dear sir:—Enclosed a letter from Mrs. H. H. Shipley, of Columbus, Ohio, about which I wrote you a long time ago, but never had time to state the facts concerning this very peculiar case.

Very truly yours,

THOS. K. LEWIS.

Columbus, Ohio, 2-26-'07.

Mr. T. K. Lewis, Columbia University, New York.

Dear Mr. Lewis:—I trust you will not think me imprudent in writing this letter. Harry has promised to do so, but, as yet, has had no time. He is kept very busy all day—and evening brings more work and care, and so, in that way, it has been put off.

First, we wish to thank you for your kind remembrance, by sending us the cards and Xmas wishes. The verse is beautiful, and we surely wish you all the same.

May I ask a favor of you in connection with the Society of Psychical Research? Have written to Professor Hyslop concerning the work and membership of it, and he has sent printed matter which I shall enclose for your inspection, knowing that your judgment in this will be the best I can get.

I might become an associate member, for that would be all I can do at present; just that little might be some help to me.

Could I ask on your reference if I need it? I know of no one here that would be in sympathy with the work. You could tell more about me than a dozen people here.

Dream as much as ever. Got a letter today from Pa., [Pennsylvania] telling me what I dreamed was true; happened at the same time.

Have dreamed of you three times this winter. Was hoping you would write to us. Do not remember the first; second was something about a cover; might be a couch cover, dark, as I see it, right now. Mrs. Lewis was connected with the cover in some way, as I saw her standing in the room near you. It seems that you were on the couch.

Yesterday morning I saw you very plainly in a room with a lot of playthings on the floor; children's clothes and toys. Do not think there is anything in these dreams, as you are alone, as much as we know; still, I thought I should like to tell you.

Give our very best to Mrs. Lewis and the dear little girl. We shall be happy to welcome you back into our home. You feel very near to us. You were my friends when I most needed friendship.

We were so glad to see Mrs. Ritter and would like to have had her take a meal with us, but, owing to her sister's illness, she thought best to stay with her all she could.

We shall be glad to give you all a chicken dinner and a big, fat piece of pie. No soup. Harry gets plenty of that downtown, but I never happen to know. My mental power is not very good in learning what he eats down town.

I shall depend on your advice and you may return the papers. Will send a slip which was in the daily paper. I thought it would do no harm to write and find out.



Hoping this will find you all in good health and write when you can give some time. I do not wish to intrude.

As ever your friend,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

Ohio State University, Columbus.

One day I gave a demonstration for the kindergarten class in Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York City. I made a bird house before the little ones and they had left their playthings piled upon the floor and had arranged their seats about my long bench to see me nail the little bird house together. I was asked to do this work about one week previous to the time of doing it and had said very little about it and I am sure that Mrs. H. H. Shipley, a very near friend of mine, in Columbus, Ohio, knew absolutely nothing about what I was going to do. In fact, some of the facts she wrote I did not know, myself, until the morning I did the work.

Mrs. Shipley has added additional data since I came back to Columbus, Ohio. I received her letter at noon, at my room, as I had just returned from making the bird house. I will try and figure out the data:

Mrs. H. H. Shipley dreamed Feb. 25,

Mrs. H. H. Shipley wrote me Feb. 26,

Letter mailed 1.30 P. M., Feb. 27,

In Columbus, Ohio.

Her letter reached me Feb. 28, 12 M.,

I did the work Feb. 28, 9-12 A. M.,

In New York City.

I can vouch for the statement that she had absolutely no opportunity of knowing what I was doing, as my latest letter or communication was some Xmas cards sent to her at that time, and I did not know anything whatever about the bird house at that time.

The foregoing is as true and accurate as I can state.

THOS. K. LEWIS,

Asst. Prof. Eng. Drawing, Ohio State University,

Mar. 30, 1908.

Columbus, Ohio.

[The next dream, or vision perhaps, is premonitory, having taken place twelve hours before the death of the person concerned. Tho she was a very old lady whose death might be expected at any time, the note shows that there were circumstances which diminish the probabilities that the experience was due to chance coincidence.—J. H. H.]

February 5th, 1907.

At 5.30 P. M. I lay down on the couch to rest a little. Something was working on my nerves and I could not rest. The feeling came to me that if I would give up I should see something and I did. I saw a black casket and my husband's mother standing there. After that I saw the casket moving along on the railroad tracks.

The next morning Mother Shipley 'phoned me saying that Grandmother McKeever died at 5.30 A. M., and that they were going to take her to Barnesville, Ohio, and she was taken on the train. I had told this to my husband but had no chance to tell it to any one else as the woman died the next morning. Then I told the dream to mother. This old lady, Mrs. McKeever, was a relative of Mother Shipley's brother, by marriage. Almost every one called her grandmother. She was over 90 years old.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Feb, 6th, 1907.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, Feb. 6th, 1907.

Per A. A. SHIPLEY.

[With reference to previous knowledge of "Grandmother McKeever" and her illness, Mrs. Shipley writes: "I knew of her illness before I had the apparition, but she was not a relative of mine. She was related to mother Shipley. I saw her but twice and was not at all impressed with her illness. I called her grandmother McKeever because the rest did, and I did not even attend her funeral, so that you can see that I was not impressed."—J. H. H.]

[Inquiries to ascertain how much Mrs. Shipley knew of this Mrs. McKeever brought the following statements:

"I knew of the illness of grandmother McKeever at the time of my apparition. She was 96 years of age. Her death was due to a cold. I had no reason to believe that she would be buried at Barnesville, Ohio. I did not know that she had ever lived at Barnesville, Ohio. I knew very little about her, having met her but twice. I never knew or heard anything concerning her husband. I have just phoned mother Shipley and she has given me the information that grandmother Mc-



Keever is not a relative of hers, but was always called so by nearly all who knew her. She lived at Barnesville about 40 years and her husband is buried there."—J. H. H.]

[The following dream is telepathic most probably, as its coincident or close temporal relation to the incident indicated would most readily suggest.—J. H. H.]

February 7th, 1907.

In this dream I saw Mrs. John Knox sick in bed. She had an accident of some kind, something was very unpleasant about her face. Her nose was in bad condition. She looked frightful to me.

The next morning I 'phoned to them asking if Mrs. Knox were ill. Her son's wife, Nellie, said, "yes." I then told her my dream and she said, "Well, your dream is true. Mother fell twice and cut her face and head badly. Sometime after this I went out to see Mrs. Knox. Her face was not well then but was much better. She said her nose was nearly broken and it had to be bandaged.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. John Knox was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Feb. 7th, 1907.

MRS. WILKINS KNOX, Feb. 7th, 1907.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, Feb. 7th, 1907.

Per A. A. SHIPLEY.

MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN, Feb. 7th, 1907.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

[The following incident might be classed as clairvoyance, or telepathy for those who care to stretch this interpretation. It is a most interesting instance in respect of the triviality of the incident in the experience and of the apparent irrationale of the incident, if I may coin a term to express my meaning. There is nothing to suggest a cause for such an occurrence, and it does not bear the marks of being a chance coincidence.—J. H. H.]

February 16th, 1907.

In this dream I saw my cousin, Sadie McMillen, of Buena Vista, Pa., pay \$25 on what I thought a little debt. Saw her

standing in a room paying this to some one. I saw her standing with her hat and jacket on and with the money in hand very plainly but as to anything else I could not say. She has written a statement to send you to prove my statement concerning this dream. Miss Puntenny will also be glad to verify it.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Sadie McMillen was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MARTHA PUNTENNY, Feb. 16th, 1907.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Feb. 16th, 1907.

McKeesport, Pa., Dec. 1, 1907.

Prof. Hyslop, New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that the dream concerning the payment of \$25 by Sadie McMillen, as told by Marie Shipley, is true. The payment was made at Bechtel's music store in Pittsburg, Feb. 16, 1907.

Very respectfully,

(MRS.) SADIE McMILLEN WILSON.

[The next instance may be telepathic or clairvoyant. It is a trivial incident like that of the previous dream. The reader will notice that it is associated with the same group of relatives.—J. H. H.]

Nov. 22nd, 1907.

In my dream I saw Miss Martha Puntenny trying on a new hat. The hat was turned up in some way and I thought the plume was draped more toward the left side. The hat looked very rich but the beauty of this plume was more impressed upon me than anything else about the hat, even the color. It was dark; that was all I could say. She then asked her father how he liked her new hat and she was gone. In my dream I said, "Martha, your hat looks swell."

Nov. 23rd I sent her a postal telling her about my dreaming this. Had no idea that there was anything in this. Sent the postal to see if anything should come of it. Did not see or hear anything from her until Dec. 2nd, 1907. She came over to see me and laughed about my dreaming such a thing. The most interesting part of this dream is that Miss Puntenny bought her new hat on that same date in the afternoon, Nov. 22nd. She said, "The plume is beautiful. The hat is turned up in front with plume draped toward the left. It is all black." Her father said,



"Your hat looks swell." There it is again, Mr. Puntenny using the exact words as I did in my dream.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Miss Martha Puntenny was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MARTHA PUNTENNY, Nov. 22, 1907.  
HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Nov. 22, 1907.

[The dream about Mrs. Forbes shows no coincidental characteristics. On the contrary it was an error in this respect.—J. H. H.]

March, 1907.

Sometime in March, 1907, dreamed that Mrs. Frances Forbes, of 246 Marshall Ave., was found dead in bed. Went to her house on the same day but found her all right and that she had been out walking.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.  
Columbus, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Frances Forbes was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

JEAN McPHERSON, Dec. 19th, 1907.  
MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, November, 1907.  
MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN, March, 1907.  
Per GERTRUDE RILEY.  
HARRY H. SHIPLEY, March, 1907.

[The dream of Ruth Heizer is remarkably interesting as a premonitory experience. The triviality of the incident and its apparent want of connection with the life of Mrs. Shipley makes a perplexing coincidence.—J. H. H.]

April 7th, 1907.

On April 7th, 1907, I had a dream about little Ruth Heizer, living on Northwood Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

This girl was sitting in a second story window; not her own home but some other place. I was much frightened and wanted to call to her, thinking she might fall. I said nothing and her mother got her out of her trouble all right. In the morning I

called her mother to the 'phone and told her my dream against the wishes of my husband, he thinking it would frighten the mother.

May 28th, 1907.

On May 28th, 1907, the mother took little Ruth to Z. L. White's dry goods store on the second floor. She was trying on a suit and while doing this she missed Ruth, and calling to her got no reply. She asked the clerks if they had any windows open and they said they did in the back part of the store. The mother ran to the window and found the child sitting on the roof of a back porch. She had crawled out of the second story window on to this porch.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Ruth Heizer was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, April 7th, 1907.

Per A. A. SHIPLEY.

MRS. GRACE S. HEIZER, April 7th, 1907.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, April 7th, 1907.

MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN, April 7th, 1907.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

I want to make a little correction about the dream I had on April 7th. Saw Ruth Heizer sitting in a second story window in some place not her own home. The mother made a mistake in calling it a porch. It was nothing more than the extension of the window where she sat. Have looked at the window myself to make sure of it. It was the front window, not the back. The mother was so frightened which accounts for her mistake. She really sat in the window as I saw her in my dream.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[Here a souvenir post-card is attached on which is a picture of Ruth Heizer and on which the following is written:

This is my little daughter Ruth, about whom Mrs. Marie F. Shipley dreamed April 7, 1907. The dream came true on May 28, 1907, as Mrs. Shipley recorded it.

MRS. GRACE S. HEIZER.

[The importance of the dream about Mrs. Heisterman, which follows, will depend upon the amount of Mrs. Shipley's knowledge regarding the condition of her health, as a later dream and her aunt's death establish a coincidence. An-



other dream occurred with additional details on July 29th. after Mrs. Heisterman's death (p. 494). It was not coincidental.—J. H. H.]

April 21st, 1907.

This time after 6 A. M., I dreamed that my aunt, Annie E. Heisterman, Buena Vista, Pa., had died and I attended the funeral. I awakened ten minutes after 6 A. M., went back to sleep until twenty minutes of eight. During that time I had dreamed that I was at my auntie's, Mrs. Annie E. Heisterman's, who lives in Buena Vista, Pa., dreamed that she had died and I attended the funeral services. My auntie is in her usual health, doing her work as much as I know. I expect to make her a visit soon. This dream I told to my husband, Mrs. Charlie Eckert, Mrs. Mary A. Wright, Mrs. Francis A. McElvain and others; even wrote to my auntie's daughter.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Annie E. Heisterman was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. FRANCIS A. McELVAIN, April 21st, 1907.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, April 21st, 1907.

Per A. A. SHIPLEY.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, April 21st, 1907.

EARL D. DOERSAM, April 21st, 1907.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, April 21st, 1907.

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that the statement of Mrs. Marie F. Shipley, concerning the death of her aunt, Annie E. Heisterman, is true. She told me the dream on April 21.

MRS. CHARLES ECKERT

[The dream about Mrs. Shimp is a most interesting one. Had the subject of it been in ill health the interest in it would have been much less. But the facts show to what extent expectancy can be supposed as an explanation of the dream. The dream, as noted in the record, was on June 3rd, and Mrs. Shimp died on July 3rd, one month later.—J. H. H.]

June 3rd, 1907.

Dreamed that I went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Shimp and that I went alone. When I got to the house I met three strange women, two of whom were dressed in white. Mr. Shimp met me at the door and said she is dead. In this dream I stayed at the

house for some time and looking about the place, wondering if Mrs. Shimp was there and knew what we were doing.

On June 4th Mrs. Shimp came into the bank to see Mr. Shipley and she was well as usual. June 21st Mr. and Mrs. Shimp came to our house for dinner. June 24th both of them were in to see us again and Mrs. Shimp was just as well as I ever knew her to be. July 2nd we received a letter from Mr. Shimp saying his wife was ill but the doctor said she was better and he wanted us to come and cheer her up. July 3rd I went there arriving at 3.30 in the afternoon. Mrs. Shimp died at 1.15 P. M. Mr. Shimp met me at the door and said, "She is dead." There were the three women, two in white. They were nurses. The other was in black. This dream I told to Mrs. Mary A. Wright and Mr. Shipley the first thing in the morning. Mother Shipley and Mrs. Eckert after that.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Henry Shimp was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, June 3, 1907.

MRS. JOHN FURNISS, June 3, 1907.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, June 3, 1907.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, June 3, 1907.

MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN, June 3, 1907.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

[In regard to the dream about Mrs. Shimp and the question of previous knowledge of her condition as affecting possible expectancy as the cause of the dream, Mrs. Shipley writes:

"There was no reason for any one to think that Mrs. Shimp might not live long. Her health was excellent and she was in good spirits every time we saw her. I had no faith in this dream. I did not think such a thing could be, knowing she was well and did enough work for three women up to the time of her death. She took ill with 'indigestion,' the pain went to her heart, and she was gone before the doctor could get to her."—J. H. H.]

[The reader will remark nothing coincidental in the dream of a conversation with the deceased Mrs. McElvain. It is, however, a dream that belongs to a type and at least



shows the action and connections of Mrs. Shipley's mind in the occurrence of coincidental experiences.—J. H. H.]

On June 4th, 1907.

I had a conversation in my dream with Mrs. Samuel McElvain, who died April 8th, 1907. She said, "I'm with Margaret all the time. I see what they have to eat and sit at the table with her every time she eats and I see what they do, too. She then sat down in a chair and said, "I'm happy and I want to talk to you about heaven and my being here all the time with you folks." That ended the dream. She was a good woman and believed in my dreams. She would often ask me and was always anxious to listen. When I would say that I should like to talk to Uncle Smith Spencer she would always reply quickly, "You can." She believed I could talk with the dead because my dreams were so real. I believe she talked to me that very night. This Margaret is her daughter. Have told this to my husband, my grandmother, Mrs. Wright and others.

[There is nothing scientifically evidential in this dream of Mr. Wolfe. Mrs. Shipley knew that he was dead, attended the funeral, as she herself says, and knew that the little boy was dead. The interesting play of secondary personality in the dramatic reference to the little boy as not wanting anything to eat, is worthy of remark. There is nothing impossible in Mrs. Shipley's interpretation of the incident, but the sceptic would ask for better evidence.—J. H. H.]

June 13, 1907.

June 13th, 1907, I dreamed of Mr. David C. Beggs' office. Looking in I saw a table there and people sitting around it but I did not notice who they were. Suddenly a little boy appeared in front of me but I paid no attention to him. My attention was drawn to this table again and to my great surprise Mr. Frank P. Wolfe was sitting at the head of this very table with papers in his hands as tho he were very busily engaged in business. He said, "That's my little boy. He wants to love you. He came to you the other day." And he said the little boy had told him that he did not want me to give him anything to eat but wanted to love me. The little fellow kept standing in front of me with such a smile on his face and I picked him up in my arms, hugging him hard, and the dream ended.

Mr. Wolfe died June 9th, 1907. This little boy is dead. I knew nothing of this child until the day of the funeral when the pastor spoke of him.

I had dreamed this during the night and the following afternoon Mrs. Wolfe and her son were in Mr. Beggs' office attending to some business. My husband had told my dream to Miss Curry, Mr. Beggs' stenographer. He told her the dream on the 15th and she said that they, Mrs. Wolfe and son, were in yesterday afternoon. She did not know the nature of their business, as she came out soon after. I was strongly impressed with this and believe that Mr. Wolfe was there and helping his wife and son to carry on his work.

Mr. Wolfe was a contractor and had the big contract on hand for the new Government building. He died in the midst of it.

These lots belong to Mr. Beggs, which bring in the connection. This dream was told to my husband and Mrs. Mary A. Wright on the same morning of my dream. I have been unable to secure the signature of Miss Curry. [Note 4, p. 515.]

I want to make a correction in the last record I sent you. The boy who was kicked by a horse. I had told this dream to my husband and also the one in the afternoon about the boy. I did not get away from the house that day but have told this to my grandmother, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and many others since. If you have any doubt about it write to Jennie Williams, the nurse, Wood Ave. The boy's name is Joe Dabb, who lives near them. Mrs. Williams is still very ill and I doubt if I ever get the date for this. All these people were strangers to me but seemed to be interested.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Frank P. Wolfe was reported to us by Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, June 13, 1907.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, June 13, 1907.

FRANCIS McELVAIN, June 13, 1907.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that Mrs. Marie F. Shipley did not know my little son who died. My husband was the only member of our family whom she knew. I have not met Mrs. Shipley until this date.

MRS. F. P. WOLFE, Dec. 18th, 1907.

[The dream about Mrs. Brindle largely explains itself. No familiar explanation suggests itself, according to the narrative. Nor can we assuredly classify it as telepathic. All that it indicates is knowledge not normally acquired. Wilmington, Ohio, where Mrs. Brindle was at the time, is about sixty-five miles from Columbus, where Mrs. Shipley lives.



Readers will observe that the dream is quite well corroborated.—J. H. H.]

June 16th, 1907.

I dreamed that Mrs. Philip Brindle was very sick. Mrs. Brindle was visiting a sister away from here out in the country. While there she took very ill one Sunday. Now, I dreamed this June 16th, sometime Sunday morning. I cannot give the time of this one, as I did not awaken right after it. I had no faith in this dream myself as the woman was perfectly well on Friday and this happened the next Sunday. I wrote out the dream and dated it so I could have it as a proof when she got home. On the very morning of Mrs. Shimp's funeral, as I was getting ready to leave, Mrs. Brindle came in to ask me if I knew that Mrs. Shimp was dead. I asked her if she had been well while she was gone and she said, "Yes, but I was dreadfully sick one day." I asked her to say no more and I would tell her my dream. I told her that I saw her standing up and looking dreadfully sick, and she said, "Oh, I am so sick I can hardly stand on my feet!" She exclaimed, "Why, Mrs. Shipley, I used those very same words!" So then I handed her the paper I had written it on and she did not know what to think of it. After she had said how sick she was, in my dream she went into a room and lay down on a couch between two doors, the doors being opposite each other. I closed one of the doors to keep her out of the draft.

She said she did that very thing, lay on that couch between those doors, and if I had been there I could not have told it better. I dreamed this in the morning sometime and Mrs. Brindle was taken sick in the evening of that day. So I was ahead of time and cannot call it telepathy.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Philip Brindle was reported to me by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite my signature.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, June 16, 1907.

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York.

Dear Sir:—With regard to a dream which Mrs. Shipley had concerning myself, on the 16th of June, 1907, is certainly most remarkable to me. I was visiting at Wilmington, Ohio, and on the night above mentioned I certainly was very sick and made this remark to my friends, "I was so sick I could hardly stand on my feet," and I lay down on the couch in the room just about as described by Mrs. Shipley.

I take pleasure in relating this to you for Mrs. Shipley, who

is my neighbor, and she told me of the dream when I returned from my visit, which was a very great surprise to me.

MRS. PHILIP S. BRINDLE.

[The following dream is apparently premonitory. All will depend on the degree of importance attaching to the coincidental feature of it. The influence of Mrs. Shipley's mind upon it is apparent on the supposition of coincidence at all.—J. H. H.]

July 6, 1907.

Some time during the night I dreamed of being out some place with a crowd of young people. It seemed that we had been in a basement serving refreshments, and coming up stairs I said to my husband, "Mrs. McIntyre is dead and she will never arrange these things again," (I meant the arranging of the house). Just then her daughters came in, also some callers. They were told that Mrs. McIntyre was ill in a back room. I do not know the time of this dream.

On the next evening, July 7th, 1907, I saw her daughter, Lulu, at church, and I asked about her mother and she said, "Mamma scalded her arm yesterday while canning strawberries." I 'phoned to them yesterday and her husband said to me, "she burnt her arm dreadfully." I told this dream to my husband only. I said nothing to the daughter, as I knew she would want me to tell all the dream.

I do not claim that there is anything in this dream, as I did not see the accident, not even Mrs. McIntyre.

In the first part of my dream I was impressed with the death of Mrs. McIntyre after that about her being ill. This might have been a warning, as the accident happened on the same day of my dream.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[The dream about Mrs. E——'s death is interesting as she is still living. But on April 20th, 1908, her father died and Mrs. E—— wore to the funeral a jacket such as was mentioned in Mrs. Shipley's dream of the date indicated below, July 26th, 1907. Mrs. E—— had purchased this jacket on March 28th, 1908. The record was sent to me on January 15th, 1908, and was in my files on the 17th. It will thus be seen that the dream and its record with me anticipated the purchasing of the jacket and the death of Mrs. E——'s father. To have fulfilled the premonition of death Mrs.



E——, as is evident, should have been the victim, and had it not been for the incident of the jacket no interest would attach to the case, except on a theory which is not proved by the incident. I can imagine a natural confusion in transmitting the information to Mrs. Shipley's mind. I know of a mediumistic prediction that simulates this confusion very clearly. The death of a sister to a gentleman's wife was specifically predicted as soon to come to pass, and when it turned out it was the man's wife that died in the specified time. Whatever the explanation of the present case it seems to be a similar phenomenon, and the subliminal processes of Mrs. Shipley misinterpreted the message.—J. H. H.]

July 26th, 1907.

This morning I dreamed that Mrs. Charlie E—— died and was buried. Mr. E—— said something about a jacket she had gotten and would not have a chance to wear it.

After this I saw her husband and son in the yard making a flower bed under a window. The son said, "We want to make it just the way Ma would like to have it."

Nov. 29th, 1907.

Dreamed that Mrs. E—— was dying. Two women asked me if I knew that Mrs. E—— was dying. After that I started out to see but found the house dark. Waiting a moment I saw a dim light but did not go in.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Charlie E—— was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

JEAN McPHERSON, Dec. 19th, 1904. [1907.]

MRS. JOHN FURNISS, June 7th, 1908.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, July 26th, 1907.

Nov. 29th, 1907.

MR. EARL DOERSAM, July 26th, Nov. 29th, 1907.

ANNA WIRTH,

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Nov. 29th, 1907.

Columbus, Ohio, April 21st, 1908.

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York.

Dear Sir:—You have the record of a dream I had July 26th, 1907, concerning Mrs. Charlie E——. Mrs. E—— is living, but her father died yesterday morning, April 20th, 1908. Do not know the time, but Mrs. E—— phoned me yesterday that he had died and that she was going to the funeral. Her father's home is in Baltic, Ohio. I did not know them. She had bought a new

jacket to go to her father's funeral. The dream was that Mrs. Ekherth was dead and that she had bought a jacket and skirt, but had no chance to wear it.

She got the jacket on March 28th, 1908, and went to Baltic that day, expecting her father's death then. The weather did not permit her to wear the jacket then and I asked her yesterday if she was going to take the same jacket with her and she said, "Yes, I might need it this time." This may be of no value to you, only, the connection of the "jacket" and the death being so closely related to Mrs. E——. She also said her skirt would do.

Will send Mr. and Mrs. Duncan's statement and also a letter received from them last January, where the mentioning of my dream is made, concerning Ed.—which means Ed. Heisterman. They did not keep the letter I had sent them, as they did not expect me ever to want it. Had one about Mrs. Lewis and some jewels but have been ill and not able to do anything, so sometime, perhaps, I can.

Respectfully,  
MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[Mrs. Shipley writes: "Mrs. E——'s health at the time of my dream on July 26th and also November 29th was good and she is well now (Oct. 20th, 1908).—J. H. H.]

[The following dream had no fulfilment. It has not been possible to ascertain whether it may have been a confused one similar to the previous instance.—J. H. H.] [Note 1, p. —.]

July 27th, 1907.

I dreamed that I got news in some way that Mrs. Judge B—— was dying and going to the house I went upstairs and found Mrs. B—— lying on a bed and some women with her. Going into the next room Mrs. B—— and these women came in. A woman asked me if I was a friend of Mrs. Judge B——. I said "No, she used to be a neighbor of mine." After that I wandered away on other things but came back to the first part of my dream and got the same impression, this time that she was dead. Going to the house I saw the black crape on the house and I knew from that that Mrs. B—— was dead.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[The subject of this dream is still living. But Mrs. Shipley had a dream at the same time in which a person of another name was involved, and came very near dying. The two



names are about as near each other as Bone and Bogen, so that judging from the phenomena of Mrs. Piper a confusion of names might have given rise to the kind of mistake that actually occurred. The person concerned in the second dream which we cannot publish refuses to give the date of an operation, so that it is not possible to prove the coincidence in the manner desired.—J. H. H.]

Reported to me on July 29th, 1907, by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley.  
JEAN McPHERSON.

[The following dream repeats the reference to Mrs. Heisterman as first recorded on April 21st, 1907 (p. 486).]

July 29th, 1907.

This morning I had a dream about the same aunt, Annie E. Heisterman, Buena Vista, Pa. This time I dreamed that my husband came home sooner than his usual time. Asking why he came so early he said, "I have a special reason." I said, "Is auntie dead?" and he replied, "Yes, she is dead." Looking at the clock it was 3.30.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the above recorded dreams relating to Mrs. Judge B—— and Mrs. Anna E. Heisterman, were reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN, July 27 and 29.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, July 27 and 29, 1907.

Per A. A. SHIPLEY.

FRANK SNIDER, July 27 and 29, 1907.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, July 27 and 29, 1907.

MR. EARL DOERSAM, July 27 and 29, 1907.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, July 27 and 29, 1907.

[The dates in the corroborative statements include that of the previous dream and by reference to that explain themselves.—J. H. H.]

[The next incident is possibly telepathic, tho we have no clear proof of this conception of the coincidence. The failure of the premonition, so far as date is concerned, suggests that it was the intention that came to Mrs. Shipley and not any later mental state revoking the original plan.—J. H. H.]

August 6th, 1907.

This time I saw Ira Shimp, a nephew of Mr. Shimp, standing on High St. in front of the Union Station. He looked at me and said, "Uncle Henry is coming home Friday." He did not say which Friday.

Mr. Shimp came home the next week, Saturday morning, the 17th. He came to our house for dinner, and I asked him what made him come home on Saturday, as I had dreamed that he was coming on Friday. Ira had told me so in my dream. He said, "I wrote to Ira that I was coming home on Thursday or Friday, sure, but was detained and did not get in till Saturday morning." I had told this dream to Mr. Shipley, Mrs. Brindle and others.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Henry Shimp was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, Aug. 6th, 1907.

Per A. A. SHIPLEY.

MRS. FRANCIS McELVAIN, Aug. 6th, 1907.

Per GERTRUDE RILEY.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Aug. 6th, 1907.

[On date of November 9th, 1908, Mrs. Shipley writes: "Mr. Ira Shimp telephoned me last Saturday that he remembered his uncle Henry writing to him that he would certainly be home Thursday or Friday, but he did not have the letter as he does not keep his letters."—J. H. H.]

[The dream about Mrs. Shimp has no coincidental interest that would serve as evidence of the supernormal, but the statements about Christ suggest a confusion similar to the purported communications to Dr. Hodgson and Professor Newbold, published in the *Proceedings* of the English Society (Vol. XIV, pp. 48-49), in which Sir Walter Scott was made to say that there were monkeys in the sun. The detailed statements of this were not published exactly as it appeared in the original record and contained, after the statement that "monkeys were living in sand caves in the sun," the further important utterance: "Oh, I lost my grasp on the light." This actually explained the source of the confusion, and we may well imagine that Mrs. Shipley's question in her dream would give rise to possible confusion on such a matter in the mind of herself and the supposed communicator. The allu-



sion to throwing Southern women into the water is clear evidence of confusion somewhere.—J. H. H.]

August 12th, 1907.

This night I dreamed that I was at Mrs. Shimp's and saw Mrs. Shimp sitting in a chair dressed up as though she had been away and just returned and looked very natural. I kept very close to her side, thinking that now would be my chance to find out something about the life beyond. After a little she got up and went to the kitchen with her husband to get us something to eat and I went too, fearing that she might vanish and I be unable to get all the information I wanted. After being seated at the table, she wept and kept saying, "I am so very lonesome without Henry, if I could only have him with me." I tried so hard to comfort her telling her that Mr. Shipley and myself stood by her Henry. "Yes," she said, "I knew my two little pets would stand by him." We then went out in the yard and were standing near the door. She again spoke and said, "They took us over to Europe but I missed Henry and I was so lonesome."

After this I asked her if Christ looked just like his picture. The reply came, "Yes, he looks just like that but there is one thing I don't like about the Lord and that is that he takes some of the Southern women and throws them in the water."

This dream made me feel that heaven is not what I thought it was. She talked freely and naturally. All seemed like real life. Asking her if she knew what we were doing after she left her body she said, "No, I don't know what you did." I asked her this because when I had my dream June 3rd about her death I wondered in my dream if she were there and knew what we were doing, so I wanted to make sure of it. This I told my husband, Mrs. Mary A. Wright, Mrs. Furniss and Mr. Shimp. Did not tell him about her weeping. I told a number of others.

[The dream about Guy Wood as given below has some features about it that resemble that about Mrs. Eckert. Nothing happened to Guy Wood, but the dream of Alvin Wood on September 1st, one day later, associates the incident with the dream of January 22nd, 1908, when the dream pointed more definitely to this brother of Guy Wood. The sequel shows that Alvin Wood died on January 29th. The record of the two dreams was sent to me in a letter postmarked January 15th, 1908. The dream of January 22nd was sent to me in a letter postmarked January 25th, 1908.—J. H. H.] [Note 2, p. 515.]

August 31st, 1907.

This morning I dreamed that Guy Wood was dead. Mr. Shipley and myself were in their home in an upstairs room. I got the impression of his death while there and I heard his mother cry so hard and thought she was fixing flowers at the time. Heard Mrs. Wood saying, "Hope of the hopeless, but I have no hope."

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Guy Wood was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. CHARLES ECKERT, Aug. 31st, 1907.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, Aug. 31st, 1907.

FRANK SNYDER,

MR. EARL DOERSAM, Aug. 31st, 1907.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Aug. 31st, 1907.

[In a letter of Nov. 7th, 1908, Mrs. Shipley writes as follows, giving the extent of her knowledge regarding the illness of Guy Wood.

"Guy Wood was ill at the time of my dream. He took ill on the 8th of August. About four days previous to my dream, Mrs. Wright reported to me that Guy was improving and he was talking about wanting to be able to start to school when it opened. That was the last time I heard anything concerning his illness until the morning of my dream. After that favorable report I had felt that he was going to get well soon."—J. H. H.]

[The dream of September, not dated, relates to the same person as that of April 21st, 1907, save that the son is implicated in one of the dreams. But it is possibly an intromission of the dream state and not to be taken as a premonition. The note at the end, however, shows that some illness happened to Mr. Ed. Heisterman.—J. H. H.] [Cf. p. 499.]

Columbus, Ohio, March 11th, 1908.

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York.

Dear Sir:—Some time in August or September, 1907, I dreamed, three nights in succession, concerning Auntie Heisterman and her son Ed.

The first night I dreamed Auntie had died; second night, I dreamed that her son Ed. got married; third night, dreamed that



her son Ed. was dead. This was the third dream I had that my Auntie was dead. You have no record of this. You have the first, second and fourth record of her death. The third and fourth dream I had written to a cousin of mine—Mrs. Anna Duncan—and her husband, sister of Ed. Heisterman. They will be glad to verify my statement. Will write to them soon. They may not have the letter I wrote but am sure they remember the dream, because they have spoken of it to me since.

Auntie is dead and Ed. is still single and well. Will send this with my records and when I get a reply from my cousin, Mrs. Anna Duncan, will send it to you.

I have more back records which are true and have come to pass, which are interesting to me, and you may have them. Mrs. Wright and Mr. Shipley will gladly verify them, as they concern Mr. Shipley and Mrs. Mary Wright.

Do I make my records too lengthy? If so, let me know.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

Buena Vista, April 17, 1908.

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York.

I verify the statement of Mrs. Marie F. Shipley concerning the dreams about my mother, Mrs. Annie E. Heisterman, and also my brother Ed. My mother died last November but my brother Ed. is still living and single. Mrs. Shipley also wrote us the dream she had concerning Mr. John McMillen, my sister's husband.

Respectfully,

MR. and MRS. ROBERT DUNCAN.

[In a letter of November 17th, 1907, Mrs. Shipley states that this Aunt Heisterman had died on November 8th. The date of the correction by her, which follows, was March 11th, 1908.—J. H. H.]

I wish to make a correction in the date of my aunt's death. I received a letter from my aunt's daughter saying that she died Nov. 7th, 1907, at 6.30 A. M. We did not get our telegram until Friday morning about nine o'clock. Telegram read, "Mother dead. Funeral Sunday at one o'clock."

[In a letter dated January 29, 1908, Mrs. Duncan wrote to Mrs. Shipley and, without having had any intimation from Mrs. Shipley that confirmation was desired, spontaneously remarked that she had thought Mrs. Shipley's dream was

going to come true and that she had been greatly alarmed about Mr. Ed. Heisterman.—J. H. H.]

[The sending of this dream to me dates before the death of Alvin Wood by four days. He died, as we shall see, on January 29th, 1908. But the dream occurred, as the reader will remark, long before. Apparently Mrs. Shipley, when she wrote this account from her diary had her fears regarding the boy. But they are not related causally to her dreams. It appears also that she knew little about his illness before sending me the account below, which was postmarked January 25th.—J. H. H.] [Cf. pp. 523, 527.]

September 1st, 1907.

On this date I dreamed that I was at the home of Mrs. Wood and I saw Mr. Wood lying on a couch, looking dreadfully bad, and Mrs. Wood was standing in a doorway and her son Alvin stood back of her, looking over her right shoulder. He looked so thin and badly. His large eyes stood out so plain! Mrs. Wood said something that Guy should have said, but I did not get it. It was not plain enough. I thought they had come back from the cemetery. Not seeing Guy, I was under the impression that they had buried him and the father was almost beside himself.

This dream I had told to Mrs. Wright and my husband on this same morning, but thought it no use to record it as I had recorded the one I had on the morning before this,—August 31—concerning Guy.

Alvin was not ill at the time of this dream, but now I think it might mean Alvin. They have three sons. This is the only one I saw in this dream. That is the last time I saw him.

I was careful not to ask anyone concerning this boy's illness after I had my dream of last week, January 22d, as I wanted my record to go out before anyone should say anything about it.

This morning I went, myself. The nurse said she saw no change.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I certify the above reported dream.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

[The experience during normal consciousness and representing the appearance of Mrs. Wright walking about the house has its sole interest in the association of an apparent physical phenomenon with other mental ones having some



evidential character. There is nothing in the account itself to prove that the sound was anything but some casual noises or an illusion. Mrs. Shipley is the only judge of that and no circumstance appears that would protect the incident against sceptical questions. Nevertheless whatever explanation we attach to it the experience has its interest as connected with a mind having other sensory apparitions which possess some scientific value.—J. H. H.]

October 8th, 1907, about 3 P. M.

While I was upstairs dressing, I heard our sitting room door open and close again, thinking Mrs. Wright had come home, and looking in to see if I were here. Not seeing me, I supposed she had closed the door. After a short time I heard her walking in her room and then all was quiet again. I thought nothing of this as she often comes in without my knowing anything about it. Soon after this I went in our north bedroom to get some linen pieces for patching and as I got in this room close to the door I heard Mrs. Wright walking in the hall close to our door and I thought of calling to her and telling her that I did not go out any place. I had told her at noon that I might go calling. Her bedroom and hall floor are mostly bare, and her walking on the bare floor was so distinct to me as if I were there. And then to find that no one had been in the house. I do not understand the meaning of this. Mrs. Wright came home about 5 P. M. and to my surprise I learned that she had not been home since noon. Nothing had been disturbed.

M. F. SHIPLEY.

[The following dream about the cherry tree is probably telepathic, tho it has an interest as an apparent premonition, and suggests the possibility that some events may have their place in a classification determined by some other than the apparent characteristic. For instance, we have in this case the apparent causal nexus between Mrs. Wright's thoughts and Mrs. Shipley's dream, and that the apparently premonitory character of the incident comes solely from the relation between Mrs. Wright's intention and her carrying out of her plan. That is to say, the significance is not in the coincidence between the dream and the planting of the tree, but between the dream and Mrs. Wright's thoughts. Quite possibly other apparent premonitions might be thus resolved if we

could secure the evidence of what a specific person had in mind to telepathically suggest the incidents.—J. H. H.]

October 16th, 1907.

In this dream I saw Mrs. Mary A. Wright and my two little nephews and myself in our back yard. Mrs. Wright had some branches of a tree in her hands. Under the dining room windows I saw a deep hole dug and a man with a wagon load of dirt in the yard. My little nephew, "Rogers" and myself were almost thrown into this place.

When I spoke to Mrs. Wright about it on the same morning of my dream, she said, "Well, you must have caught my thoughts last night. After I went to bed I could not sleep for thinking about that cherry tree in the back yard and wondering where I could get someone to take it up and plant it near the kitchen window. I have been thinking about Mr. Budd; perhaps he would come and do it." Mr. Budd did come and plant the tree near the kitchen window. You see that the digging was not at the dining but kitchen window. The boys and myself were not here at the time the work was being done. Mrs. Wright and Mr. Shipley will be glad to verify this statement.

Mrs. Wright did not think worth while to sign this as she thinks I perhaps heard some outside. I am positive.

[The following dream is after the death of Mrs. Shimp, which was associated with the premonition of June 3rd, 1907. The sequel shows that this can hardly be premonitory and will have to be treated either as subliminal or spirit communication. It cannot be evidence of the latter interpretation, but might be explicable by such a theory when once proved.—J. H. H.]

October 24th, 1907.

On October 24th, 1907, I dreamed that Mrs. Shimp came to my bed and got hold of my left hand and tried to pull me out of my bed. I would get my hand back under the covers and she would take hold again and pull. Seeing that she could not get me out, she took both of her hands and tried to get me out. It seemed hard work for me to keep in bed so I tried to waken my husband. She then vanished from sight and I slept on. After this dream and during this same night I dreamed that my husband and myself went up to Mrs. Shimp's home in the country. Going to a funeral down a lane I said to my husband, "There is old 'Bill' hitched to the hearse."\* The people were gathering

[\* Bill is Mr. Shimp's horse.—M. F. Shipley.]



for the funeral. The hearse was black. Going into the house my husband pulled a black covering off something that was standing in a room and looking I saw it was a casket and a man was lying in it. It was rather dark in the room and I could not tell who it was. It might mean Mr. Shimp. Had a dream last May that Mr. Shipley and myself were at this same place and walking on the board walk I saw a black casket buried under it and could hear the dirt fall on the casket. I said to my husband, "What a long casket that is, I wonder if uncle Shimp is buried under here."

On this same morning, October 24th, 1907, I got awake at 6.30 and went back to sleep again and dreamed that Mrs. Shimp telephoned me asking, "When will you be up." I told her to come down as I had something nice to show her. The answer came, "Pettie, what have you?" I said, "Some violets. When are you coming down?" No reply came and she was gone.

It seems strange that I should have three of those dreams in one night. Her trying to get me out of my bed is so strange. I never before dreamed of such a thing. I feel that she wants me to do something for her husband who is left alone. Both thought much of me. I wish that she had talked and said what she wanted me to do. I think she wants him to come.

[The following dream I put out of its chronological order, as it is related to the same subject as that of October 24th, and has not been fulfilled.—J. H. H.]

November 20th, 1907.

This night I had another dream about Mrs. Shimp. I saw her lying on a bed dressed for burial and her husband was sitting on the bed with her. I kissed her and she seemed so pleased. Looking at her husband and then at me but said nothing. I could tell that she was satisfied to have me there. Mr. Shimp was trying to tell me about meeting them at the station, expecting to take her away for burial.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

The dream on August 12th, 1907, concerning Mrs. Shimp, and also the dreams October 24th, 1907, and November 20th, 1907, concerning Mrs. Shimp was also told to me by Mrs. Shipley on these dates.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dreams relating to Mrs. Henry Shimp were reported to us by

Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. JOHN FURNISS, Aug. 12, Nov. 20, 1907.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Aug. 12, Nov. 20, 1907.

MRS. CHRISTINA V. SHIPLEY, Aug. 12, Nov. 20, 1907.

Per A. A. Shipley.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, Aug. 12th, 1907, Oct. 24th and Nov. 20th, 1907.

HENRY H. SHIMP, Aug. 12, 1907.

[The date of August 12th in the corroborative statement refers to the dream recorded on page 496.—J. H. H.]

[The dream about the berries explains itself, in so far as the coincidence is concerned. It cannot be assuredly classified, as there are no means of determining the relation of other persons to its occurrence. It does not look like a casual coincidence, and there is no way of proving that it is such. The berries were called "bitter sweets" by the parties that gave them to Mrs. Shipley, and she sent some of them to me.—J. H. H.]

Nov. 15th, 1907, 11.30 P. M.

Just as I was getting ready to sleep a tree appeared in front of me and it was what I thought to be fire crackers. Turning on my left side this vision kept moving in front of me until I gave it up. I saw beautiful red berries hanging on some branches. I feasted my eyes on them till they were gone. Then some elderly man stood there and I saw others around him, but they were all strangers. I then went to sleep.

The next morning at ten thirty as I was sitting here at my typewriter, something drew my attention to the window and to my great surprise there came an elderly man with his hand full of those beautiful berries. I ran to the parlor windows and, yes, they were just what I saw. I hurried to the front door and wanted to call to the man but stopped myself, thinking what an awful thing that would be to call to a stranger, so I watched him till he turned about five doors north of us. I decided right then that I should go that very day and find out and get a good look at those berries, to see what they were, and if they had any connection with me in any way. I went, and the daughter of this man came to the door. I told her my errand and she laughed, saying, "That was my father. We are having a party this afternoon and will have one to-morrow. You come Saturday and you



shall have some of the berries." So I went and met her mother and sister and aunt. They were much interested and gladly gave me some of the berries. I shall send you some to prove to you that it meant much to me to go to a strange place and ask a favor of such a nature. The name is McCandlish. They live near me on Dennison Ave.

Have told this to Mary A. Wright, my husband, Miss Jean McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Brindle and a number of others.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I forgot to say that these people are new neighbors just moved there. The persons on my record will be glad to verify my statement about those beautiful berries.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the record concerning the berries was related to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MARY A. WRIGHT, Nov. 15th, 1907.

MRS. JOHN FURNISS, Nov. 15th, 1907.

JEAN MCPHERSON, Nov. 16th, 1907.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Nov. 15th, 1907.

[The next incident is clearly telepathic and certifies conditions that hardly permit an explanation by suggestion or normal knowledge. It is a trivial incident and we see no specific pertinence in its occurrence, tho, superficially at least, it does not suggest chance coincidence.—J. H. H.]

November 16th, 1907.

On Nov. 16th, 1907, almost midnight I saw Mr. David C. Beggs of this city standing before me and the thought came to me that he was thinking strongly of my husband and the bank. Very shortly after this I saw him standing there again thinking the same thing. I told my husband about it the next morning but I thought nothing more about it. So Mr. Shipley came home and said, "I have asked Mr. Beggs if he thought of me and the bank on last Saturday night while he was gone." Mr. Beggs replied, "Yes, I did think strongly of you and the bank that very night, so much so I could not sleep. I was on my way to New York at the time." Mr. Shipley told him that he had appeared before me that night. The connection is this. Mr. Shipley is cashier of the David C. Beggs' Bank.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[The next case is premonitory and explains itself. Whether previous knowledge of these boys' habits may have

made it a chance coincidence or not cannot be determined.—  
J. H. H.]

Nov. 18th, 1907.

In a dream I saw Jean McPherson and she asked me if that was my little nephew that was burned. This woman 'phoned me before breakfast on this same morning asking about some paint. The boys are all right. My husband and Mrs. Mary A. Wright, Miss Wirth and Mrs. Bauer are witnesses.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

November 19th, 1907, relating to the dream concerning my little nephews, and of Miss Jean McPherson asking if that was my little nephew that was burned, I shall be glad to get the parties to verify my statement as I called up Mrs. Bauer by 'phone and the boy's aunt called me afterwards. The accident almost happened last Saturday afternoon while the boys were burning papers in my yard. I happened out and called to them in time.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Rodger and Harold Wirth was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date opposite our signatures.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Nov. 19th, 1907.

ANNA WIRTH, Nov. 15th, 19th, 1907.

[The following dream is apparently at least coincidental. The details that suggest it are somewhat confused, but two incidents that come so near being relevant evidentially may point to the facts as they occurred.—J. H. H.]

November 24, 1907.

This time I dreamed that my husband and myself were at Mrs. Shimp's home. She talked very freely and said when she left the body she got cold and could not talk. After that she said, "When I got out of the body I received such a shock it took me a while before I came to myself. The angel was there and took me across the water. I could see the water and angel as plain as she talked of it. Then I asked her, saying, Auntie Shimp, do people long for their friends to come? She said, yes they do; those that go early don't mind it so much; they get used to it; but those that have lived together for a long time are lonesome and long for their folks to come. Yes I am lonesome without Henry. I want him to come." After this we were standing in the kitchen. I stood back of her and my husband to one side,



Mr. Shimp in front of her. All of a sudden she cried out, "Henry!" The thought came to me like a flash that he had cut himself. I stepped to one side and saw that Mr. Shimp had a small cut on his lips; the side of his mouth.

I became anxious about him, as we had not seen him for two weeks, so my husband and myself went out in the evening and found him not at all well, his heart troubling him, and, too, on Saturday evening about 8 o'clock he had a tooth pulled, which made his mouth sore. So that must have been the cut, and wonder if Auntie Shimp was there when he had his tooth pulled. We all had to laugh when I told him about him cutting his lips. Mr. Ira Shimp, Mr. John Shimp and wife and Uncle Shimp and my husband were there when we had this talk. I told them that I had a nice chat with Auntie Shimp last night, but that was all. I knew it would not do to say any more before Mr. Shimp. I feel that all these dreams I have about them means that he is going to her; perhaps soon.

I also told this to Mrs. Wright this morning. She is much interested.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

Nov. 27, 1907.

Mr. Shimp is here with us. Before going out, I told him the whole dream and he is going to sign his name to this statement.

HENRY SHIMP.

[On the date of November 10th, 1908, Mrs. Shipley writes: "Looking over my records I find that in the dream I had on November 24th, 1907, concerning Mr. Shimp cutting himself, I find that I did not record my seeing the blood at the side of his mouth, which was the most impressive part of my dream. I am very sorry that I omitted this, because I have narrated this part of it to all to whom I have told the dream, and I cannot see how I missed putting the incident into the record. I should like to have this inserted as it is the most important part of the dream."—J. H. H.]

[The next dream is apparently telepathic, but is not corroborated. It shows the symbolic form which such things take, however, and hence the associative images which a message calls up.—J. H. H.]

November 25th, 1907.

This morning, November 25th, 1907, I dreamed that Mrs. Wright came in, saying, "I just got back from the cemetery. I was working on our lot and got tired and sat down on Allie's grave to rest." About a week ago I had a dream similar to this one. That time Mrs. Wright and myself were at the cemetery and she had dug some holes at the head of the graves, asking her what she did that for, she replied, "I want to plant some seeds there."

I have told both of these dreams to her and to my husband. She said this morning, after I told my dreams, that she had been thinking about going to the cemetery, but nothing about the digging. She, too, is going to keep a record of my dreams.

M. F. SHIPLEY.

[This dream is an apparent premonition, but as the subject of it finally recovered it has to be recorded as a failure to fulfill the natural interpretation of it. But it is interesting to remark that the circumstances made such an outcome a natural fear or expectation. Observing, however, the nature of many of Mrs. Shipley's premonitory dreams, with their subliminal interpretations and additions, we may regard it as a partial fulfillment of the dream.—J. H. H.] [Cf. p. 492.]

[Envelope postmarked, "Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 25, 11.30 P. M., 1908.—J. H. H.]

James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—I hasten to write you a dream I had the first week in December, 1907; Wednesday or Thursday of that week. This dream I did not make a record of and, therefore, I have not the exact date.

I can carry dreams mentally for years very accurately, but the date I cannot, unless I put them down the next morning, so this is one of those. This is very close. Wednesday or Thursday.

On this morning I dreamed that I was at Dr. J. K——'s home and, while there, I saw so many people! Most of them were strangers, and a dreadful commotion. I at first could not make out what it meant, and looked to the other side of the room and there I saw Doctor Smith all excited and much worried, and some other man running around. Both were in shirt sleeves. After seeing all this, I heard such beautiful singing. It was so "heavenly," my attention was drawn to where this singing came from. It was in another part of this same room and a piano



stood where the singers were. I can hear that beautiful singing right now, and with it I had that funeral feeling. I did not see any funeral, yet I was impressed with that kind of a feeling.

After I dreamed this I was on a street running east and west, in a house on the north side of the street. Standing in the door, I saw a woman running toward me, and she said, "I want Doctor Rodgers." I said, "Doctor Rodgers lives across the street." She went and I saw the Doctor come to the door, put his hand in his right pocket to give her something. The thought came to me that she was poor and wanted some money from him. The Doctor was tall and slender and of dark complexion; black mustache and a short beard. I told this to my husband in the morning and also Mrs. Mary A. Wright. I started to the phone and asked the Doctor if they were all right, and I came back, fearing he would think that I had had a bad dream. Called Mrs. Wallis to see if my description of Doctor Rodgers was correct. Mrs. Wright said he was living across the street from Mrs. Wallis and she could tell me. She is no believer in dreams and laughs about it. Said, "There is nothing in dreams," so I did not get any satisfaction out of her. A Mrs. Frank Gross told me that I described him perfectly. She has seen him; and, too, he lives on Second Avenue, a street running east and west.

Mrs. Doctor J. K.—— has been in the hospital since Christmas Eve and on Christmas morning a little daughter came to them. The mother has not been expected to live. Blood poisoning set in and she has been in a critical condition until the first of this week. She was much improved and brought to her home on Tuesday. I was there yesterday morning. The Doctor said she had to have two operations. They were going to have one to-day and another when she got stronger, so they felt hopeful.

I phoned the Doctor this A. M. It was 9 o'clock exactly. He was very cheerful and said, "We are going to operate at ten o'clock this morning." This was the husband, talking to me. While he seemed cheerful, I don't. Have a dreadful feeling hanging over me which I have not had all the time she was in the hospital, not expecting to live. Her life has been hanging in a balance till the last of last week. I had no more dreams or thinking that she would die, but to-day I feel much that way.

Mr. Shipley will be glad to verify this. Mrs. Wright is in Georgia, but she, too, will gladly verify this. We have talked of it a number of times before she went South. Shall not trouble her till she gets back, as she has records of some others I had; said she had stored them away for future reference. I thought, during this woman's illness, that I would not send this one; say nothing about it, because I had made no record of it. Now, I

don't know that this woman is going to die ; at the same time, I'm impressed that way. Will let you know how she gets along.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I very clearly recall Mrs. Shipley having reported the above recorded dream to me.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

[From what Mrs. Shipley states about the admission of Mrs. J. K—— to the hospital the reader might infer that Mrs. Shipley may have had knowledge previously that gave rise to the dream. It should be noticed, however, that Mrs. Shipley says that Mrs. K—— went to the hospital Christmas Eve, and her dream seems to have been on the 4th or 5th of December, nearly three weeks earlier. In answer to inquiries on this point Mrs. Shipley writes that "Mrs. J. K—— was not ill at the time of the dream. She is well now" (Oct. 20th, 1908). Whether knowledge of her expected confinement may have suggested the dream is not to be determined.

There is no relation between Dr. Rodgers and Mrs. J. K——. The dream about the former was a separate one. Apparently it was a clairvoyant dream.—J. H. H.] [Cf. p. 507.]

[Thinking that possibly Mrs. Shipley's previous knowledge of Mrs. K——'s condition might have created expectations that would give rise to the dream, I wrote to inquire and the following is Mrs. Shipley's reply:

"I knew she was pregnant. I met her, perhaps, two months previous to my dream. She said she was feeling very well. Evidently she did feel well because she was out shopping. I had no reason to fear that she would not get well. This was her first child."—J. H. H.]

[I omit at this point two dreams of the date of Dec. 21st because the party involved is still living. But the incident which has particular interest in it was the apparition of the person's deceased brother who Mrs. Shipley had never seen and of whose existence she seems to have been ignorant.



The interest which the dreams have on this account will be explained in Notes 6 and 7, p. 515.—J. H. H.]

[The following record was sent to me on January 25th, 1908, and was received by me the next day, Jan. 26th. The fulfilment of it was not known by Mrs. Shipley until June 16th afterward. On June 27th Mrs. Shipley wrote me the facts and enclosed the original letters which brought her the information.—J. H. H.]

Jan. 2nd, 1908.

This time in a dream Mr. Shipley and myself were in a large room like a church or school-room. Suddenly Mrs. Frank Lee spoke to me. She sat back of me. I did not know that she was there until she spoke. She was wondering if Mrs. Wright would want to give her some money to buy flowers. Some one had died. The thought came to me in this dream that she was going to buy these flowers for a man who had died but cannot say who the man was. She said, "I am going to buy some carnations." She left the room to get the flowers.

Have written these dreams to Mrs. Mary A. Wright, who is spending the winter in Ga. Mrs. Lee has gone to Tennessee to stay two years.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Frank Lee was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

ALEX A. SHIPLEY, Jan. 12th, 1908.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Jan. 26th, 1908.

[The following is the letter which Mrs. Shipley wrote to her friend, Mrs. Lee, who signed it and returned the same to Mrs. Shipley acknowledging receipt of same and its record.—J. H. H.]

January 2, 1908.

This time in a dream, Mr. Shipley and myself were in a large room which looked like a church or school room. Suddenly Mrs. Frank Lee spoke to me. She sat back of me. I did not know that she was there until she spoke. She was wondering if Mrs. Wright would want to give her some money to buy flowers. Some one died. She did not say, but the thought came to me, in this dream, that she was going to buy these flowers for a man

who had died. Cannot say who this man was. She said, "I am going to buy some carnations." She left the room to get the flowers.

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Wright and myself was reported to me by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite my signature.

MRS. FRANK LEE, Grandview, Tenn., Jan. 11, 1908.

P. S.—I had written this dream to Mrs. Frank Lee. She has signed and sent it back.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[The following is the letter which Mrs. Shipley wrote me enclosing Mrs. Lee's reply to the above. Mrs. Lee's letter then follows it immediately.—J. H. H.]

Columbus, O., June 27th, 1908.

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York,

Dear Sir:—The dream I had January 2, 1908, concerning Mrs. Frank Lee, of Grandview, Tenn., has been fulfilled. I knew nothing of this till just recently. Miss Skeels, a sister of Mrs. Lee, came to Columbus on a visit and spoke of it. I wrote to Mrs. Lee for information concerning the death. She was not able to give me the exact date but asked me to write to this "man's" daughter, which I did. I shall send both letters to you.

The daughter seems to think my dream had no connection with her father's death, as he died on January 13th, 1908. Evidently, she thinks, I ought to have had the dream on the same date of her father's death, but Mrs. Lee explains it satisfactorily.

Mrs. Lee speaks of having written to Mrs. Wright concerning this death, which is another fulfillment of the dream I had on March 9th, 1908. In this dream Mrs. Wright came into our room and put something in a chair. I noticed it was a letter. She was trying to tell me something Mrs. Lee had written to her. Perhaps this was the letter telling Mrs. Wright about the death of this "man." Mrs. Lee knew nothing of this death till some time after it occurred, so her letter to Mrs. Wright would bring it close to March. Mrs. Wright did not keep Mrs. Lee's letters, so we were unable to get the exact date but said Mrs. Lee had written her the news.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

Grandview, Tenn., June 16th, 1908.

My dear Mrs. Shipley:—I intended to write you last winter concerning the death of Mr. Watt, but, busied about other things, neglected to do so.



I think his death took place within about two weeks after I received your letter—the one in which you recounted your dream, and sent me the blank to sign. I do not remember the exact date, but a return postal, sent to his daughter, Mrs. Laura Watt Lind, Central College—or No. Westerville, R. F. D. No. —, I forget the number, but the R. F. D. will take it all right—a card to her will get you the date of his death more quickly than I could do it.

You certainly had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Watt, and could have had no knowledge of his illness. He was an old, old friend of Mrs. Wright's and mine; very much esteemed by us both. She was in Atlanta and I here; we could, therefore, have made no arrangements concerning flowers or attendance at his funeral; in fact, did not learn of his death until some time after it had taken place. I wrote the news to Mrs. Wright.

I am very glad to have this opportunity of verifying in a measure your dream prophecy, for the work of the Society of Psychical Research greatly interests me. If you have their address, and know which number of their magazine contains the account of the unmasking of some fraudulent "mediums" somewhere in the state of New York by one of Professor Hyslop's assistants, I would be glad if you would send it to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sincerely yours,  
MARY S. LEE.

[The dream about Mrs. Henry Shimp as still interested in the health of Mrs. Shipley is an interesting psychological phenomenon without being evidence of the source which it purports to have. Its apparent character is evident.—J. H. H.]

[For later incidents showing the fulfilment of the main feature of this dream see note below.—J. H. H.]

January 13th, 1908.

At 6.30 A. M. Mrs. Henry Shimp came to my bed and said, "If you don't look out, you will have kidney trouble." She said this with much emphasis. I replied, "How do you know?" She said, "Look at those bags under your eyes," and she was gone. Was sorry to see her vanish. This dear woman has done much for me in the short time I knew her. She was an old nurse and was watchful concerning my health and to me it seems, that she still is doing the same as when in the body.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dream relating to Mrs. Henry Shimp was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

ELIZABETH BRINDLE, Jan. 13, 1908.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Jan. 13, 1908.

[The account of this dream was mailed to me on January 25th, 1908, and received the next day. In a letter of October 27th, 1908, and received by me on October 29th, Mrs. Shipley says: "The dream of last January, where Mrs. Shimp came to my bed and said that I would have kidney trouble has proved to be true in the last three weeks."—J. H. H.]

[In a later letter replying to further inquiries on November 9th, 1908, Mrs. Shipley writes, apropos of possible knowledge which might lead her to fear kidney trouble, as follows:

"I had not reason to suspect kidney trouble and knew nothing of it until about a month ago, when I learned that I had a case of diabetes. It is not hereditary. I simply consider it a warning. Mrs. Shimp knew I was not strong and for that reason she took a great interest in me. Had she said, 'heart trouble' I should not have given it so much thought, because she knew I had a weak heart."—J. H. H.]

[The next incident is an apparent case of thought transference from the mind of Mr. Shipley to Mrs. Shipley.—J. H. H.]

January 13th, 1908.

I was lying on the couch to take a rest. Mr. Shipley was in the office, standing by the desk, looking for something on the top of this desk. I knew he was hunting something, so I closed my eyes to try and see if I could get his thoughts. Tried about four minutes and a number of fine white lines appeared before me, and formed themselves into basket shape. I held it a few minutes and gave up, thinking I was on the wrong track, but, before I opened my eyes I asked Mr. Shipley, "Are you looking for something that has fine, white-looking lines, shape of a basket?" He said, "I am looking for a letter in a wire basket."

I did this to test myself. Not that I expected to send this to the society. Have tried this before, proved successful, have no date for those, as I made no note of them.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.



[In the next dream there is nothing to assure us whether it could be classified as telepathic or clairvoyant. The record of it was not dated. But the incident is confirmed by the subject of the dream. In a later letter Mr. Caylor makes a direct reference to me and promises to write me, but neglected to do so. The postmark on the letter sent me by Mrs. Shipley makes this unnecessary. But the incident had several factors in it that make it hard to account for the coincidence by chance.—J. H. H.]

[Received January 16, 1908.—J. H. H.] [Not dated.]

In this dream I wandered about in the country; a place I had never been. Came to a road leading north and south. On the east side of this road stood a horse and buggy. The horse was facing the "south." The horse started to run and I saw Mr. Chauncy L. Caylor holding both lines, trying to stop the animal. The horse got very much excited. I saw it kick Mr. Caylor, the horse and a part of the buggy going down the road just as fast as they could go, till they came to a corner, and I saw the horse turn east, and Mr. Caylor still hanging on, trying hard to stop it.

After this, I noticed a telegraph pole at the same place, where I first saw the horse and buggy. It was impressed upon me, and I stood looking at it, wondering what it had to do with this runaway.

When I told this dream to Mr. Caylor, I asked him what this pole had to do with it and he said that he had tied the horse to it, but it tore loose and ran off.

Had this dream as much as five years ago. Have no data, but will write to Mr. Caylor and he will be glad to aid us, if he has the date. Dreamed this on a Tuesday morning and told my husband about it at the table. The following Sunday afternoon Mr. Caylor came to our home, started to tell about it and I stopped him and said, "Mr. Caylor, let me tell you a dream I had about you last Tuesday morning." When I got through he said, "Mrs. Shipley, that is just as accurate as tho you had been there and seen the whole trouble. That is the most wonderful thing I have heard." He said this happened about 11 A. M. that same Tuesday morning. We did not know that Mr. Caylor was out of the city. He was out in the country selling pictures, but do not remember the place.

Mr. Caylor is living in Atlanta, Ga., and I shall write. Perhaps he has the date to confirm my statement.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I very clearly recall the above recorded dream and also heard Mr. Caylor verify the facts in my own library Sunday afternoon.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

Atlanta, Georgia, 135 Spring Street.  
Prof. James Hyslop, New York.

Dear Sir:—I have a letter from Mrs. Marie Shipley, asking me to confirm to you a dream which she related to you as having had concerning a runaway accident I once had. This I take pleasure in doing.

In general, her dream was a true one and in so many of the particulars, also, as to be surprising. I had hitched the horse to a telegraph or telephone pole on a cross-road, north and south, east and west. I saw the horse become frightened and tried to hold it—to no purpose. I did not remember the horse kicking, but tore away, catching the buggy on this pole and thus tearing almost wholly from the buggy and seemed to drag the harness behind, though I let go, myself. Somehow, too quickly to know how, my ankle was hurt. I thought, probably, the horse had stepped upon it at the time. The horse went on, turned to the east, going for a half mile; then turned south; then, east again. As to the runaway accident having occurred, as to the road north and south, as to the pole, as to tearing away from most of the buggy, as to turning east and as to my ankle being hurt, all these occurrences were true and a source of wonder to me and I could explain it only on the ground that some rare minds are gifted and developed in this way in an unusual and sensitive way.

Yours very truly,

C. L. CAYLOR.

[Postmarked "Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 27, 10.30 P. M., 1908.]

[The following coincidence with the contents of Mrs. Wright's letter belongs either to the telepathic type or to that which has not yet been named, the anticipation of letters and their contents before their arrival. The evidence does not enable us to decide to which it belongs.—J. H. H.]

January 20th, 1908.

Awoke at 6.30 A. M. Did not sleep again till most seven o'clock. Dropped off just long enough to read, in a dream, a portion of Mrs. Wright's letter, which was on the way to Columbus. On the inner page of this letter, I read where Mrs. Wright said something about real estate; the two words "Mr. Loren" were just as plain in my dream as they were in the letter. Sorry I did



not sleep on, as I should have liked to have finished reading the letter. It was seven when I awoke this time.

Close to 9.30 A. M. the postman brought me this very letter. The contents of the letter were just as I had read them in the dream. "Yes," she said, "I have been thinking of coming home on account of Alvin Wood's illness. Have not been thinking about real estate since I came. Perhaps Mr. Loren is negotiating for some land for me at Chaseland. I enjoyed your long letter and have stored both of them away for future reference."

The dream on December 29th, about her coming home. I had written this one to her, asking if she had been thinking about coming home, so this was the answer to my letter. Told this dream to my husband as soon as I awoke and was surprised to get the letter so soon. This letter at this time in the morning was gotten ready by the carrier, very likely.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded record relating to Mrs. Mary A. Wright was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

JACOB L. LUSCH, Carrier 69, Sta. A, Jan. 20.

NELLIE H. DUNLAP, Jan. 22.

ELIZABETH BRINDLE, Jan. 22.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Jan. 22.

[There is some discrepancy in this instance. The record of the dream is for January 20th, and witnessed by the letter carrier for January 20th. The letter which was written by Mrs. Wright and to which reference is made in the dream was postmarked, "Decatur, Ga., Jan. 17, 3 P. M., 1908." This place is at least five hundred miles from Columbus, Ohio, by any way that the letter would come. It should have arrived on January 19th, and Mrs. Shipley thinks it must have done so, unless delayed. If she had seen the letter before the dream it is apparent what the explanation of the coincidence is. The internal evidence points to Mrs. Shipley's not having seen the letter until after the dream. The external evidence that it was otherwise is not decisive, with a possibility that the letter was delayed. But there is no external evidence for this being a fact.

The relevant passages in Mrs. Wright's letter which has been sent to me are as follows: "I have been thinking, on

account of Alvin Wood's condition that I had best come home," and "There has been no transfer of real estate, nor thoughts of any since I came, unless Mr. Loren is negotiating for some in Chaseland for me."

The correspondence is apparent between the dream and the contents of the letter, but the circumstances do not make it clear that the dream occurred before the letter was read.

The one circumstance of interest is the letter carrier's signature. If he signed the record on date of delivering the letter it was after the occurrence of the dream, and the case is protected. If he signed it the next day the letter had been read before the dream and it is remarkable that Mrs. Shipley did not remember that fact and that the letter had been delivered before the dream. It is at least reasonable to suppose that Mrs. Shipley would not ask the letter carrier to witness the incident until she had discovered the coincidence between the dream and the contents of the letter, and this might have been on the same day or the next day after the delivery. If she made a mistake in the date of the record the incident is protected.—J. H. H.] [Cf. Mrs. Shipley's letter below.]

[On date of November 9th, 1908, Mrs. Shipley writes me in regard to the chronology of this incident the following, which somewhat clears up the matter:

"I feel sure that January 19th, 1908, is correct, not the 20th. Mrs. Wright said she did not always mail the letter on the date of writing it. The postmark ought to tell when the letter left Decatur. One train leaves Decatur at 9 A. M., and one at 3 P. M., she thinks another at 8 P. M. Her letters from Georgia always arrived at Columbus in the morning. She wrote the letter on the 17th. Does the postmark say Columbus the 18th? Mrs. Wright did not come home on the 18th. She did not get back until April or the last of March. I want you to do what you think best in this matter. Of course, I am positive that I had the dream on the same morning as that on which I received the letter."

In regard to Mrs. Shipley's question whether the postmark is not "Columbus the 18th" I can only say that un-



fortunately the government does not any longer mark the receipt of letters at place of their arrival, except in certain special letters. There was no Columbus postmark on this letter. It will be seen that, if Mrs. Wright held the letter awhile before mailing it, the postmark shows it was mailed on the 17th and, according to the usual transmission of the mail, should have been in Columbus on the 18th.

The reader, however, should examine the next letter of Mrs. Shipley to Mrs. Wright and the note which I have appended.—J. H. H.]

[Letter of Mrs. Marie F. Shipley to Mrs. Mary A. Wright, postmarked "Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 8, 11 A. M., 1908."]

\* \* \* Mrs. Wallis was here about 5 P. M. and from here she went to see Mrs. Howard and then she was going to church. The S. S. was giving something and she expected to meet her husband at the church. Told her a dream I had about you on last Sunday morning, December 29th. Saw you writing something with pen and ink; saw some of the letters, but I did not try to read it. After that, you were here in our house and said you were going back again. You had to come home for something. Also said something about real estate transfer. Is there anything in this? Had you been thinking about coming home? Dreamed of you on December 30th. Do not recall that, but I saw that you dated your letter to us on that date. You must have been thinking of us at least.

January 2d, 1908. Dreamed Harry and myself were in a large room which looked like a church or school room. While there, Mrs. Lee sat back of me. I did not know that until she asked me something about you. She said, "I wonder if Mrs. Wright is going to give me some money to buy flowers. She had expected to do so." Then she said, "I am going to buy some carnations." She got up and walked out of the room. We started after her, but she was gone. Someone had died, but I could not say who. Perhaps there is nothing in any of this. Wish you would keep this and my last letter about Miss P——; perhaps, sometime, I might have use for it.

Called on Miss P—— last Saturday, but she was out. Her mother had me stay with her a little while. As I got up to leave she insisted that I should come through the parlor. When I got to the door, there hung the picture of that young man. You have no idea what a queer feeling came over me. Had not expected to say a word, but that face I could not help from mentioning

my dream, but was very careful not to tell the sad part of it. She seemed much pleased and had me sit down again. She said my description of her son was accurate. She thought it strange that I should dream of him when I never knew him. She was telling of some man that had brought them some news from her son. He had come to someone in a meeting and said to this man that he should go and tell his mother and Adda that he was all right. She said, "It was all the son I had, and I was much wrapped up in him, though I believe he is with us all the time."

Mrs. Wright, I want to thank you for the information you gave me. The mother's own statement and the picture have fully confirmed me as to the dead coming to me. Mr. Lewis had gone over my records and said they were beyond him; that I was in communication with the dead. The dead knew me, because they were around. The living did not know me. Now, he wants me to try and see if I can have communication with the living. He will help me if I am willing to try it. \* \* \*

With much love to all,

HARRY AND MARIE SHIPLEY.

[I have included this letter of Mrs. Shipley to Mrs. Wright because it is a duplicate and contemporary record of several incidents. The interesting feature of it is that it shows a record of some incidents in the dream of January 20th, as recorded,\* and to which Mrs. Wright's letter of January 17th seems to have been a reply. This letter to Mrs. Wright mentions a dream of December 29th which is not in this report and was not sent to me. It makes the dream of January 20th a repetition of some incidents, so that there is an apparent supernormal coincidence between the dream of December 29th with this letter to Mrs. Wright and the reply of Mrs. Wright to Mrs. Shipley, and perhaps tends to strengthen the possibility that the coincidence in the dream of January 20th and the receipt of Mrs. Wright's letter is secure against the objections apparent.

The incident referred to for January 2nd will be explained on page 527, and the reference to Miss P—— on pages 515-519.—J. H. H.]

[The next incident is a coincidence. There is no evidence of supernormal phenomena in it. It is, however, one of those very frequent experiences of correspondents whose letters,



often on the same subject, cross each other in the mail. Mrs. Shipley's previous knowledge of the man's illness prevents our regarding the case as evidential, and it would not prove anything, if it were exempt from this limitation.—J. H. H.]

January 20th, 1908.

At 8 P. M. I wrote a letter to Mr. Henry Shimp, who is visiting in Sunbury, Ohio. He has been very ill and we did not think that he was able, or ever would be able, to write again. We received a letter from him on the 21st, about 9.30 A. M. I see that he has dated his letter, also, on the 20th. The contents of his letter was much of an answer to my letter. I asked him to have Ira write us and let us know. Mr. Shimp said in his letter, "Ira is coming home and he is going to tell you all about my being sick." I also spoke of a niece. He spoke of her, too.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded incidents relating to Mr. Henry Shimp were reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

NELLIE H. DUNLAP, Jan. 22.

ELIZABETH BRINDLE, Jan. 22.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Jan. 22.

[The dream about Alvin Wood again has less evidential importance this time than before. Mrs. Shipley, it seems, was aware of his illness at this time.—J. H. H.]

January 22d, 1908.

Dreamed that Mrs. Frank Lee was here in my sitting room sitting by a stand. My husband and myself were in the room with her. She handed me a bunch of red berries with a long narrow-shaped leaf, silvery in color. The berries were rather light red. There was a funeral connected with this some way, but I did not get it clear.

After this, Mrs. Wright came in, and some younger women came in with her. I asked her, "How is the sick boy?" She replied, "He is just the same as he has been," and she looked so sad, and went upstairs.

After this I saw Alvin Wood lying on his back, but all dressed up in uniform, and his gold medal pinned on his coat. The white trousers and blue coat and the medal were impressed upon me. I stood looking at him. The thought came to me, Are they going to bury him in his uniform? That was the last of it.

The sick boy is Alvin Wood, a brother to Guy Wood, the one

that was sick with typhoid fever last August. You have the record of where I had a dream about this boy the very night that they did not expect him to live till morning. Guy is well, but Alvin took down with typhoid fever before Guy was strong enough to be out, sometime in October, 1907. This Alvin has been in a very critical condition all of this time. Have heard nothing from anyone how he is except Mrs. Wright. She spoke of it in her letter. Said that was why she had been thinking about coming home on account of Alvin's long illness.

After this long illness, I have wondered why I did not dream about him, while Mrs. Wright was home. I heard every day. She was very much worried. So this is the only dream I had concerning him. Am in hopes that I shall get this to you before something might happen.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded record relating to Mrs. Frank Lee, Mrs. Mary A. Wright and Alvin Wood, was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

ELIZABETH BRINDLE, Jan. 22.

NELLIE H. DUNLAP, Jan. 22.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Jan. 22.

The above is certainly very surprising, altho' very true.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

[On date of Nov. 9th, 1908, Mrs. Shipley writes: "Alvin Wood was not buried in his uniform. I cannot explain why I saw him laid out in his uniform, unless it is due to the last impression I had of him. The last time I saw Alvin he was dressed in his uniform standing in our sitting room door. He had won the gold medal that day at the University. His mother was with him at the time."—J. H. H.] [See letters of Feb. 4, 1908, and March 16th, 1908, p. 527.]

[The following experience, not a dream, but an apparition or vision, has some interest, because Mrs. Shipley interprets it in her record, made at the time, as perhaps indicating the coming of a letter. On January 26th she wrote Mr. Caylor telling of the experience and on January 29th received from him a letter dated January 26th, Atlanta, Ga., and postmarked "Atlanta, Jan. 27th, 10.30 P. M., 1908." Its arrival in Colum-



bus, Ohio, is indicated by the postmark, "Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 29th, 4.30 A. M., 1908." Mrs. Shipley's letter of January 26th remains unanswered at this date (October 22nd, 1908), showing that correspondence is not frequent.—J. H. H.]

January 25th, 1908.

About 11 P. M., shortly after I retired, Mr. Chauncy L. Caylor came in front of me, with his usual smile, holding some paper or a letter in his hands. He wore a dark suit but a light brownish overcoat, unbuttoned. I wrote to him the time I sent you the record concerning the dream I had about him. Have heard nothing from him and have not thought of him for a week, so I thought perhaps he was writing or mailing me a letter about that. Wrote to him this morning to see if there is anything in this.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded record relating to Chauncy L. Caylor was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

GERTRUDE RILEY, Jan. 27, 1908.

MRS. H. C. BYBEE, Jan. 26, 1908.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Jan. 25, 1908.

P. S.—In the first place, I forgot to date my last letter to you. Was much rushed to get it ready. It was January 25th, 1908. Mr. Shipley addressed it, I think, to the wrong street number. You will receive it all right, anyway.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[The letter whose date of writing Mrs. Shipley here gives was addressed to me at "153 West 59th St.," being an entirely wrong address.—J. H. H.]

[The next dream is spiritistic in its form. There is no proof of the supernormal and no coincidences to mark. It cannot be distinguished from ordinary dreams in respect of evidence.—J. H. H.]

February 3d, 1908.

Dreamed that I went to Mama Shipley's. As I stepped in the room, Auntie Jones said "Marie, I came here one other time when you were here. I stood in the door and wanted to talk to you. You looked right at me and did not see me." I was so delighted to see her and walked right up to her, sat down, and said,

"Auntie Jones, you are really living?" "Oh, yes, yes, I am living. We all live." After this I saw many other faces whom I thought were out of the body and walking a short distance. I saw two young women. These two were still in the body. I clapped my hands for joy, saying, "Girls, the life beyond has been thoroughly proven to me and I am so happy. Just then a great sea appeared. I never saw anything so beautiful. It made me dizzy. I said, 'I better go and see if Auntie Jones is still sitting in her chair.' I found her in the same chair and asked her if she would try and come again and talk to me. The reply came, 'Yes. I'm going to try. I have tried a good many times to talk to you, but I'm always interfered with.' She vanished from me. I awoke and it was 2 A. M. This made me so happy I woke my husband and was unable to sleep again for a long time. This dream made a strong impression on me.

This Auntie was a Great Aunt of my husband; a handsome old lady. She was very fond of me and she knew that I believed in the dead coming back if they cared to, but she believed otherwise. She passed out of the body four or five years ago, on a very cold day.

About 2 A. M., and repeated at the breakfast table.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above record relating to Mrs. Jones, was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. CHARLES ECKERT, Feb. 3, 1908.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Feb. 3, 1908.

[The following dream is probably a suggestion from some concern about Mrs. Wright, who had written on January 17th from Georgia, showing that she had worried on account of the dangerous illness of Alvin Wood and her inclination to be at home to help the family. A letter of March 9th does not hint at any illness, tho, in the meantime, he had died.—J. H. H.]

Feb. 3d, 1908.

Dreamed that Mrs. Wright was very ill. She looked so badly. Perhaps this death has made her sick. She has worried about being away from home at this time. She was anxious to have me dream about Alvin before she left. If I had had this dream before she went, she would not have gone South.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.



February 4th, 1908.

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York.

Dear Sir:—Alvin Wood has gone to his new home. He left us on Feb. [Jan.] 29th, buried on the 31st of Feb., [Jan.] just one week to the very morning of my dream. He was not buried in his uniform. Do not know why that uniform and gold medal was impressed upon my mind. Perhaps his folks had been thinking of doing that. I have no way of finding out. Later on, I might.

Will send you the clipping of the *Dispatch*, which gives the notice of his death. This paper is mistaken about the time when the boy took ill. It was some time in October.

January 2d. This dream about Mrs. Frank Lee wanting to buy flowers must mean this Alvin Wood. Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Wright are great friends of the Wood family. I tried to see if they had sent flowers, but was unable to find out, because every place was covered, even the floor. We could hardly get to the casket. Will find out if Mrs. Lee sent flowers. She said she would look forward to see what my dream would signify.

Mrs. Doctor K— was much better but had a relapse and was thought to be dying last Saturday, Feb. 1st. Her eyes were set and she was gradually sinking. Phoned today and she is better. Has been in this critical condition since Christmas. Now they seemed to be very hopeful.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

Columbus, Ohio, March 16th, 1908.

Professor James H. Hyslop, New York.

Dear Sir:—Thanks to you for calling my attention to the mistake I made concerning the date of "Alvin Wood's death." Alvin Wood died January 29th, 1908. My record will show that I had the dream concerning "Alvin" January 22d, 1908, just one week, to the day, of his death. The paper clipping announcing his death I cut from the Columbus Evening Dispatch, Wednesday, January 29th, 1908. Have tried to get a "Dispatch" of that date and send it to you, but was unable to get it at the office. Have tried other places, but all in vain.

Thank you for the appreciation concerning my records. Shall do what I can to aid this work. \* \* \* \* \* People live in a universe full of "laws" and do not even try to look into them. I do not understand how they can live in such a world and not be interested in them.

Respectfully,  
MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

[The following three dreams have no coincidental interest except the possible one of the crossing letters. The one

about Mrs. Wright's illness repeats this feature of an earlier one. The striking incident is the evidence of the short time in which much material can be crowded into a dream.—J. H. H.]

March 9th, 1908.

During this night I saw Mrs. Wright coming into our sitting room with papers in her hands. She put them down on a chair and went out. I noticed it was a letter, saw the writing, but did not try to read it. She soon came back, sat down and was trying to tell me something that Mrs. Frank Lee had written to her, so this letter must have been from Mrs. Frank Lee. Mrs. Mary Wright looked badly. Do not know that she will tell me anything relating to this. Will watch and see if she does.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

March 10, 1908.

During this night I dreamed again of Mrs. Wright. Heard her say something. Going to her, I found her sitting on a steps somewhere. I asked if she was sick. The reply came, "I often say that since my husband died," and walked away. I found her spitting blood. Asking if she had the toothache, she said, "I have a pain there."

During this time, I wandered about and found myself in a house with low ceiling and noticed a death in this home, but was unable to realize where I was. A young woman sat there with light hair; I talked to her and thought it was Miss . . . . ., but am not sure. Their home has no low ceiling, as I remember. Perhaps I may get this straightened out sometime.

I awoke at 6.25 this A. M. Dozed off again and this time dreamed I was at Buena Vista, Pa., at the home of my Auntie's, Mrs. Heisterman, who died last November. I was getting ready for a funeral, changing my red skirt to a black one. Auntie and her son Ed. came to the door. I told them what I was doing. They went downstairs. After this, I was somewhere on a street and met the two sisters next door to me and said I must go back and get my belt. I started and when I came near the place, I saw two women dressed in black, who had come to attend the funeral, standing near the back door and Ed. Heisterman sitting there waiting, I thought, for the service to start. He had some letters ready to mail and I saw Auntie there again and, too, the front yard was full of men and women who had come to attend the funeral.

I again awoke and it was just 6.28 A. M. Just think what we can see in a few minutes!

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.



March 11, 1908.

[I was at this Auntie's home again and she was alone. I had a long visit with her. She seemed as natural as ever. I feel sure something is going to come of this. The folks there are all well. Heard from them two weeks ago.]

I again dreamed of Mrs. Mary Wright this morning. She is looking badly every time and seems to be in a weakened condition.

Received a letter from her this morning, saying she will be home the last of this month. She dated the letter March 9th, 1908. That was the date of my first dream, so I must have been on her mind.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded dreams relating to Mrs. Mary Wright and Mrs. and Ed. Heisterman were reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. CHARLES ECKERT, March 10, 1908.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, March 10, 1908.

[The following dream is a curious premonitory one for the triviality of the incident involved. The two incidents of reference to a lady and writing on the knee would make an extraordinary chance coincidence, and certainly do not superficially seem to indicate such.—J. H. H.]

Prof. James Hyslop, New York,

Dear Sir:—August 9th, 1908, in a dream, Mr. Truax, a young man of this city, appeared before me, holding a slip of paper on his knee, and asked me to read it. I looked at it and saw that it was written with lead pencil, but I did not try to read it. He then spoke of some lady and again pointed to this paper on his knee and asked if I had given him something. I thought it was money. My reply was, "Yes." He then replied, "Anything you say is all right." The thought came to me, it is time to get something to eat. I started to get supper and my dream ended.

I reported this to Mr. Shipley the next morning, but thought nothing would come of it and did not expect to make a record of it, so I did not relate this to anyone but Mr. Shipley on the same date.

August 10th we attended a funeral and on our way home, Mr. Truax got on the same street car that we were on. He spoke, but did not sit with us. We stopped to see a sick friend, but Mr. Truax went on. We had no conversation with each other that day.

We got home about 6.30 and were surprised to find a slip of paper lying on a stand. I took it and handed it to Mr. Shipley to read. We were more surprised to find that Mr. Truax had been here and written this note.

Mrs. Mary A. Wright was home and he handed her the note and, too, she said that Mr. Truax wrote it "on his knee." I related my dream to her before I knew that he had written it "on his knee." Mr. Shipley laughed about it and asked Mrs. Wright if Mr. Truax wrote it "on his knee." She said, "Yes, he did. I thought of it while she was telling the dream." I was trying hard to impress upon Mrs. Wright that Mr. Truax had the note "on his knee."

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above reported record was related to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, August 10, 1908.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, August 9, 1908.

[The following is the content of the card to which allusion is made in the record. It indicates very clearly that it is about a lady.—J. H. H.]

Mrs. H. H. S.:—I have just talked to Mrs. Talbot on McMillin Ave. All she needs is one boost from you and she is going to talk to you in a few days regarding this matter. I will greatly appreciate your assistance.

Very truly,  
PERRY TRUAX.

[The following is perhaps a vision of apparition appearing under conditions resembling hypnogogic illusions. The conditions under which it occurred are not the important circumstance, but the coincidence involved.—J. H. H.]

[Postmarked "Columbus, Ohio, September 25, 9.30 P. M., 1908," and received in New York City September 30th, 1908.—J. H. H.]

September 10, 1908.

At 3 A. M. I rose to get a drink and, as I started across the room, Miss Lydie Ferree appeared before me with both arms crossed in front of her, hanging down, and a white robe drawn closely about her. I stepped back and sat down, but kept my



eyes closely on the form and she kept her eyes fixed on me and seemed to make sure that I should see her. I could tell by her expression that she was satisfied and knew that I saw her; then, she stepped to one side, looking down at something; then, again to me, and I saw the form of a man with a white straw hat and a black band. I did not see his face as the hat was tilted to right side, but saw his shoulders very plainly. Just then another man appeared facing this one. He held the back of his head with the left hand and Miss Ferree slowly disappeared. This was a beautiful sight to me.

This woman has been ill since early spring. Took down with typhoid fever. Her lungs became weakened and she died September 10th, about 3 or 4 P. M. I don't know why this woman should have come to me before she passed out of the body. She had the appearance of one out of the body and still looked very natural. She has come to me twice since she has left the body and looks just as she did when she was with us. I had reported this to Mrs. Eckert and Mrs. Bybee and Mr. Shipley on the same day, before she left the body.

I did not expect to send this but I am making a record of it for myself and decided to send you a copy and see if you can give me any light as to my seeing her before death.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

Sept. 10, 1908. Certified correct.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

This verifies that Mrs. Marie F. Shipley related to me the apparition concerning Miss Lydia Ferree on September 10th, 1908.

MRS. H. C. BYBEE, Sept. 10th,

MRS. CHARLEY ECKERT, Sept. 10th.

[It will be noticed that the dream or vision in this case preceded the death by about twelve hours. The relevance of it and the mental associations connected with it are explained in the following reply to my inquiries:

"I met Miss Ferree about April or May, 1907, and knew her mostly in some business relations. She was Mr. Shipley's clerk while at the David C. Beggs bank, and I often met her there. She knew I had dreams and we often talked of them. She was not a relative of mine and lived about six squares from our home.

I have called on her only twice, once in August and the

second time on September 7th last. She knew me and I said I would come and see her again when she could talk to me.

I learned since her death that she suffered a great deal gasping for breath about the time in the morning that I had my dream. I, therefore, believe she was dying then."—J. H. H.]

[The following dream in respect of its apparently forecasting a death might be due to expectancy, but there are circumstances which indicate other coincidences and make it a most interesting one.—J. H. H.]

[Postmarked "Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 25, 9.30 P. M., 1908," and received September 30th, 1908, in New York City.—J. H. H.]

September 25th, 1908.

On this date, about 4 A. M., I dreamed that I attended the funeral of Mrs. Frank Wallis, living at 100 West Second Avenue. The funeral was at church. A large number of people attended. I saw Mrs. Wallis lying in her casket, her head resting to the right. She wore a black dress.

A woman sitting in front of me, with a little girl, got up and looked at Mrs. Wallis and went out, leaving the child. I decided the girl did not belong to this woman.

As the funeral procession was going down the street a rain came up and I saw the casket was still uncovered; saw Mrs. Wallis lying in it just as plain as I did at first, and I wondered if Mr. Wallis did not realize it was raining and, too, I thought how late it would be; most dark before they would reach the cemetery. After this I wandered off on other things. All I remember of this is that I went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Eckert and told them that Mrs. Wallis was dead.

My record will show that on January 25th, 1907, I dreamed that Mrs. Wallis or Mrs. Eckert had died. I was unable to tell which one. In this dream [Jan. 25th, 1908] I saw Mrs. Eckert but not Mrs. Wallis.

Mrs. Wallis has been ill for about a month. Two weeks ago she was not expected to live. Since then she has improved nicely. The last I heard, she was doing all right and we hope she may recover soon.

Respectfully,  
MARIE F. SHIPLEY.



We, the undersigned, hereby certify that the above recorded record relating to Mrs. Wallis was reported to us by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on the same date set opposite our signatures.

MRS. MARY A. WRIGHT, Sept. 25, 1908.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY, Sept. 25, 1908.

[The dream to which Mrs. Shipley refers as having taken place on Jan. 25th, 1907, was sent to me on July 26th, 1907, with some other records, and is as follows:

"I had a dream on January 25th, 1907, similar to that of July 26th about Mrs. Eckert (p. 492). I could not tell whether the dream meant Mrs. Eckert or Mrs. Wallis, they were so closely related. I saw Mrs. Eckert in this dream, but not Mrs. Wallis. Mrs. Wallis had been very ill, but was much better when I had the dream. Mrs. Eckert took ill about three days after I had the dream. She was quite ill for some time, but is herself again.

"I wrote this dream out, dated it, and told my husband. I did not think best to say anything about it, as I did not know which party it meant, perhaps neither one."—J. H. H.]

[The following letter, with its date, indicates the fulfillment of the dream about Mrs. Wallis, whatever estimate we attach to the coincidence. Mrs. Wallis died on the morning of Oct. 27th, according to the statement of the paper sent me.—J. H. H.]

Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 30th, 1908.

Professor James H. Hyslop,

Dear Sir:—I am sending you the clipping of the death notice of Mrs. Wallis. The color of her dress was "white" and "lavender," not "black," and the casket a little "gray." The funeral services were held at the church, which was a surprise to me, as I did not expect her to be taken to the church. They found that the house would not accommodate all her friends, and hence she was buried from the church.

Mr. Wallis sat just as I saw him, and also a little girl or young child, perhaps ten years old, sat in an end seat, not in front of me, but in three seats in front of me to the right. She sat with a lady and they were no doubt relatives. She was the only "young" girl there. We took special notice of this.

It was dark when they returned from the cemetery. It did not rain, but we had a fine mist on the morning she passed out,

of which I made a record. There are a few points in my dream: first the death, second the funeral at the church, next the seeing Mr. Wallis as I did, and the girl, she being also the only one in the church, and also the fact that it was dark before they got back from the cemetery.

Mr. Shipley attended the funeral service and can verify the correctness of this statement.

Respectfully,

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

I certify that the above statement is true.

HARRY H. SHIPLEY.

The following three dreams can be classified probably as telepathic, tho only by sufferance and with some hesitation. One of them may be clairvoyant, if we assign it coincidental value at all. All of them involve what Mrs. Lewis knew, but the time of the dream would probably take them out of a coincidental relation to the actual thoughts of Mrs. Lewis. The contents, however, give them a coincidental character and that is all we require to consider them as of psychic interest. The instance of the decorated house or walls may be one of chance coincidence. The other two do not appear to be so easily resolved. The facts are trivial, but perhaps all the more striking on that account.—J. H. H.]

Next about Mrs. Lewis and the jewels: On the "2d Saturday" in March, 1908, I dreamed that I was at Mrs. Lewis' on West Tenth Ave., this city. I saw Mrs. Lewis and two other parties sitting at a table or stand and all three were looking at some "gems." Someone suggested they would make "breastpins" and I saw one pin with a set in it but do not remember the color of any of the gems. I thought they were beautiful. I saw Mrs. Lewis and the gems and the breastpin very plain. The other two parties I am not sure of, whether they were men or women, as they did not seem so distinct.

I 'phoned Mrs. Lewis in the morning to know if they were looking at any "gems" that morning or the evening before. She said "No, but Mr. Lewis is expecting a package this morning containing some gems and he told me what to do if they should come. Have asked her about this soon after the dream. The "gems" came and two or three of them were sitting at a stand or table; I do not remember which she said, but she did say that one of them remarked they would make nice "stickpins;" not



"breastpins." If you care for this dream, I shall have Mrs. Lewis sign it. She said she would, but I have not taken time for it. I have another one concerning her and will get it ready at the same time.

MARIE F. SHIPLEY.

This verifies the statement related by Mrs. Marie F. Shipley on March 14th, 1908, concerning some "gems" which she saw in a dream on this date. We received the "gems" on March 14th, 1908, about 9 A. M. Mrs. Shipley phoned this dream to me at about 8 A. M. Three of us were sitting at a table, looking at the gems, and one remarked that they would make nice "stickpins."

Dated March 14, 1908. Signed, MRS. T. K. LEWIS.

The following dream I had this summer, while Mrs. T. K. Lewis was on a visit. I think she was in Virginia, but am not sure. She can verify this for me, I know. In this dream, I saw Mrs. Lewis and her little daughter standing by a house. I am unable to describe the house. Mr. Shipley and myself had been inside of this place and I saw the walls and pictures decorated with "cat-tails," and I thought Mr. Shipley had removed them for some reason, and I felt Mrs. Lewis might not like it, but, when I spoke to her, as she was standing near this house, she said, "It is all right."

I related this dream to Mrs. Lewis. She said that she and some others had gathered some "wild cucumber plants" and decorated the walls and pictures with them. She did not see any "cat-tails." I hope Mrs. Lewis can give us the date.

Date, July 22, 1906. MRS. T. K. LEWIS.

The latter part of September, 1908, I dreamed that I was at Mrs. Lewis' and happened to be in the kitchen, and, too, it happened to be meal time. Mrs. Lewis was standing by a table and dishing up something which she took into another room which I supposed was a dining-room. She evidently had been doing the cooking.

I felt sure that there was nothing in this dream, as Mrs. Lewis is boarding and has nothing to do with cooking. On the same morning of the dream, however, I 'phoned Mrs. Lewis and told my dream. She said, "I *am* cooking. Mrs. Brown is on a visit and I'm doing the cooking." This was a surprise to me. I did not expect to make a record of the last two dreams and they may not be of any value to you.

M. F. SHIPLEY.

Sept. 19, 1908. MRS. T. K. LEWIS.

## A RECORD OF EXPERIENCES.

By G. A. T.

[The author of the following paper is the same as that of the report in Vol. I. of the *Proceedings* (pp. 237-300). The general introduction to that paper by way of explanation regarding the author will apply to this one, and I refer the reader to that report. I shall not enter into any summary or analysis of the present paper, but shall call attention to the various types of phenomena associated together. Readers will remember that Mr. T. records a few apparitions of which he was the subject along with raps and automatic writing. The raps and automatic writing here seem to have increased in number and systematic nature, showing a certain kind of development corresponding to what is called development in mediumship. The important feature, however, is this synthetic association of different experiences. The explanation of them, whatever it turns out to be, must recognize their essential unity. The interesting circumstance in this record is the manifest suggestion to do automatic writing that so frequently appears to be the interpretation of the raps. Why this should be the case cannot yet be intelligently explained or proved, but there are suggestions of limitations in the influence of the agencies involved upon the organism until the will has normally consented to the automatic effort. This circumstance coincides with the influence of the will of the subject in all the mediumistic phenomena with which I am acquainted. The passive and lethargic mental and physical temperament seems to be most amenable to foreign impressions, and where the will is strongly self-assertive it appears that the mediumistic temperament more successfully resists this intrusion of external influences. Mr. T., as I know him, is a man of positive mental character, a man of intelligence and deeply interested intellectually in the problems we are



trying to solve, and the papers which he has contributed show that he appreciates the perplexities of them. But he can weigh both sides of an issue, and perhaps this modifies the natural positiveness of his nature. If so it makes him accessible to psychic experiences, and only the native energy of will acts as a buffer to the intrusion of outside influences until he gives his consent. He has learned through audition what suggestion is given by raps and his acceptance of it makes possible the automatic writing.

This is at least a description of the order of events which give rise to his phenomena, and it is not necessary to interpret that order as indicating assuredly the causal agent, and hence I shall not urge the above statements as more than a curious possibility which the actual occurrence of the phenomena might suggest. It is probable that they would never have appeared had it not been for the leisure which a prolonged invalidism had offered and with it the measurably passive condition of mind and body. But that is remarked only as a possible influence in the case and not as anything known.

The first group of experiences, as the writer himself explains, belonged to the earlier report previously published, but was not accessible at the time. They help to complete the record and hence precede the later experiences.—Editor.]

## I.

### **Experiences Belonging to the Earlier Record.**

Dr. Jas. H. Hyslop.

My dear Sir:—At the time I made a record last spring I found that some memoranda made on loose pieces of paper had been mislaid, so I was obliged to omit them. I have since found them and as it happened had two different people narrate to me similar experiences. I had not mentioned mine to either one. I have lately secured the written statements of the two people on the promise that their names shall not be published. So here is the testimony of several people, none of whom is a Spiritualist, to facts which are men-

tioned in Bulwer's "Haunters and Haunted," and also in his "Strange Story."

I have entire confidence in Mrs. F.'s story and also in Mrs. B's. I had considerable difficulty in getting their statements and finally had to write out Mrs. F.'s and let her read it and sign it. I'll begin with my own records made at the time, using the originals.

8.35 P. M., Dec. 27th, 1906.

I have had within three minutes the experience of having my whole body quiver as in a state of tension as if some force were lifting me off the lounge where I was reading Conrad's "Nostromo." I stopped reading and watched the manifestation. It was followed by some brushings on my face and a loud thump on the stove.

Sunday, Jan. 27, 1907, 7.36 A. M.

At 7.25 A. M. there came a sharp rapping very regular, on the closet partition in my room 3 feet below foot of my bed, which continued about 50 times. There was a slight motion, north and south, which moved my body back and forth a dozen times probably. Mother in the next room said that she noticed it and that there was one rap on her window. I was lying in bed at the time of the occurrence. The head stood to the north.

The following corroborates my account in a way. My mother's room was to the west of mine and her bedstead, which also stood with the head to the north, was some 16 or 18 feet distant from mine.

This morning, Jan. 27th, at about half-past seven, I felt a quivering sensation of my body as though the bed was being slightly shaken, lasting for a number of seconds. George came into my room shortly after and asked if I felt my bed shake a few minutes ago. N. W. T——.

The next record is dated the evening of the same day.

6.25 P. M., Jan. 27, 1907.

Just now the vibratory motion such as I felt this morning came again and lasted some 45 seconds. I am lying on a lounge and I was moved as if being shaken. Mother noticed it distinctly. She is lying on a bed where I lay this morning



and thinks the motion more violent than this morning and that it lasted longer. It does not seem so to me.

Feb. 2, 1907, 1.30 P. M.

There has been just now a repetition of shaking which we experienced some days ago. It only lasted a few seconds. Mother noticed it as well as I. Direction north and south. It was *not* noticed by my aunt, Mrs. S——, sitting in room.

In regard to the last record, my mother was reclining at the time as I was. My aunt, Mrs. S., was sitting in a rocking chair near the middle of the room. On the evening of July 4th, 1907, I tried with Mrs. B., her sister and a friend, to get some table tipping. We succeeded in making a light stand travel around the room and it tipped once. Mrs. B. remarked that she would be so glad if she could only have some manifestation that would be unmistakable.

The next morning she told me of her experience in the night. My recollection of her story agrees in detail with the statement following, though the statement was written out about December one, 1907, some five months after the occurrence.

On the night of July 4, 1907, I had retired with my little son, a baby of about two years, to my bedroom in an adjacent building to that occupied by the family. The building was entirely unoccupied save an adjoining bedroom where my brother slept and who knew entirely nothing of the occurrence of which I am about to relate, when questioned concerning it. Previous to retiring and upon talking to the family concerning "spiritual phenomena," in which we were all much interested, I had made the remark that I would like to experience some personal demonstration of spiritual communication myself for the mere "curiosity of the thing" as it were. I had composed myself for sleep and was becoming drowsy when I was much startled by two resounding blows upon the head of the bed, followed by a, what appeared to me, violent rocking of the bedstead. To prove the utter impossibility of the "experience" being the product of an "excited imagination," the baby immediately awoke, startled by the noise and rocking and sent up a lusty cry.

After writing out previous statements and having Mrs. F. read and sign it, she mentioned having seen an apparition recently and after I had asked particulars I wrote down what she said and asked her to read it and sign it, if it was correct, which she did.

She has some psychometric powers, and is probably clairvoyant and has often mentioned the fact that she can leave her body at times. She sees her own double at times and feels clutchings of her garments and sees apparitions. She is disposed to account for most of these things by referring them to the wonderful powers of the inner self, soul or subliminal. The shakings puzzled her for they indisputably came from some external force. The statement follows.

Within a few nights I wakened and saw an old gentleman who was dressed in a way to make me think of my grandfather, who died 45 years ago. I wondered if I knew who it was and he disappeared but soon came back and I said "why it is my grandfather." He smiled but did not speak and soon disappeared. Nov. 9, 1907.

Nancy J. F.—

[Mrs. F. is 51, I have been told. That is doubtless about her age, though she looks slightly older. G. A. T.]

It seems to me that the chief interest in these independent experiences is that they show an external force in connection with certain mediumistic powers.

None of the experiences was sought or expected, though Mrs. B. expressed a strong wish for a manifestation that would be strong enough to destroy the idea of illusion. She got it; and the waking of her babe indicates that her sense impressions were of the normal fashion.

I am very sincerely yours,

George A. T.—

## II.

### Experiences since the First Report.

In continuing a report of personal experiences, some chapters of which I have sent to the American Society for Psychical Research, I have much the same phenomena to describe. I can get brief automatic writings very often when



I hear raps. It is very possible that the source of the writings is some strata of my own consciousness more or less affected by self-suggestion. Messages are often repeated at intervals. Any attempt to corner the intelligence which claims to communicate usually results in stopping the writing.

I should probably have lost interest in the writings if it had not been for the character of the raps, blows, and musical sounds (which are very evidently objective facts) that sometimes are the signal for a writing. Occasionally, however, a writing will convey information that is so completely out of my normal reach that I either have to account for it as a very curious guess or else regard it as derived in some supernormal manner. I sometimes get advice that is sensible, and sometimes it is opposed to a course that I have already decided upon. I am sometimes advised to do things which would be advantageous if I were in a position to do them. Such advice is often repeated many times, but of course it is not safe to follow where there is any risk. I sometimes give it the benefit of the doubt where there is no risk involved, and invariably, I may say, I am justified. There have been three new features during the year which interest me. One is an occasional dream so vivid as to waken me, and which is followed by distinct raps after waking. Another is an increased tendency or capacity to hear musical sounds; and the conditions under which I have heard many of them are such as to convince me that they are objective facts. That sounds so incredible that I feel like apologizing for the assertion, but I will describe the circumstances when I come to the incidents. The most interesting feature, perhaps, is an increased capacity for visual hallucinations, which are accompanied by raps. The rappings are a sort of anchor to the objective world, and will enable me sometime, I hope, to classify the rest of the phenomena.

I plan to copy this report from the entries in my diary and shall not attempt to group the same kind of phenomena. I shall vary that plan in a few instances in order to make some occurrences more clear. Most of the occurrences and

automatic writings were written in the diary at the time, and the rest were copied into it from the slips of paper on which they were noted down at the time. I shall begin with an entry made on May 12, 1907.

Had a curious dream of seeing an old friend, Florence Parr, whom I have not heard of these 20 years and more. The vision was so vivid it wakened me. I asked if it was Florence and three raps came. I asked if she would come again and four or five raps in quick succession came. The impression made upon me was that my old friend was dead—the dream impression, I mean, though the words of the record do not necessarily convey that idea. I was living in a tent at the time, and the entry of May 11 in my diary shows that I had been ill 48 hours with acute indigestion. A writing at 6:30 p. m., May 11, purporting to be from my father, said, "You will be better tomorrow." A note following reads, "trouble continued for twelve hours after writing."

I have no recollection of ever dreaming of this friend. I had not seen her since 1883. I heard through a relative of her marriage in 1885; and in 1892, at about the time of the death of my youngest sister, I saw in the Washington Star the notice of the death of her sister Nanny, and she, Florence, was mentioned as surviving. That is the extent of my knowledge of her since 1883. Before that time we were very good friends for several years, even intimately so for a time.

In October of 1907 I endeavored to trace the family and succeeded as a letter herewith will show.

Washington, D. C., March 9th, 1908.

Mr. G. A. T——,

My dear Sir:—On the nineteenth of last November I received a letter from you asking about Florence Parr and Ridgely McBlair. I answered your letter on the second of December, but only yesterday I found my letter in a pigeon hole of my desk unmailed. I hope you will pardon my neglect for not having written sooner.

I am the son of Chas. Ridgely McBlair and Florence Parr McBlair.

My dear mother died last July and father passed away the following August. Was it not strange that you should have written just at this time.

Very truly yours,  
CHARLES RIDGELY McBLAIR.



It seems that my former friend died in July of 1907, which was at least seven weeks after my dream of seeing her, and when rappings came in reply to my questions to her after I was awake. The testimony of the entry in my diary that I had a dream and that it was vivid enough to waken me and that I heard raps afterwards in response to questions is conclusive as to the facts. The dream doubtless comes under the head of premonitory dreams; the rappings are as elusive as ever. If they were not so clearly objective it would be simpler perhaps. They are the result of an unknown energy evidently, and in this case they were certainly not connected with a discarnate spirit as the exciting cause, unless some discarnate brought the dream impression to me. Of the intelligences claiming to be departed friends of mine who communicate with me, my father is the only one who had ever seen this friend of mine and he saw her but a few times in 1881.

All matter not quoted indicates automatic writings in this report, so that unless some other explanation is given this will designate such writings.

May 13. A metallic click on glass hanging on tent pole was the signal for a brief automatic writing from my father. "You are a great deal better. I will come to-morrow."

May 14, 9 A. M. Click on looking-glass like that of day before. A brief message from my father. The evening of May 15 I was day dreaming about a matter that interested me when there came three raps a second apart.

May 16. Got automatic writing from my sister Margaret.

You are to do many useful things.

(When will it begin?)

It has begun.

(I wish you were here.)

I am only you wont see. I wish you good eyesight.

This evening I felt sure I heard a sigh or whisper in my tent.

May 18. Rap on camp stove on my return from town at 8:45 p. m. Got name, "Helen," and a few words and a rap.

May 20, 8:45 P. M. Raps in tent.

Father. I am on guard. You are in danger.

(From physical causes?)

No.

(Spiritual?)

Yes.

May 24. Last night after going to bed there came three raps on stove and then three more. I asked many questions and got one distinct rap after each one.

At 8:35 A. M. Click on looking-glass.

Father. You ought to get well.

(Shall I?)

Yes.

(What do you think of trip to coast?)

I think it will be a good thing.

May 26, 8:20 A. M. Several raps on stove in tent.

Father. I wish you would get married. You are going to be well before long.

[I have been disabled partially for over twenty years from some obscure injury to the spinal nerves.]

There is an entry this day in diary concerning my sensitiveness to telepathic impression. I have considerable power in impressing others in that way and I have been watching my own impressionability somewhat. This is the entry: "Last Wednesday I called at Mr. E.'s study to get a book and on walking away (I saw only Mr. E., Miss D. and a painter) I felt impelled to turn around, and there was Mr. E.'s sister, smiling at me. We were both out of sight of Mr. E.'s study."

There is a woman whom I sometimes see in the public library who can always make me turn around unconsciously, and I have noticed that I can generally affect her in the same way. I have entertained some speculations as to that "rapport" being a question of magnetism or a certain condition of vitality. I have been assured that I possess an unusual amount of both qualities, and I think that probably I do. Good vitality I certainly have.

May 29, 8:35 A. M. Click on looking-glass.



Father.  
(What message?)  
You are too ready to do for others.  
(Will "S" accept?)  
No.  
(How is mother?)  
Better.  
(Will you go to see Slater with me?)  
No.

I had made an offer to a friend to make an investment for him and was thinking of it as I read in the newspaper about the opportunity. "S." did decline later.

My mother was with my brother's family five miles away. She had been unwell for a couple of weeks, but was better on June 1 and as well as usual on June 4. Slater is a medium.

May 29. Early this morning there was a clear ringing sound in my tent such as would be produced by blow on small pail or metal basin.

May 30. Yesterday I called to see mother. We went out of doors before sunset and she lay in a hammock and I on the ground. There came a distinct blow, or sound of one on shed to which one hammock rope was fastened. Later came a louder one on wood piled against wall—very loud I may say, and a third one in the course of an hour fainter than previous two. I got a brief automatic writing saying that Margaret, father, Helen and Ralph were present.

May 31, 8:15 A. M. Click on glass. I was feeling ill and blue.

Father. I am sorry you give up your hopes.  
(What can I do?)  
You can carry them out if you will.  
(How?)  
I see you successful beyond your hopes if you will per....

At 8:45 A. M. a dozen or more raps in close succession on stove as I was putting a new cover on mother's reclining chair.

Father. I admire your courage and faithfulness; you will succeed yet.

(Do you approve proposed trip to coast?)

Yes, I do.

Here is a case of reproof for despondency followed by praise for persistence.

8:10 P. M.

Helen.

(Can you manifest yourself?)

I will see if I can.

8:40 P. M. For twenty-five minutes I have been "willing" H— to come and trying to visualize her. Have seen nothing, but have felt a great many almost stinging thrills on left hand, left side of chest, on abdomen and on right leg to knee. There have been a few raps, not loud.

June 1. After making above memoranda last night and blowing out the light in tent the tinglings began again up and down my back, on my forehead and limbs. They were even more pronounced than before.

9:45 A. M. Rap on kettle under telescope cover outside of tent. A few minutes before I had been talking with my brother over the telephone. He said mother was unwell and depressed.

Father. You need not be troubled about your mother; she will not die for years yet.

(Will she get better?)

Yes, very slowly.

[My mother improved slowly through the summer and in October she seemed in a fair way to get well. That improved condition lasted until the last of January. On January 31, 1908, she died very suddenly from heart failure.]

June 3, 10:05 A. M. Thump on stove as I was writing a friend that it seemed to make no difference about our plans.

Father.

(Don't you approve?)

No.

Yesterday while talking with my mother we heard a loud rap on the wood pile.



June 5, 3:35 P. M. Thump on stove as I was day dreaming about fate of a manuscript I had sent away.

Father. You would be surprised if you should be successful.  
(I certainly should.)

Well, look out.

Helen. You will see me in a short while.

(To-night?) [Answer illegible.]

You are in danger of a.....

[Manuscript was returned in August with a note from the editor saying he had kept it so long because he hoped to use it.]

7:35 P. M. Gentle raps on headboard of bed on returning from a walk.

Helen. You will see me in a short while.

(Tonight?) [Answer illegible.]

You are in danger of a.....

June 6, 11:40 A. M. Sharp rap on stove as I was thinking of what response I would make to a possible proposal from a somewhat untrustworthy friend.

Margaret. You must not be unkind.

(I must be good, eh?)

Yes, you dear George.

(You have not come for a long time.)

No.

June 7, 7:30 P. M. Thump on stove.

Helen. You are going to get well very soon.

(How much can you foresee?)

Not much, but a few things are clear.

(Do you know if the direct voices is a fact?)

Yes, it is.

(Why don't the psychical researchers find it out then from the spirits who communicate with them?)

I don't know.

10 P. M. Occasional raps.

Helen. You may see me in a minute or so.

[Almost immediately touchings and brushings have come tingling all over me.]

June 8. Crackling noise under bench in tent at 8:20 A. M.

Father. You are going to come out all right. I am sure of it.

10 A. M. Thump on stove as I was making notes from H. G. Wells' "Future In America."

Father. You go ahead with your work.

7:20 P. M. Loud thump on stove.

Helen. I may come tonight.

June 9, 8 A. M. Raps on headboard of bed.

June 10, 8:40 A. M. Thump on stove.

[No writing complete either time.]

June 10, 1:30 P. M. Loud thump on stove as I was thinking of a friendly acquaintance.

June 11, 3:40 P. M. Thump on stove.

Father. I am glad you.....

8:20 P. M.

Helen. I may come tonight.

(Am trying to help prove existence of another life.)

You will succeed. [A ringing thump came as my hand wrote last word.]

I am trying to help you.

You are going to marry a u.....

June 12, 9 P. M. Rap in tent.

Helen. You may see me tonight. When you do don't try to keep me.

(Will that cause you harm?)

Yes.

June 13, 8:50 A. M. Clear rap on stove.

Father. [Writing not complete. Several raps.]



June 14, 10:30 A. M. Click on glass as I was writing an article on an election.

Father. You are doing your share of the world's work.

[Later as I read entry of date June 11, 8.20 P. M. there came a click on glass.]

You will do what you wish yet.

At 11:30 A. M. my brother called. He said, "Schmitz is convicted." I said, "good!" Instantly there came a blow on spring of bed under mattress. [I was sitting on edge of bed at the time.]

At 10 P. M. there were steady raps on wood as I awakened after a nap.

Helen.

(It almost seems as if you could come.)

I shall if you keep trying.

(What word?)

I am trying to come.

(What can I do?)

You are wonderful. [double rap.]

(In what way?)

I wish you were already through.

June 15, 6 P. M. Raps on headboard.

Helen. You are going to succeed, dear George. 8.40 P. M.

(Is Helen still here?)

Yes.

(Do you think you can come so I can see you?)

Yes. [Three raps repeated.]

June 16, 9:25 A. M. I copied into diary a writing of 14th. I was thinking of my chances as a thinker and writer. "Father" "Yes, that's your work; be faithful and you will succeed." [Three raps came on headboard as I made copy. I tried for writing.

Father. You will be surprised at your success and your.....

(Do my thoughts influence [rap] you?)

No. [rap.]

June 17, 12:55 P. M. Thump on stove after writing a note to Dr. Morrison about Dr. Hyslop's proposed visit to Portland.

Father.  
(Do you know in your land that we shall soon learn about a future life?)  
Yes, it is soon to come.  
(In my life?)  
Yes, in your life.  
(I want you to go with us to coast if your work permits.)  
I shall go with you and watch.

June 18, 7:45 P. M. Raps in tent.

Helen. You must wait patiently and receive. 8.10 P. M.  
You are to succeed and do what you wish. I wish you would not get so blue.  
(It's a common human failing, isn't it?)  
Yes.

June 19, 8:04 A. M. Rap on stove.

Father. I wish you would marry.

[On Dec. 22, 1907, I was looking over diary and when I read this entry there came a big thump on the stove.]  
10:18 A. M. Rap while I was writing.

Father. I wish you success.

Last night after going to bed I was thinking of the day and said, well I have done two things today that were worth while. There came a loud rap in the tent as I said it.

June 21, 5 P. M. Had just finished addressing a manuscript at my brother's house and there came a clear rap in room. I got the name, "Margaret," and some encouraging words. [Ms. was declined.]

June 22, 3:10 P. M. Just had a number of raps on head-board and a rubbing sound on the canvas of tent.

10:47 P. M. I just now saw my sister Lizzie's face or had the impression that I did. It was as if I had visualized her.



My eyes were shut, but I was not dozing. I was too uncomfortable physically to go to sleep. I had not been thinking of Lizzie. I tried for a writing and got "Lizzie" in writing much like hers. I asked, "did you will me to see you?" The answer was, "yes." My hand began to write but stopped at second word. [Lizzie died in 1898. It is very unusual for me to get any communication claiming to be from her.]

June 23, 11:15 P. M. Several raps but could not get but part of a sentence from Helen.

The next morning there is this entry, "After blowing out light [last night] there came the stinging touches all over my body for a short time.

June 24, 11:55 A. M. I was in west room of public library looking in 2d vol. of Myers' "Human Personality" for a passage I wished to copy and stopped to read, "genuine raps or percussive sounds are rare." There came a sharp rap on book case some five feet away. I laughed and took my pencil and got, "Helen. I am with you always" [rap on another bookcase three feet away]. "You are going to succeed."

I immediately afterwards began to read what Mr. Myers thinks we are justified in asking of our departed friends and I then thought of my attempts to call back my friend Helen. My thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of a small bell (apparently) in the upper southeast corner of the room. It rang about ten times. There was no bell in the room and I was ashamed to make any inquiries about upper floor or basement for I have the reputation of a psychical researcher with the library attendants, and did not care to advertise a possible auditory hallucination. It was very real at the time. I have often thought of it and have looked for a bell, but have seen none. It seems curious that the raps should be objective and the bell sounds hallucinatory.

June 25, 8:45 P. M. Rap on paper on stand.

Helen. You are going to be well.  
 (When shall we get to the seashore?)  
 Not [rap] when you want to.  
 (Will mother be ill?)  
 No.  
 (Shall I have cash?)

Yes.

(Shall I be ill?)

No.

[We actually went on July 10, which was four or five days later than we planned.]

[A little later.] Helen. You have come to the point of success."

There is an entry this day about Maxwell's "Metapsychical Phenomena," which I was reading. I was much interested in a record of facts which agreed so closely with many of my own experiences. Maxwell's hypothesis of a personality formed from the personalities of the experimenters hardly fits my case, for I often get most curious phenomena when I am alone. I was lying on the ground under a fir tree reading and after turning back from page 154 to page 81 and reading of the fairies I heard a distinct rap on a fir tree, some four feet distant. Several more raps followed.

June 28, 6:35 P. M. I was thinking of how interesting it would be if some of Dr. Hodgson's communications from Imperator concerning man's relations in the other world could be published in the "Journal" when there came a thump on my camp stove that made a cover jump and rattle.

This evening after going to bed an idle impulse led me to ask a question, mentally, of an acquaintance. I was surprised to get a slight but very perceptible touch on my mustache. It was like a tiny electric discharge. This sensation has come occasionally but I have regarded it as an illusion, but to-night's experience satisfies me that it is objective. Of course it may be a tactual hallucination.

June 30. Yesterday I got too tired to sleep much. The rappings on headboard were very numerous at intervals all night. I also had the tingling sensations and brushings as of cobwebs. Got a few words from father this morning. He said I was all right.

Practically no writings for five days. I had tired my brain reading Maxwell, Thompson and Kant.

Was writing a letter to a relative to-day and said something about psychical research. Got a distinct rap and tried



for an automatic writing. Got father's name. Asked him if he approved and the answer was "No." The advice was good and I tore up the letter.

During my days of mental exhaustion I got a writing claiming to be from my father. It predicted all sorts of direful things for mother. I did not keep it. It has happened before during such periods that I got most gloomy predictions.

July 1, 8:07 A. M. Thumps on stove.

Father. You must not get blue. This is merely a temporary ill turn; that's all. Nanny [nay mother] depends on you.

(How is she this morning?)

Not very well.

(Guess I'll go to see her.)

I would.

(Wish we could communicate better.)

Some time we shall.

3:15 P. M. Went to see mother and found her not very well. It happened twice while talking with her that the newspaper I held was struck by some invisible force so as to move the paper and make it rustle. There were double raps several times on the water pipes. The latter is liable to be caused by the water, but the double rap is curious.

This evening I got a draft and I said to myself, "now if I get one to-morrow for 50 or 60 dollars it will be a great help. There came three raps on headboard. I added, "I hope I shall," and there came one sharp rap.

July 2, 10 A. M. While I was considering a letter I had written to a relative there came a ringing blow on the metal wash basin in tent. Last night I heard various raps as I read in Mr. Stead's "Letters from Julia." A decided rap came as I read expression of opinion that separation of death was often a good thing.

Got back a couple of rejected Mss. to-day and was altering one when there came a thump on stove at 7:15 P. M.

Father. I am glad to see you courageous in the face of disappointment.

(Do you think mother will get well?)

Yes.

July 4, 7:45 A. M. Thump on stove.

Father. You are to succeed yet in due time. I know how weary it is to wait.

Had a successful table tipping seance in house with friends. Some raps.

July 6, 3 A. M. Two sharp raps in toilet.

Father. You are not ill; only tired. Cure is in sight.

6 P. M. Rap in tent.

Helen. You will get well this summer.

(That's fine.)

I am glad for you. I am happy, very happy.

(You'll go with us?)

Yes. Lena is unhappy about coz. You might write to her.

[Got badly fooled on a much more urgent request over a year ago, so I never presume on alleged information coming in this way.]

July 10, 7 P. M. In camp at Long Beach, Washington. I had come out of my tent and as I stood for a moment a tin pail was tipped over near me without any apparent cause. It made a noise and I saw the pail move as it lay on its side. I tried for a writing and got.

Father. You are now in shape to get well quickly and permanently. You will succeed.

The idea of movement of objects without contact has been very difficult for me to entertain. Before I sent in my report a year and more ago I saw a door open out of my room without any apparent cause. The thing seems too incredible to accept. I have become accustomed to rappings and musical sounds, so I cannot doubt their reality.

July 11, 7 P. M. Had an unmistakable rap on springs (which rest on ground) as I was thinking that it would be wise to avoid dealing with a certain person.

July 12, 12:25 P. M. Blow came on springs just as I thought that I had had no message to-day.



Ralph. J—— will help you out. You are going to get well

At 3 P. M. mother and I were talking about father's religious ideas which were suggested by my brother's remarks about the old hymns, such as, "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc. There came several raps on the canvas tent and I got the touch on my mustache which I have noted before. I had expressed the thought that the religious sentiment and prevailing fashions had led to a careless acceptance of absurd words and ideas.

6:30 P. M. Tried planchette and got, "Helen. You will get well. I am sure of it."

Mother asked me what I got and I said, "a pretty bad scrawl." A sharp rap came on box near us as I answered.

July 13, 9:45 P. M. I had gone to bed and blown out light, and for twenty minutes had been trying to visualize Helen and asking her to come. I asked if possible to rap on springs and lift them. The raps and rubbings on wire have just come, lasting five minutes. It is just as if some creature was moving about under springs (they are coil springs). There was an effort to raise the mattress three times. I have lighted my lamp and looked under the springs, but there is nothing there. It is almost stormy to-night. A heavy mist is coming in from the ocean like rain.

July 14, 11 A. M. Mother just said to me that there was something dropping on her hat. She was sitting in her reclining chair out in the open space and the sun was shining. I knelt beside her and heard distinctly the rappings on her straw hat. She said they had continued for over five minutes. I tried for automatic writing and got "Margaret." [A rap came on the page as the name was written] "I am with you." [Rap on tent pole.] "You are a couple of brave people." [Rap on pole.]

This is a rather more striking case than usual. Our friends doubted the wisdom of our camping trip as mother was a complete invalid and I am partially disabled, so the writing may be construed as curiously entangled with the rapping agency.

July 15. At breakfast we heard thumps on the

stove. "Father. I am here with Nanny and you. You are both going to be benefited by your——"

July 16, 10:55 A. M. Thumps on stove.

Eliza Adaline. You are a good boy.

(Is it grandmother?)

Yes.

[My sister and grandmother had the same name.]

8:20 P. M. Raps came on page after trying to get a writing.

Helen. You may see me tonight.

(Does visualizing help?)

Yes.

July 17. Last night I tried to visualize Helen. I got some faint blows and rubbings on springs, but nothing very marked.

July 18. This morning there came thumps on the stove as soon as I lighted the fire.

9:40 P. M.

Helen. You will get well, dear George. I am sure of it. We watch you with interest. Many will be surprised at your success. No more you will suffer a.....

July 19, 11:30 A. M. Mother had many raps in her tent on and near the headboard of her bed.

Margaret. I am here with mother and you. I wish you.....

This morning we had some neighbors come to camp near us. They were unpacking and hunting for something. It occurred to me to offer them some nails, which I did. The woman said she had been hunting for nails in her trunk and could not find them. Was that a case of telepathy or chance coincidence?

July 20. Last night after going to bed I tried to visualize Helen. I got the same effect as before as of a creature under the springs rubbing and striking and with an occasional faint



effort to lift the mattress. One blow gave me the impression of coming right through the mattress.

July 21, 9 P. M. Raps came in tent while thinking of report in Part II of Proceedings.

Helen. You will see me in a little while.

July 22, 6:30 P. M. While talking with mother about McCaffrey case reported in Proceedings there came three raps on stove, one of which made the top vibrate so I could see it. It was a loud noise that accompanied that vibration. There was a fire in the stove at the time. The stove is made of heavy sheet iron, so it takes considerable force to make the top vibrate.

July 23, 9:50 P. M. About an hour ago two young women were here and we were trying planchette. I had my hands on it and it wrote "Helen. You will never be married unless you begin." Afterwards I was laughing with mother about it and suggested in a joking way that it might have been a telepathic message from the girls themselves, whereupon two or three raps came upon ridge pole of tent (unless I am mistaken). Mother did not hear them.

July 25, 9 P. M. Have just been reading in Part II of Proceedings, "These phenomenal experiences convince me of the fact that intelligent forces not material have manifested themselves to me, though I don't know what these forces are." My attention was drawn to a khaki jacket on a cot five feet away, which fell to the ground as I watched it. The garment moved slowly and fell in a heap on the ground. I placed it where it was three hours ago while hunting for my card case in order to give an acquaintance who was calling on mother our name and address. That was at 6 P. M. I am alone in my tent. I have tried since to place garment so it would slip off gradually, but if I put it on so that it will stay at all, it is hard to jar it off by shaking cot. The cot is a strong one and the legs are upright with iron braces. It stands on the ground and nothing touches it but the canvas wall of the tent on the other side from the one jacket fell from. It has been absolutely quiet in the tent

The jacket was laid on the cot and stayed there three hours and then slid off onto the ground. Those facts I am absolutely sure of. Had a rap in tent half an hour ago and just now got the stinging sensation on back of my hand which often precedes brushings. I got the name Helen by automatic writing.

July 26, 9:30 P. M. Tried for a writing without hearing any raps.

Margaret. You are doing your duty and that is its own reward. You will sometime see how true that is. I am glad to call you brother. You will get all you wish in time.

July 27, 9:35 A. M. Thump on spring.

Father. I am here with you.  
(Have you any message?)  
No.

10:25 P. M. While reading a story in Everybody's Magazine I heard a rustle of paper, and looking towards yesterday's paper, which was doubled up against a canvas telescope where I placed it about 6:30 P. M., I saw it apparently pushed over towards me, very slowly, and finally laid down flat. It was four feet away. It was perfectly still in the tent. I tried for an automatic writing.

Father.  
(Is it you?)  
Yes.  
(Did you push paper over?)  
I did.  
(What force did you use?)  
I borrowed yours.  
(Thank you much.)  
I want to help you to do what you want [rap] to do.

After undressing and going to bed there came gentle raps on springs under pillow. I asked if it was father and there came three raps [signal for yes]. I tried for writing.

Father. You manifest a good disposition. You will never...



July 28, 6:45 A. M. Had some raps on springs which answered questions—said it was father. There were also some rubbing sounds.

July 30, 6 P. M. Mother says raps have come three times in her tent, also the grating sound on or near headboard two or three times. I tried for writing.

Margaret. I am with you.

(Any message?)

You are going to be better.

(This for mother?)

Yes.

(Will J. and M. come on Aug. 8?)

Yes. [Correct.]

Mother says that just before raps came she was thinking if she got better she would like to go surf bathing.

About 1:30 P. M. I felt impelled to try planchette.

Helen. You will be glad when you see Dr. Hyslop.

(Will J. and wife come?)

Yes. Marry Miss Blank.

9:45 P. M. Raps in tent.

Helen.

(Can you see me?)

Yes, dear George.

(Are people happy in your world?)

Yes. Marry [raps] some good [rap] woman.

I tried to visualize Helen in hope of seeing her apparition. I got many raps but that is all. The raps continued for half an hour.

July 31, 9 P. M. Rap in tent.

Helen. You will go on and do what you wish.

Aug. 1, 11:30 A. M. Rap in tent.

Margaret. I am with you and.....

(Are you alone this morning?)

Yes.

(What word to-day?)

Mother, you are.....

Mother said she had many raps in her tent just now. I asked her to try for a writing. She did so and got the name "Lizzie." I went in and asked if Lizzie were present and got one rap. I asked if Margaret were there and there came three raps.

I had just had an automatic writing in my tent purporting to be from Margaret. My mother (who rarely gets automatic writing) got my sister Lizzie's name. The answers to my questions (by raps) show that when I go to my mother's tent I get what claim to be raps from Margaret.

Aug. 3, 1907, 5:38 P. M. In camp, Long Beach, Washington. Thump on table as I was sitting on it talking with mother.

[Writing.] Father. My nurse Nanny no.

I heard the thump on table.

[Signed] N. A. W. T—

In explanation. Mother and I had just been down on the beach (three blocks away) for an hour and a half and on returning she sat in her reclining chair and I sat on the table talking and watching some young men nearby who were going through some athletic exercises. The thump came beside me and made me turn around to see what it was. My hands were not touching the table.

I tried for a writing but only one word (besides father), Nanny (my father's name for mother) was legible.

At 9:40 P. M. I went to bed. Before blowing out light I felt impelled to try for a writing and got this.

Father. Nanny is getting well, thanks to you. You have been faithful.

In the morning, Aug. 4, I said to mother I got a message last night. She asked what it was. I told her that I got a writing purporting to be from father saying, "Nanny is getting well." I did not tell her the reference to me for obvious reasons.

At 9:15 A. M. occurred the experience given below. I did not write it out for half an hour as I was busy, but I



fixed it in mind. I did make a memorandum of twenty-three words at the time.

Aug. 4, 9:45 A. M. Mother and I had been talking about message at breakfast. Just after breakfast I stepped into my tent and mother went into hers. I rolled a cigarette while thinking about message. I was wondering if my subliminal was purely responsible for complimentary reference and in that connection thought of Dr. Hyslop's reference to my account of my father's apparition in his introduction to my record of experiences in the "Proceedings" in which he said that he doubted if my skeptical view was correct under the circumstances. Just then came a resounding thump or blow on camp stove which was ten feet away. Mother called to me in reference to it before I could or did speak to her. Immediately afterwards I went out to wash the dishes and asked mother to take the trumpet in her hands (she was lying down in her tent) and see if she could get any raps. Within three minutes she sat up and called me by name and just as she did so there came a sharp clear rap on the trumpet which she held in her hand. It is an aluminum trumpet and I heard the sharp metallic sound as clearly as I heard her voice. She exclaimed, "did you hear that?" and then went on to say, "I just asked (mentally) if father gave you that message last night, and if he did to rap on headboard of bed or on trumpet." She added, "immediately there came three raps on headboard."

This account of raps and my mental questions are correct. N. A. W. T——.

I have given this account with exactness as my mother's experience was entirely independent of mine, and fits in with mine in quite a noticeable fashion.

Aug. 4, 9 P. M. Had been for a walk on the beach and on returning to my tent I tried to get an automatic writing.

Helen.

(I wish you could have been with me on the beach tonight.)

I was.

(I lamented some inconsistencies of feeling.)

We are all imperfect.

Aug. 6, 7:30 P. M. Rap on camp stool near my head.

Helen. I love you, dear. I am happy.

(I wish I knew of your surroundings.)

You will some day.

(Do you know if the Infinite is a principle or a person?)

A person.

(Any message?)

You are doing your duty; be glad.

(Am I going to get well?)

Yes, you are.

(Can you tell me about arrangements for Dr. Hyslop's lectures?)

It will be all right.

(Will he give one or three?)

Three. [Incorrect.]

Aug. 8. On boat coming up Columbia river I thought there were raps in my stateroom and I got Margaret's name and assurance that things would go well.

Aug. 11, 7:45 A. M. I was eating breakfast and ruminating unpleasantly on failure of the ——— editor to print what he agreed to about the Hyslop lectures when there came a click on glass dish on table. [I was alone.] I got pen and paper and tried for a writing.

Father. You need not be vexed; it will all come right.

(Is mother all right?)

Yes.

(I hope you can continue to come.)

I shall.

(Would you try to get notices given from pulpits?)

No, I would go easy.

This is a good sample of writing which, while bearing no evidence of supernormal, is sensible and foretells in a general way what actually happened. The expression, "I would go easy," was one my father used, but of course my memory of it would account for its being in the automatic writing. I frequently get expressions of his in automatic writing that I am not in the habit of using. The only two points about this writing, as about many, are the sensible, detached point of view and the sharp, metallic click on a piece of glass (for



Aug. 17. Back door was shaken violently just as I dropped asleep last night. I went to the door but found nothing. The performance was repeated more violently just as I fell asleep again, but I did not get up. It happened again as I dozed off, but that was the last time. There was no explanation that I could think of.

Aug. 17 and 18. I got automatic writings but they are of too personal a nature to quote. There are some of same nature on the 11th, 12th and 13th. Among them were assurances that I would not return to Long Beach, which were curious because they were silly.

Aug. 19. Had raps in my stateroom going down the river and got the name "Margaret," and the sentence, "I told you so," in regard to Dr. Hyslop's lectures.

Aug. 20. I was sitting on my camp table out of doors and telling my mother a remarkable story of the phenomena known as the direct voice when there came a distinct rap on the side of the table.

Aug. 21, 3:50 P. M. I was thinking of the automatic writing (claiming to be from my departed friend Helen) which expressed the wish that I might be happy, when raps began to come on the tent pole two feet away. I tried to get a writing.

Helen. I do; I want you to be happy. [constant raps.]

(You are?)

Yes, I am.

(Can I go into a trance and get messages?)

Yes, it can be done.

(Should I be conscious?)

No. [raps.]

(What will be nature of communication?)

Voice.

(Will my vocal organs be used?)

No.

(Where shall I be?)

In heaven.

(Shall I remember?)

Yes.

(Is that my work?)

If you wish.

(Is L—— all right?)

Three distinct raps came but no more writing. I also got brushings on head and face.

Aug. 24, 8:15 P. M.

Helen. You are doing well. Margaret and I will talk if you [rap] will go into trance.

It seems almost certain that such writings as this (if not a great majority) are the product of self-suggestion.

Aug. 25, 8:40 A. M.

Father. I am with you and Nanny. You are both going back soon.

[Went back Sept. 18, two weeks earlier than we planned.]

9 A. M. Have had a number of loud raps or thumps on the stove as I was writing a newspaper letter on psychical research.

Aug. 26, 2 P. M. I was cooking dinner on my camp stove and thinking of some of my personal affairs when there came a thump on or in the stove which threw one of the stove covers up in the air several inches. The cover was a round piece of sheet iron about five inches in diameter. It covered the hole over the oven and not over the fire box. I have since thought that this was a clear case of movement of an object without contact. It also settled the question of there being some force in raps or thumps.

The subject of my thoughts was rather too personal to discuss, but it involved another person. The connection of my own thoughts with these slight physical manifestations has interested me very much, assuming a certain connection between the manifestations and my own vital forces. I often speculate on the part played by that portion of my personality outside of my personal consciousness. There is no doubt as to the reality of the physical manifestations and there is often no doubt of their coincidence with my own mental processes. There is also no doubt of their coincidence with automatic writings which are sometimes interesting and sometimes more or less foolish. One thought which



has often occurred to me is that the occurrences are like a roundabout communication between my conscious self and my subconscious self; but that not only assumes that my subconscious self is a sort of "double" (sometimes wise and sometimes foolish) of my conscious personality, but that it has the power to emit, or transmit, slight explosions of energy which become objective at some distance from my person. I cherish a remark made by Professor James—"Whatever things have intimate and continuous connection with my life, are things of whose reality I cannot doubt." I hope some day to find a clue.

Aug. 28, 11:10 A. M. Many rappings in mother's tent. I tried for a writing.

Father. You and Nanny will live to see many wonderful things; you may be confident of that.

I will not quote the balance. My mother lived but five months from this date.

Beginning shortly before this and continuing at intervals for eight months I have received through automatic writing the advice to get married. I am not situated so that it is practicable, though I should be glad if I were. Very likely that offers the explanation of the writings.

Aug. 31, 5:35 P. M. Was lying in my bed just after a bath in the surf when there came a number of blows on the springs under my pillow. I asked if it was father and there came such a shaking and rattling and striking as to move slightly the mattress. I jumped up and pulled the mattress over but there was nothing to be seen. The springs rested on the ground.

At 8:45 P. M. I was wondering if these manifestations could be made by some intelligence not human, when there came a snap on the stove.

Helen. You are not being deceived; do not fear it.

At 10:30 P. M. I got a writing giving me a reproof for thinking too much of the failings of an acquaintance. Also there had been a chance for a little diversion which I asked

about in a joking way and the response was "You will never regret doing right," which was a bit of wisdom that Solomon could not have improved upon.

Sept. 1, 4:40 P. M. Had been entertaining a friend for whom I had made preparations twice before he came. There came raps in tent and I took my pen and got this:

Father. You must not be too hospitable; it does not pay. You are going to be well and successful beyond your wildest dreams. [A number of raps.] I am with you in your struggles. Marry as soon as possible.

6 P. M. Raps in tent.

Margaret. I am so glad mother is better. She will enjoy being well again and you all will. [I omit remainder of writing.]

[Mother did have several months of comparative comfort before her death.]

Sept. 2. After going to bed last night there were rubbings on springs and upward pressing of mattress for some little time. This morning the rubbing on the springs was repeated. I watched it carefully and counted the noises made by the process. Each one would last about a second. There were seventy. Mother said to me that she thought she was going to have the rubbings on her bed last night and that she expressed the hope mentally that she should not, as she dislikes it so much. It is of all manifestations that I know about the one best intended to impress itself on one's memory. Last night I got the slight electrical touch on my mustache. It is obvious that this sort of thing does not give the idea of its being the work of the subconscious self. There is an outwardness and persistence about it that indicates an intelligence separate from one's self. However, possibly the individual's vital force might be used in some fashion which we do not understand. The sound and sensation of the rubbings might be likened to that which would be produced by rubbing a large wire with partially moistened fingers. To have it done on the under side of one's bed without any physical presence is intended to ruffle one's nerves at least until one becomes accustomed to it.



Sept. 5, 12 M. Raps in tent. Message by writing saying I would hear from an acquaintance to whom I had written proved to be incorrect.

Sept. 7. Early this morning I had a dream about doing a certain thing reasonably impossible. It was vivid enough to waken me. After I was awake there came three raps some two seconds apart. The tent was perfectly still and the raps were very distinct. Eight months later there is no prospect of dream coming true. It is a curious combination and the vividness of the dream is certainly a feature of it.

Sept. 9, 10 A. M. Last night I was too tired to sleep. About midnight there came distinct raps on the canvas tent back of my head. I stretched my right arm back and got the tingling and brushing sensations on it.

12 o'clock, noon. Three raps. The writing which I got and which was repeated on the 12th and referred to on Oct. 2d and 22d I have made the subject of a brief private report. It is of the nature of a prophecy or a remarkable guess concerning a friend of whose situation I was entirely ignorant. On March 30, 1908, I heard that the event predicted was expected to happen. [See Note 1, p. 655.]

5 P. M. Raps.

Father. Nanny is almost well.

5:40 P. M. Raps in tent.

Father. You must not get discouraged. You will win yet.

8:20 P. M. I have just been talking with mother in my tent. My wooden camp stool is near my head as I recline. I had just spoken of Emerson's idea that people did not learn things until they were driven and harassed and sorely pressed. Three raps came on stool and were repeated. I laughed and went on talking. The raps continued fifteen or twenty times. In the course of the conversation I spoke of the idea of the Theosophists that a spirit could manifest itself on any plane. There came three raps which were repeated.

The same day I got an unusually long writing from my sister Lizzie, who very rarely claims to communicate. I do

not feel like quoting it. It contains nothing evidential and is of interest to me only because it expresses ideas that seem unreasonable and that I had never thought of in connection with my sister.

Sept. 10, 12:30 P. M. Raps in tent.

Father. I see your mother and you in your tent.

(Can you see us as you could when you lived with us?)

No, but I can distinguish your features.

(I get some writings from my own secondary personality, don't I?)

Yes, you do.

Sept. 11, 9 P. M.

Helen. You are going a long journey this winter. [Incorrect.]

Sept. 12, 12:40 P. M. Near our tents were a number of spruce trees. Mother was sitting in the shade of one a couple of feet from the trunk. A board five feet long, a foot wide and an inch thick leaned against the tree at an angle of forty-five degrees at right angles to my mother's position. Mother asked me to come and listen to the raps on the board. I stopped long enough to hear a few. They were very distinct and made the board vibrate slightly. After ten minutes had passed I took my pen and diary and sat by the tree where the raps were coming on the board at intervals of a few seconds. This is part of what I got.\*

Father. Nanny you are going to be well once more and happier than you can imagine now.

[Nanny was my mother's name. She died Jan. 31, 1908.] Some fifteen minutes later mother had gone away from the tree and I walked over to it to see if the raps continued. They were coming at irregular intervals. Sometimes several came together and then perhaps fifteen seconds would pass without a sound. Later mother returned to the tree and said that they still continued. They lasted altogether at least half

\* See note to entry of Sept. 9, 12 M. P.



an hour. The closing sentence in my diary is, "This happened out in the open and was as clear and unmistakable a case of raps as I have heard in two years experimenting." I asked mother to make a memorandum in my diary and she wrote:

"I heard raps under the tree and called George's attention to them." N. W. T—

Sept. 13, 2:30 P. M. Half an hour ago I sat down to lunch and remarked that I could go into the surf at 4 o'clock. At that instant I received a perceptible blow on my right shoulder. It startled me into exclaiming aloud.

Sept. 15. An unusual day for rappings and thumps. It rained and blew furiously, the wind being reported next day by the weather bureau as blowing fifty-six miles an hour at North Head, some five miles distant. The writings were of the usual conversational character. After going to bed there were some rappings on the springs and I asked mentally if I could not have a bell sound. There was a rubbing sound ending in a blow which made a sound not unlike a bell, though lacking in the volume and clearness of a bell.

Sept. 16, 9:10 P. M. Tried for writing without raps.

Helen. I am glad to be with you George.

(I am glad to have you.)

You are disposed to worry. [I paused a little.]

Eliza Adaline understands,

(Is it Lizzie writing?)

No, I am giving you her message.

(How is Lizzie?)

She is more content.

(Is there compensation for suffering or must it be regarded as a means of development merely?)

When work [balance illegible.]

No work is lost— [illegible words.]

There is no reason for words, "Eliza Adaline understands," on theory of this being secondary personality.

9:30 P. M. In bed. Just now right side of my face was brushed softly but very perceptibly.

Sept. 17. Mother felt ill this morning and looked bad. I

was packing in her tent thinking about her when there came a loud thump on stove in her tent.

Father. Nanny is all right I am sure. You are all right; don't be scared; no trouble.

When we sat down to breakfast most of the dishes were packed and I laughed and put some mush in my coffee cup saying, "we are spoiled; we don't need much." Instantly there came a loud thump on the stove.

This afternoon I took my pen in my hand and it wrote: "Margaret. You will get off all right to-morrow. It will be fair. You will need no umbrella on the trip" [correct, though weather was threatening at the time].

Sept. 18 to 21 there were rappings and writings of usual type. Sept. 22, while getting ready for church I decided not to mention to the family a piece of news affecting a relative and there came a ringing blow on spring of bed as I stood beside it. Many that I have recorded have come while I was reclining quietly on bed. Much the usual type of raps and writings continued from day to day. On Sept. 24 I heard the explosive crack in the air, which is unusual. On Oct. 2 I got a writing claiming to be from my father saying that my mother would live to a good old age, which has proved to be untrue.\* I received advice twice from intelligence claiming to be my father which was undoubtedly good.

On Oct. 15 I left my mother sitting in a reclining chair while I went to the front of the house. She came and told me that something struck the wooden frame of the chair so hard as to startle her very much. This was out of doors.

Oct. 20, 8:45 A. M. A ringing blow on springs. I tried for writing and my hand wrote very slowly and in most laborious fashion "Henry Sedgwick." I had been reading Henry Sidgwick's lectures on philosophy and during a pause thought of my relatives of that name and that Henry was a family name. Probably the writing was the result of suggestion as it doubtless is in other cases.

Oct. 21, 4:35 A. M. I wakened early and the raps began

\* See note to entry of Sept. 9, 12 M. P.



on springs at the upper end of my bed. After a dozen or more raps I began to count. The raps came about as fast as I could count comfortably. I counted seventy and they stopped. Then they began and I counted thirty-two. After they stopped I began to doze, but the raps began again and wakened me. After counting 144 I struck a match and lit the lamp to make a memorandum and see if I could get a writing. The rappings stopped.

Father. You may be called upon to go far away.  
(What for?) [Sharp snap on stove but no more writing.]

On Oct. 25 I received an invitation to go something more than two thousand miles to make an address before an association. The invitation was dated Oct. 21, so the coincidence was perfect. I had had some correspondence with a member of the association on the subject, but I had not received any intimation from anyone of the proposal which I received on the 25th. I thought there was a chance of it however.

Oct. 22. Communications unusual this day and last evening. I got a most unexpected communication while chatting with a neighbor. We had our hands on a planchette and it made a prediction impossible of verification. My brother Ralph [deceased] was referred to. Matter is told in private report.\* The next message claimed to be from Ralph which is most unusual. It said, "You are being guided in your doings." Perhaps the name was a suggestion from the planchette writing.

Oct. 23, 9 A. M. This morning I wakened at about 6 o'clock conscious of having dreamed of a deceased relative. Raps began on springs under my pillow. They were loud and clear and two came together though occasionally they were single and not so rapid but what I could count deliberately. I counted seventy-seven and then they stopped. I was sleepy and in hopes of getting a nap I did not try for a writing.

Today I was at the public library and while I was stand-

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\* See note to entry of Sept. 9, 12 M. P.

ing alone in front of a small book-case I felt a touch on the right sleeve of my coat.

The night of Oct. 23 I had what would doubtless be described as an hypnagogic hallucination. They are most unusual with me, this being the third of which I have any recollection. A number of us had agreed to try as a sort of last resort the power of suggestion on a friend who was in a dangerous mental state. It was the third time I had tried to make the suggestion. Just before sleep I saw the face of this friend with a pleasant smiling look that I had not seen for a long time. There is this query in my diary: "could effort of a suggestion that a certain thing be done produce the hallucination which would indicate that it was accomplished?" It was more like a visualization or pseudo hallucination than a real hallucination and it did not seem to come between sleeping and waking. Six months later this friend is apparently as well as usual.

Was it a premonitory hallucination? On the whole I do not consider this a hypnagogic hallucination, but as it came just a little before sleep, I cannot refuse to admit that it belongs in that class. It is worth noting that for three days the various manifestations had been unusual. The rappings had been very remarkable, and in spite of my poor opinion of the automatic writing I get, so far as any evidence of the supernormal goes, still I got a prediction on the 21st that was verified on the 25th; one on the 22d through planchette while sitting with another person [who knew nothing of my friends] that, while it has not yet been fulfilled, I hear is expected to occur;\* and the hallucination may be in the same class—a prophecy of improved mental health for my friend. It really seems at this date, April 25, 1908, that she is in her usual condition.

From that point of view there is one interesting thing to consider, and that is that these prophecies coming in different ways through the subliminal strata cannot so easily be denominated lucky guesses or chance coincidences as they might be had they been more widely separated in time. I do

\* See note to entry of Sept. 9, 12 M. P.



not wish to claim anything in any event, for one of the three predictions has not been fulfilled.\*

During the balance of October there was nothing significant. In a memorandum made on the 29th I noted some coincidences of the ordinary kind. It happened that on the 28th I had received a letter from a so-called astrologer whose advertisement I had answered out of curiosity. He volunteered a partial reading from which I inferred that he was a psychometrist. He described my character with remarkable accuracy and told me of various events going back four years. He described them in general terms but they were correct, which was curious as the events were unusual. He referred especially to an occurrence of two years before which had been most unpleasant. The individual associated with me at that time I had not seen for eight months before and have not seen since. This person lives eighty miles away. On that day I met this individual on the street, also on the next day, again on Nov. 4 and once more on Nov. 7—four times in ten days. All this is of no importance except that it illustrates what we call chance coincidence. I had received a letter referring to an unpleasant experience of mine two years old, and the person most closely connected with that experience whom I very rarely see I met on four different occasions within ten days. It was a chance coincidence pure and simple. I cannot help thinking that many of the so-called coincidences in relation to psychic phenomena show a decidedly different character. The element of pure chance is lacking. It seems to me that the occurrences should be described as "telepathic coincidences," "clairvoyant coincidences," "premonitory coincidences," etc., in the interests of what DeQuincey called an exact use of language.

On the night of Nov. 1, after going to bed I had made a prayer asking for an open mind and to be put into right relations with my surroundings, and fell asleep. I awakened very soon by hearing a voice say, "You have a light about you or behind you." I cannot say which it was for I repeated

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\* See note to entry of Sept. 9, 12 M. P.

it to myself twice and went to sleep again. The entry was made next morning in my diary.

I won't attempt to quote every writing as so many are similar in character. On Nov. 4 at 5:10 P. M., after a blow on the spring of bed I got a line saying N— S. is going away. At 8:45 P. M. Nov. 5 I heard that she was taken to a sanitarium the previous afternoon, so to adopt my own rule, I'll call that a telepathic coincidence, as I knew nothing of the event.

On Nov. 5 I got a writing saying I was going to M—. I wanted to go but did not.

On Nov. 8, after a thump on the springs, I got a writing from Margaret saying I was going away on a journey. The idea of self-suggestion here is a simple explanation, but that does not explain similar writings such as the one quoted on Sept. 11. The writing of Nov. 8 continued and I said "It's delightful to have mother better." There was no response. After two minutes I asked, "Are you still here?" The answer came, "Yes; marry as soon as you can."

I have no wish to torture any meaning into this, for I have already suggested a simple explanation for the advice, but I depended on my mother for companionship and she left this earthly life very suddenly eleven weeks later.

On Nov. 10 there began a remarkable series of musical sounds mostly in my mother's presence, which continued practically every day until her death on January 31, 1908. I heard a great many of them when I went to see her, as I did every day, and I had a number in my room a few blocks away. My mother heard the first ones on Nov. 10 when we were all at church, she told me. I had heard a few similar sounds two years before, but these came in broad daylight very much as raps did. I made an entry in my diary whenever I heard any and to make a complete record I made an entry when mother told me that she had heard some of the sounds. Five people besides heard some of these musical sounds and by more or less persistent requests I got their signed statements, though in the case of my brother and his wife, with whom mother was living, I had to write out a



statement for them to sign, as my brother did not like to encourage the phenomena by talking about it.

On Nov. 10 I had gone to see mother after church. She told me that she had been reading "The Psychic Riddle" and that when she came to the passage describing a communication purporting to be between Dr. Hodgson and Dr. Hyslop concerning prayer she heard a number of faint bell-like notes in the room. As I sat beside her after the narration there came a soft-toned sound like a bell note apparently close to the ceiling. It was remarkably sweet. Mother said that there had been a dozen before only fainter. She added that she had asked to have the sound repeated after I came. She said she tried to get a writing and got the name, "Eliza Adaline." She asked if it was her mother or her daughter and her hand wrote, "Blanchard," which was her daughter's married name, a curious way to answer, even for the subliminal entity. I tried for a writing and got my sister's name but no message. Later mother told me that there were a number of the faint bell notes after I had gone. The sun was shining in the room.

With one exception the sounds during the following weeks came in the same room,—the dining room, which was used as a sitting room. As a rule they came in the corner where there was a stove, though not always. As a rule, too, they seemed to come near the ceiling, though I heard them apparently close to the stove at times. The stove pipe went up perpendicularly for two lengths and then there was an elbow and one length and a half into the chimney. The horizontal part was supported by an ordinary wire attached in two places with screw hooks to the ceiling and wound once around the pipe. My brother assumed that the musical sounds were made by the vibrations of the wire and that the changes in temperature made the wire vibrate. We all considered the matter very carefully and my brother's suggestion seemed to be the only possible naturalistic explanation. The idea of an ordinary piece of stove pipe wire emitting musical notes solely through the changes of temperature in a living room, when there was a fire and also when there

was none, was a trifle lame as an explanation, but it was the only thing to be had without calling on the supernatural.

[I asked Mr. T. if there were any clock or other means in the room of making the bell sounds and he replies: "There was no clock in the house where the bell sounds occurred. There was a large nickel watch in a case in the room called a travelling clock, but it had no striking apparatus. The house is an old cottage on the corner of two streets. It is in a lot fifty by one hundred feet, the next cottage north being fully thirty feet distant, and the one east being fifty feet distant. There are no gas pipes in the house, no electric wiring, and no telephone. I am familiar with the belongings of the house and packed them or oversaw the packing in the middle of February. There was no bell or gong or any device which would make a sound except the wire supporting the pipe from the stove.

The bell sounds heard by E. S.—— and M. S.—— and myself on Jan. 31st, (1908), while my mother's body lay in her room were at about 1 o'clock, P. M., I think. I know that it was between noon and 3 P. M., and my impression is that it was about ten minutes before one, but that is a mere impression. There is no clock that strikes the hours in that part of the city."—J. H. H.]

The evening of Nov. 10 at 7:20 I was in a hall waiting for a lecture to begin. I took my pen and it wrote, "You are going to be successful in all you undertake, so look out."

I spoke of my regret at having wounded the feelings of my communicator in old days and my hand wrote, "me forgive," the use of the objective "me" being curious on the theory of secondary personality or any other theory except that of a certain confusion.

Nov. 11, 11 A. M. I have called to see mother and she told me of hearing faint bell notes again. My sister said Joseph asked her last night what those sounds were. She said it sounded to her like a bell or faint music. She added that Joseph said he heard it in the night. His room opened out of the dining room. Fire was not kept up in the stove during the night.

Nov. 12, 10:56 A. M. Thump on spring as I finished



letter. Communicator claimed to be my father. He criticised my letter. On reflection the criticism seemed so good that I wrote the letter over again.

Nov. 12. A rap on my stove at 5:55 P. M. A writing from my father said the friend of whom I had a hallucinatory vision on Oct. 23 was dead. She was sick in body and mind but there was no fear of death.

Nov. 13. I heard a bell sound at my brother's today at 11:30 A. M. Mother said she heard two faint bell sounds last evening.

Nov. 14, 8:30 P. M. Have just come home from my brother's. While chatting I heard the bell sound twice in the room. My sister looked at me curiously the first time. It is a curious manifestation and is apparently an effort to attract attention. My mother was not in the house that night. The next day I asked my sister if she heard the sound the previous evening. She said that she did and that she had heard it twice that day and wondered if wire holding pipe had made the sound. She said it did not sound like a bell to her. She said that she thought she heard something on the springs of her bed in the night. Mother was away that day visiting her sister.

8:35 P. M., Nov. 15. Raps in my room and very perceptible brushings on my head and left hand lasting about ten minutes.

Nov. 16. I called on mother this evening at my brother's and at 7:20 and 8 o'clock heard the sound which I have described as bell-like. We talked about it and mother suggested that it sounded like a harp possibly. I have called it bell-like because of its lacking the continuing vibration of a wire. It's more like a soft gong than a bell.

At 8:55 P. M. in my room after a rap on my door I got a short writing reproving me for cherishing unkind thoughts.

A writing on Nov. 17, claiming to be from my sister Margaret, gave me the usual encouragement. I said "some predictions don't pan out." The reply was, "you need not be disturbed. We make mistakes as you do."

Nov. 18. Last night after going to bed there were some raps in my room. As I was trying to relax my muscles I

suddenly thought of my sister Lizzie, and I seen her face so vividly that I exclaimed, "Lizzie!" The sharp rap afterwards. I reached for my pen on the bed and my hand wrote in the darkness, "Elizabeth. You are going on a journey." This was a pseudo vision, that is, a faint hallucination. The thought came unexpectedly and immediately I saw her face visualized across my room. My sister died in 1891. I have not seen her since 1891. Why my hand should write Adaline, her baptismal name, when she always signed Lizzie, is a curious thing.

I saw mother today noon. She said she heard a beautiful bell sound apparently at a distance and through the front room. It was repeated once and again. She said it was extremely sweet.

6 P. M. Called on my brother's family tonight. A gong or bell sound came twice. My brother said, "There's your wire again. I'll take that thing down." He laughed. He said, "I know you think it's funny. I heard a thing in the night." I told him he would be up again. He took the wire down and the sounds continued, for I think the wire was Irish enough to ring if it wasn't.

Mother said she got two of the bell sounds tonight. My sister was with her. She said she got a curious message purporting to be from Lizzie. It said my brother should believe in these manifestations for a long time but would ultimately.

On Nov. 19 I got a longer writing than usual from my father (or claimed to be) and predicted that I should go on a journey the next month, which proved to be correct. I asked about a non-professional psychic who had called on in the hope of getting her assistance in some of my experiments. The answer was, "she is all right and a good psychic." (Have you any advice?) "You are one of the best of great things. You must not care for rebuke or for you are in the right, and time will vindicate you and your friends when you can; they will be useful in many ways." Mother says she heard a faint bell sound today.

Nov. 20. Mother said they had six sounds of the



evening. She said J—— said "bang" when they came. She said she heard some faint ones today, one when I was there, but that I was absorbed in a book and did not notice it.

About 10:45 P. M. there were some sharp cracks in room as I was thinking about the candidacy of an acquaintance for a political office and wishing that I could do something of the kind.

"Father. You need not hesitate in asking for anything; you will receive all." That's a case that cannot be attributed to self-suggestion of a direct sort anyway, for I do not possess the right kind of temperament for that sort of suggestion.

Nov. 21. Mother said at 11 A. M. that they had had a number of bell sounds since I was there yesterday at 3 P. M. She says they are more like bell sounds than anything else.

Nov. 22. Mother said that there was only one bell sound yesterday and that was faint. It was a windy day and she had visitors with her all the afternoon.

Nov. 23. Mother said there was one bell sound today while I was at the house, but that I did not hear it.

There is an entry this day concerning telepathic impressions: Two days ago I stopped on the sidewalk opposite the window where mother was sitting and willed her to turn and look out. She turned and looked in about thirty seconds. Today while waiting on a corner for a car I tried the experiment of willing that a woman of about forty who was standing there should speak to me. I kept up the effort for about a minute when she did speak to me and we had a little chat. I never saw her before. Of course these may be mere chance coincidences, but I will call them telepathic coincidences.

Nov. 24, 8:20 A. M. Got touch on mustache.

6:56 P. M. I was reading in Prof. J. Allen Smith's book on American Democracy of the importance of the change in the ideas of right and wrong. There was a sharp rap on my door. "Father. You are on the verge of a great moral upheaval in your world. You are going to see a wonderful change." At the time of the rap I had just begun the paragraph. Professor Smith's idea is that there are different standards of right and wrong and more publicity than a

generation ago, so that there seems to be more wickedness than usual. The writing coming before I read the paragraph struck me as a curious coincidence.

Today I took dinner at my brother's. A cousin of ours was there. Just at the close of dinner the bell sound came so distinctly that we all heard it. My brother looked up and said to his wife, "you have not attended to that." She said "I have not." No one else made any remark. Mother has told me that morning that she had heard three bell sounds before half-past ten A. M. Soon after dinner I went home with my cousin. I asked her if she noticed any sound. I may have said bell sound. At first she said no. I then asked her if she remembered my brother's remark and she said yes, and then added that she did remember the bell sound but paid no attention to it. I asked to write out her recollections of it when she got home and she agreed to do so. It was several weeks before she did. I attach her statement herewith. It is not dated and the date of the dinner is not given. My record shows that the dinner was on Nov. 24, and the statement was received about a month later after my cousin had returned to her home in the eastern part of the state.

"On Sunday afternoon of Nov. —, '07, I had occasion to take dinner with some relatives, an aunt and three cousins. When the meal was partially finished and while chatting on different subjects, we heard the single clear note of a bell which appeared to proceed from a space in mid-air between the table and ceiling.

My aunt and cousins had heard the bell sounds before entirely unknown to myself, at various times. The note seemed to be peculiarly clear and pleasing in tone and sounded but once only."

Ellen B.——.

Nov. 25. At 9:10 A. M. there came a sharp crack on the wall. My hand wrote the name of one of my uncles which was very unusual. There was one sentence, "you will never go alone while we are around you."

Mother tells me that she heard one bell sound in the dining room [the usual place] today and that she thinks she



heard one in the kitchen this afternoon. Yesterday she heard a dozen.

Nov. 26. Mother says she heard one bell sound today.

This evening I went to see Mrs. M—— and had a talk with her and her husband about psychical research. She is a medium—non-professional—and I told her I hoped to get her assistance in some experiments. She seems to have a great disinclination to experiment, but says she has seen the forms of people who have left this life ever since she was a little girl. She has a great repugnance to the idea of being controlled, as she calls it, and usually fights off the tendency. I got back to my room about 10 o'clock. There came some regular raps on the stove. I tried for a writing.

Father. You were almost successful tonight in getting a sight of me.

(What's the matter with Mrs. M?)

She is afraid you will hold her too cheaply.

(We'll have better luck later.)

You keep trying and you will succeed.

(Were you alone tonight?)

No, Margaret was with me. You are doing well.

After getting the writing I wrote out a brief account of my call and got various raps as I was doing it. After asking Mrs. M—— if I could have her assistance she asked me if I noticed her leaving the room suddenly just before. I did notice that she rushed out of the room as we were talking. She said she saw a figure just forming and she ran away to stop it. She said I looked towards [sharp rap] it and she thought I saw it. After she said this there came several sharp raps in the room, one on the dining table very pronounced. She agreed to make arrangements with a friend for some sittings, as she had some guests in her house who were not in sympathy with the idea. There was a rap on the door in my room as I finished the memorandum. Of course these raps which come when I am making memoranda may be mere coincidences, but it is so common that I have ceased to regard them as chance coincidences.

Nov. 27, 5:20 P. M. Raps on stove.

Helen. I am sorry you are blue. You are so cheerful generally. Marry as soon as possible.

A little later there came a rap and what seemed to be a pushing up of the mattress of my couch on which I was lying. I took my pen and got, "you will go away soon now and when you return matters will be different."

At 8:19 o'clock tonight I was chatting with my mother at my brother's house about a conversation that day with some acquaintances in which the subject of matrimony came up. I said doubtless we all had some opportunities to marry. Immediately there came a faint bell sound. A little later mother said she heard another. I did [rap] not notice it.

8:55 P. M. Sharp rap on the door of my room.

Helen. You are a great comfort to me. You are so determined a will.

(Did you go with me to see mother?)

Yes.

(How do you make bell sounds?)

[No reply.]

Nov. 27. Mother says she heard one bell sound.

Nov. 28. Raps on stove at 9:47 P. M.

Helen. You will see me again some day. You are in the way of success. I am going to go with you when you must. ....

Nov. 29. Raps on stove at 8:30 P. M.

Helen. You are getting well, George. You will [rap] always be well after this. I am going to be away from you for a time [rap] on an errand to my fr. ....

Mother says she heard four bell sounds to-day.

Nov. 30. I had a vivid dream of an old friend who died in 1883 this morning. I thought I saw him and greeted him, but he returned my greeting coldly. It troubled me and I wakened with that feeling. As I lay awake thinking of his appearance the idea of materialization came into my mind when suddenly in my quiet room there came a violent snap on the loose manuscript on the floor by my bed like that made by a strong rubber elastic drawn back and let go.



At 8:30 A. M. there was a rap on the door and at 9 A. M. a thump on spring.

Father. You have no cause to be ashamed. Go ahead and take all the credit you can get. I am proud of you my son. Marry as soon as you can.

I was doing a piece of work which I had volunteered to do and a momentary feeling that it was not worth while was in my mind at the moment the thump on the spring came.

12:25 P. M. A ringing blow on spring as I was writing a newspaper letter in a prize competition. I had just mentioned an item which seemed of especial interest.

Father. You are touching the right chord.

I'll complete this incident regardless of my plan of quoting entries from day to day.

On Dec. 1 as I finished the letter at 2:45 P. M. there came a rap on the spring.

Father. You will succeed as surely [rap] as you are alive.

On Dec. 18 I heard that letter was printed and that day in two different communications purporting to be from my father I was assured I would get a prize.

On Dec. 20 got copies of paper containing letter from the editor of paper. At 9:12 P. M. I heard a bell sound while thinking of the prize possibility. Also got a writing purporting to be from Helen saying I would get a prize and a bigger one than I expected.

On March 4, 1908, while sitting with some friends at a table tipping séance I asked the question mentally about a prize and got an affirmative response.

On March 20 I had a vivid dream about getting 500 dollars and running great risk of losing it from robbers. On waking there came a rap and the thought idly passed through my mind, "I wonder if I will get a prize," and there came three distinct raps on my bed. The interest of these entries lies in the fact that they prophecy a certain thing and the prophecy absolutely failed. Its not an uncommon occurrence, but this

case is clear-cut and not too intimately personal to quote. The narrative shows that the most simple explanation is that the thoughts of the matter suggested the answers from another strata of my consciousness or from a consciousness temporarily split off from my primary personality. The raps seem to have their origin from the same source, and the table tipping an affirmative answer [we used a heavy wooden chair instead of a table, but the principle is the same], and the bell sound—if it was not a chance coincidence—all seem to respond to a kind of self-suggestion. I have had perhaps a dozen similar experiences in less than three years. The only conclusions possible are that either the intelligence communicating is not only ignorant, but willing to make assertions notwithstanding, or else that the communications are the automatic responses to self-suggestion acting on some portion of my own consciousness. The latter idea seems to be the simplest. I am not conscious of making the suggestion but that's unnecessary of course in view of what we know of secondary personality.

To go back to Nov. 30. At 5 P. M. I was day dreaming about having a house and having mother live with me when there came a very sharp rap on the stove. I took my pen and got:

Helen. Marry when you can.

At 8:55 P. M. There were numerous raps on the stove as I was balancing my expense book for November.

Father. It's going to be all right; don't worry about means. Marry when you can. You will have all you need and more.

Dec. 1, 11:45 A. M. I heard one very distinct bell sound while talking with mother.

9 P. M. Mother says she heard three bell sounds after I left to-day.

A blow came on spring just now.

Helen. You are going on a journey soon. I shall go with you and.....



There have been numerous raps and thumps to-day and a couple of the explosive snaps in the air [apparently] this evening. I asked if the intelligence could tell me who it was and after some 45 seconds there came a loud rap on the stove.

Dec. 3. After I wakened at 7 o'clock I was thinking how poorly things went, though I was not feeling discouraged, when there came a ring on the spring. I got this:

Father. You will be as successful as you have been unhappy.

9:37 A. M. Thumps on stove as I was planning a piece of work.

Father. You are all right; go ahead.

Dec. 7, 8:15 A. M. A loud thump in my room as I was thinking of a couple of my friends.

Father. You are just in your estimate of the situation.

Dec. 5. While talking with mother to-day she said she heard a faint bell sound. I was folding a newspaper and the rustling of the paper prevented me from hearing. She told me to-night she heard three bell sounds this afternoon while thinking of appearance of forms in Mrs. M's presence. I had told her of my experience at the home of Mrs. M. on Nov. 26. This instance, as well as many others, seems to connect raps and bell sounds with the unspoken thoughts of the individuals concerned. Whether that fact and the substance of writings which I get indicates a response from a lower strata of consciousness than the primary one it is hard to say. I have noticed more than once that that idea if held in mind is apt to inhibit to an extent both sounds and writings, though occasionally I will get a writing protesting against that conclusion. That view is the one tentatively held by Dr. Maxwell and involves of course an exteriorization of the medium's personality. The bell sound as an objective fact is remarkable from that view point.

Mr. Myers in his introductory chapter to "Human Personality" says of these submerged thoughts and emotions

"that they possess the characteristics which we associate with conscious life." He even uses the terms "the empirical self" and the "transcendental self." He says of the subliminal self that we "shall see it uttering or writing sentences quite as complex and coherent as the supraliminal consciousness could make them." He adds that "not only are these isolated subliminal processes comparable with isolated supraliminal processes (as when a problem is solved by some unknown procedure in a dream) but there is also a continuous subliminal chain of memory."

He says of these communications that they are "often characteristically different in quality from any element known to our ordinary supraliminal life. They are different in a way which implies faculty of which we have had no previous knowledge, operating in an environment of which hitherto we have been wholly unaware."

Of course there is no question about the subliminal faculties and even the hypothesis of exteriorization has very respectable evidence to support it. Maxwell gives a good deal of testimony and there is satisfactory evidence of mediums seeing their own astral bodies or doubles, which points the same way. Even if the hypothesis is a fact it does not preclude at all the influence of external intelligences, physical or discarnate, but it accounts for many things at many times without recourse to spirits. I see no reason for believing that a majority of automatic writings I have quoted have a spiritistic source, and they have so close a connection with my thoughts and with raps and various sounds, musical and otherwise, that it seems reasonable to ask if the subliminal strata may not be responsible for those too. As to the difficulty of these sounds being objective one might say that the primary self is purely intellectual, aside from feeling and will, while the subliminal has a great stock of motor energy, though of course we don't know how it acts outside of the body.

To go back to my diary, an entry on Dec. 6 says that last night after going to bed there were many raps on the stove and some of the cracking noises.

Dec. 7, 8:37 A. M. I had started a fire in the stove in my



room and was bathing my throat with cold water when I heard a rap of a curious sort on the stove. Next there came from the same spot, apparently, a sound like that of a cracked bell which was repeated. I said, please do that again and there came a bell-like note though as if the bell were slightly muffled. The bell sound was much like those that I have heard at my brother's house only this seemed to be very close to me. I tried to make sounds like those I had heard by tapping on the stove and pipe and wire holding pipe but failed to get anything like them.

Mother came to see me at 10 A. M. and said that she heard three bell sounds at my brother's house yesterday. Mother and I were discussing these bell sounds and at 10:17 A. M. there was a noise as if a stove cover had been raised and dropped. Mother was facing the stove and she thought she saw a flash of the fire as the cover was raised but she would not assert that it was so. I was looking in another direction. My brother came in shortly afterwards and there were various raps and rings on the springs of a pronounced character.

Dec. 8, 4:45 P. M. Raps on the stove. Mother was present.

Margaret. You and mother are going to be surprised, so look out.

Mother suggested asking what surprises would be. The stinging, biting sensation came on the back of my right hand. My hand wrote,

Ever and ever so many [rap] things will surprise you before long. You are going away for one thing; then you are going to be married for another.

At 11:20 P. M. I had gone to bed and heard a bell sound in corner where the stove is. I asked to have it repeated and it was.

Dec. 9, 8 A. M. While dressing I heard a bell sound outside of my window apparently. Shortly after I heard faint bell sounds on the stove. I asked to have them repeated and one more came faint but clearly distinct.

Mother says she heard two bell sounds at Joseph's yesterday and one this morning.

Dec. 10, 1:25 P. M. Ring on spring.

Father. You are on the road to success; [rap] a higher success than you ever dreamed of. Go on with courage and hope and you can do anything. You must not give up for any cause.

I had finished within twenty-four hours a political article on which I had been at work for a month and had received a request from the Milwaukee Journal for an advance copy of it the evening before. The article was to be read at the annual meeting of the American Political Science Association the next month at Madison, Wisconsin.

Dec. 11. To-day at 1:20 P. M. I was talking with mother at my brother's house and we both heard a bell sound. I tried tapping wire and pipe but could get no sound like it. On coming to my room I heard faint bell sounds apparently on the top of my stove. I was thinking at the time of some allusions to the question of survival which I had made in my political article. To-night I was at my brother's and a bell sound came very distinctly as I was telling the family the story of Elizabeth Canning as related by Andrew Lang.

Dec. 12, 13 and 14 were like other days in matter of raps and writings of usual character. On the 14th mother said she heard a bell sound at my brother's house. In the evening she told me that as she was reading in Bulwer's "Haunters and Haunted" in the afternoon and thinking of the persistent will of the man who investigated the haunted house and reflecting how desirable such a will was, she heard three of the most beautiful bell sounds at close intervals that she ever heard.

Dec. 15. I wakened at about 5 A. M. and decided I would not furnish copy of paper to editor of Milwaukee Journal as requested when there came a muffled blow on spring, but I could get no writing. At 10:30 A. M. there came a ring on spring and I got my father's name and the assurance that I was right not to send a copy as I did not have but a few. In January I received a request for a copy from the State Librarian at Columbus, Ohio, for the use of the members of



the Legislature in Ohio, and also a suggestion from the editor of the New York Independent that I send him a summary of the article for the Independent, so my decision of Dec. 15 permitted me to respond to both requests which otherwise I could not have done without a great deal of labor. I might call that a premonitory coincidence if it were worth while.

To balance that a writing on the evening of Dec. 15 said I was going away after all, which was incorrect.

Dec. 16 and 17 I got writings of usual character. On the 17th I heard a bell-like sound at my brother's. Mother said she heard two the day before.

Dec. 18. Mother said she heard a bell sound this morning. At 6 P. M. I was at my brother's and he made a remark about the opening of the banks after the prolonged legal holidays. I assented and immediately a bell sound came in room. Afterwards mother volunteered the remark that she heard the bell sound though she was in another room.

Dec. 19. Mother told me that she and my sister-in-law heard a bell sound which was not near the stove but in another part of the room to-day.

Dec. 20. While at my brother's house to-day I heard two clear bell notes a few seconds apart. Mother told my brother that yesterday she and Mary heard a bell sound in another part of the room than the one occupied by the stove. Mary assented and my brother admitted that they were sweet sounds. Mother said to-night that she heard one bell sound this morning and one after I was at the house at noon. At 4:27 P. M. I heard a bell sound near the stove in my room. I heard another at 9:12 P. M. The last one was the signal for a writing promising me a prize. I have alluded to that in entry of date December 1st.

The bell sounds of this day were remarkable but did not compare with Dec. 21, which was my sister Margaret's birthday. She died fifteen years ago last August at the age of twenty-three.

On the 21st mother told me that she heard three bell sounds on different keys at close intervals. She said she heard about six on the same key. This was during the afternoon. At 6:47 P. M. I was in the dining room at my brother's

house alone and there came a sharp crack on the stove close beside me. I took pencil and paper and got this:

Margaret. Mother, I have been with you all day. I will may tell you some good news soon. You and m. ....

At 7:40 I sat by the table writing while mother lay on her couch. I heard two bell notes. Mother said she heard three. I moved my chair near the stove and listened. The bell sounds came at intervals of a few minutes. Twice two came close together, the second note being a full tone lower than the first, reminding me of the bells of a chime. The sounds seemed to come from near the ceiling over the stove and near the pipe. At 8:15 P. M. I had counted seventeen, a few very faint but most of them distinct to one listening.

Dec. 22. I called to see mother at 11 A. M. She told me that she heard three bell sounds after I left the evening before. I heard five bell sounds between 11 and 11:45 A. M. Some of them were quite loud.

At 1:36 P. M. a thump on spring was followed by a writing claiming to be from my father and saying that he was glad of my success and that it would continue. At 8:15 P. M. a writing from the same source told a fact about a friend which proved to be untrue. At 10:15 P. M. a writing preceded by raps from intelligence giving name of Helen said,

You are going to get well [three raps.]

That's a fair summary of many a day's experience. The really curious thing in connection with them is the rapping.

On the night of Dec. 22 I prayed that I might know about a woman to whom I was engaged some years ago. She lives in Pennsylvania and I live on the Pacific Coast. That night I had a most vivid dream of seeing her. She advanced to greet me most warmly, but I seemed to be able to see into the room she had just left and there was a young man of about thirty. I saw him very distinctly. He was smooth-faced and good-looking and of medium size. Soon my friend left me and returned to him. Four months later I decided to see if there was anything in my dream. It seems that there



is a man who calls on my friend who answers the description I gave very well, so she says. She adds that while she is not certain, the chances are that he was calling on her the evening of the 22d—Sunday. That part I had not thought about and did not ask about. I have never seen this man nor heard about his appearance. Was it a guess dream or a clairvoyant dream?

The lady's statement is as follows:

"Sunday before Christmas, Dec. 22, 1907. I have thought a great deal about it, but I can't tell for sure. But the chances are that Mr. R—— was here. He comes out either on Saturday or Sunday P. M., when he comes, and if any one was here that evening it was he, and your description is very good. He is about 32 years and looks younger."

Dec. 23. Rap on door at 11:38 P. M.

Father. You are going away in a little while.

Dec. 24. Several raps on stove and one on the door at 12:21 P. M. I thought of trying for a writing and there came a sharp rap on the wall by my book case some eight feet in front of me.

Father. You will hear where you are going soon.

At 2:30 P. M. there was a ring on the springs. I got a writing advising me against a thing that I had some doubts about.

There was a sharp rap on door as I was day dreaming. The time was 3:23 P. M. There was a prediction claiming to be from my father to the effect that I would realize my highest ambition.

I heard to-night a faint bell sound at my brother's house which was not near the stove.

At 10:20 P. M. in my room I was thinking casually of prophecies of betterment in my situation and there came a sound half way between a thump and a gong sound.

Dec. 25, 8:10 P. M. I was feeling depressed and half ill with a cold. There came a ring on the spring which made

the wires hum. A rap on the door of my room came afterwards.

Helen. You must not depreciate yourself. You are a wonderful man. You are going away.

I heard two bell sounds at my brother's to-day; one at 3 P. M. and one about 4 P. M.

Dec. 26. Ring on spring at 5:11 P. M.

Helen. You are better tonight.

Mother said she heard two bell sounds to-day. I heard one to-night at my brother's at 7:15 P. M.

Dec. 27. In connection with the idea of telepathy I have had a curious experience lately which suggests to me the thought that a specific appeal to the sex instinct can and probably does pass between women and men without any outward sign.

At 10:45 P. M. while reading in my room I heard a sound half way between a thump and a bell sound and soon after another very much like a gong.

At 11 o'clock I heard a gong sound on stove.

Dec. 28, 10:08 P. M. A gentle thump on spring followed by a ringing blow as I finished a newspaper letter.

Mother said she heard two bell sounds to-day.

Dec. 29. I heard two bell sounds at my brother's to-night about 7 P. M. Mother said she heard one before the two that I heard.

At 10:35 P. M. a ringing blow on spring as I was considering a plan.

Dec. 30, 2:15 P. M. Ring on spring and writing of usual style.

Mother said she heard two bell sounds at my brother's to-day when she was alone.

Jan. 1, 1908. I had been compelled to move to another house. At 7:45 P. M. in my new room I was reading in part III of Vol. I of Proceedings of A. S. P. R., of how hard a communicator tried to come when there came a bell sound



in my room. There is no wiring on pipe in this room. There were various writings of the usual character.

Jan. 2. Mother told me that she heard a beautiful bell sound at two o'clock to-day. Later as we were talking we heard a clinking noise as of metal on metal in the kitchen. We were in another room at the end of a short passage but the door was open into the kitchen. Mother went into the kitchen and I soon followed. The noise came from the range in which a fire had just been started. I got down on my knees and located the clinking noise on the outside of the swinging door of the fire box. It came about twenty times. I opened and shut the door and the clinking noises stopped and raps began to come in the oven. They were soft thumping raps and could be heard with the door open or shut.

At 5 P. M. I was in my room and was reading over some records. As I read one of Jan. 1st there came a faint bell sound. It consisted of a writing about a matter too personal to quote. I tried for a writing and got,

Father. You are right.

The bell sounds continued from 15 to 30 seconds apart until nine had come after the first one. A few raps came too.

Jan. 3. Last night after going to bed there were some of the rubbing sounds on the springs. This morning on waking the rubbing sounds were very marked but did not last long. There were some sounds on the stove something like a gong.

To-night at my brother's at 6:30 P. M. I heard four or five bell sounds as we were talking about its being a year ago that my brother and his wife returned from Olympia.

Jan. 4. Mother said she heard two bell sounds to-day, one being very sweet.

At 8:35 P. M. in my room there was sound half way between bell and a clang on metal.

Helen. You are going to hear good news tomorrow.

At 9:55 P. M. there was a similar sound on the stove and a writing from same source about a personal matter. A couple of raps came during the writing.

During the year I have kept a record of dreams in order to compare their substance with writings secured automatically. One about this time presented an apparition of an unknown woman who argued that nothing should be allowed to bar our legitimate wishes. Two others indicated by symbols that I could do certain things if I wished. There have been three in as many weeks, which is very unusual, and all were of same character though with different settings.

Ring on spring at 11 P. M.

Margaret. You will get some money before long.

(A good deal or a little?)

It's a good deal dear George.

(How is ———?)

He is being cared for as. . . . .

Jan. 5, 4:50 A. M. Ring on spring.

Helen. I am with you. You are almost well.

I heard three bell sounds at my brother's house to-day and one this morning. Mother said she heard several this morning.

I went to the post office for my sister-in-law this forenoon—to-day is Sunday—and got a letter for myself containing a pleasant piece of news, so its only fair to refer to writing of 8:35 P. M. Jan. 4, as a premonitory coincidence. It is not my habit to go to the office on Sundays.

Jan. 6, 2:30 P. M. I had been attending to various matters and had just returned to my room where I was laying a fire when there came a crack on the stove.

Father. I have been with you all the morning.

(What did you think?)

You do well but you are a little too sensitive. You might make friends with a number of people. Marry when you can.

At 4:20 P. M. I got a rap on a piece of paper beside me.

Mother said she heard lots of bell sounds to-day. Mary [my sister-in-law] said she heard bell sounds on going to bed last night and in the night.



That evening I called on Mrs. M——, the medium. She said that she had seen my father since I was there last and that he talked about some plans he had had for me. It was not intelligible though in 1885 when I settled up his estate I was compelled to go contrarary to what I knew had been his plans. Later Mrs. M. told me that the spirit of my father gave her some good advice on the subject of forgiveness of offenses. He said that the old orthodox idea that it was proper to forgive and place things exactly on the old footing was wrong, for the reason that it made a repetition of the occurrence almost certain. He intimated that the experience was to be remembered most carefully though without malice.

I heard this some time after the event and did not make a memorandum of it.

Jan. 7, 10:40 A. M. Ring on spring as I was thinking of what Mrs. M. said of my father's plans for me.

Margaret. Yes we are just the same.

To-night I heard five bell sounds at my brother's house. Some of them were very faint.

Jan. 8, 8:30 A. M. A crack on the stove as I started to build a fire.

Father. You are all right.

I had an unpleasant fall the evening before which jarred my weak back.

There was a ring on the spring at 10:30 A. M. as I was thinking what I would say in regard to a neglected promise.

Father. I would not be harsh.

The night of Jan. 10 after going to bed I had very light tinglings and brushings on the top of my head.

There were the usual writings on the 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th. On the 12th mother said she heard one bell yesterday and two to-day.

Jan. 13. I heard a beautiful bell sound at my brother's as

I was thinking of a ms. I just mailed. The article was printed in New York Independent.

Jan. 14. This morning I heard a bell sound at my brother's. Mother said she had three in succession as she was reading a letter she had just written to her grandchildren. I copied the part referred to and asked her to sign it which she did. It is attached herewith. My sister-in-law said she heard the sounds. She admitted that she heard the one I did.

I am going to send you each a coral necklace for birthday presents. The corals belonged to your dear mamma and now I know you are old enough to take good care of and not lose them; and I know she would like you to have them, for she loved you very much, and you can think of them as coming from her.

As I was reading this over I heard three bells.

N. W. T——.

Jan. 14, about 10.30 A. M.

Jan. 15, 12:40 A. M. I had been in bed possibly fifteen minutes when the mattress and pillow were raised slightly under my head. There was also a rubbing on the springs.

Helen. Good night; pleasant dreams.

Jan. 16, 7 A. M. Quite a number of raps came on springs as I wakened. I lit my lamp and got:

Father. You will [undecipherable words] to-day.

(Try again.)

You will hear some good news to-day.

I did get two letters containing pleasant items of news and word of another letter of the same character. The incident is insignificant but curious too. Three letters in twenty-four hours bringing pleasant news is unusual with me.

Mother says that she heard two beautiful bell sounds last night and that my sister-in-law heard one of them. She also heard a new and curious sound on the stove on returning from a visit to her sister in another part of the city. It is not an easy sound to describe. We have heard it for a short time. In my diary I have called it the *plit* or *ft* sound.



suggests the impact of a lead bullet on metal and gives the idea of velocity of force suddenly stopped or deflected.

At 10:55 P. M. I was thinking that I should do a certain thing when there came three sharp clicks on the stove.

Father. You are right do s. ....

Jan. 17. I called on mother and was telling her of a somewhat absurd experience at a society meeting I attended the night before. We heard distinct raps on the wicker rocking chair as I talked to her.

9 P. M. Thumps on stove.

Father. You must not give up. You are going to succeed.

Jan. 18. At 7:30 P. M. we heard three bell sounds at my brother's house. They were unmistakable and we all spoke of them, but they were not loud. My brother was away.

Jan. 19. About 5 P. M. I was at my brother's and was reading in Dr. Savage's "Life Beyond Death" of Dr. Hodgson's conversion to the idea of spirit communication when there came a bell sound apparently close to the pipe and about three feet above the stove. I heard one before to-day as I made a remark to mother.

Jan. 21. Mother said she heard a beautiful bell sound yesterday.

At 12:30 P. M. mother and I returned from the U. S. Court room where the land fraud trials were being held. Mother was speaking of the men quarreling over each other, and I suggested that they were contending about a standard of conduct. She said it was a great pity anyway. I said I supposed she meant that it was a pity men would not live up to a good standard of their own free will. As she said yes, there came a clear bell sound near the pipe which made us laugh. I told my sister-in-law that she could tell her husband that the wire joined in the conversation in a very pat way sometimes.

I came to my room soon afterwards and at 1:18 P. M. as I was thinking that a paper I had sent to Columbus must have reached its destination there came four gong sounds.

Father. I am with you.

(I am glad.)

You are going to succeed beyond your wildest dreams. Go on with courage and will.

Jan. 21. To-night I was reading W. D. Scott's "Psychology of Public Speaking." I was trying to decide whether emotion followed sensation or vice versa. I concluded that the former idea was correct so far as tactual sensation went, and as I read immediately after that the James-Lange theory endorsed that conclusion there came a bell note near the stove. Undoubtedly the occurrence of these sounds at the moment of perception of some thought or idea may be mere chance coincidence, but there are a good many instances where a doubt arises as to chance coincidence. If it is not chance coincidence there is some connection between the sound and the conscious thought. In that event there arises the question, "What is the connection between the sound and the subconscious personality?"

The idea which is agreed upon by people so far apart as Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Doctor Boris Sidis that the subconscious strata carries on a communication with the conscious personality through projected hallucination, shell hearing and automatic writing in certain individuals, would seem to fit the instances I have been giving, if it is admitted that raps and musical sounds may sometimes be produced by or through the instrumentality of the subconscious strata. There is no difficulty in admitting it as a hallucinatory process of course, but I have a good deal of corroborative evidence that these sounds were objective. In a collective hallucination of telepathic origin what would ordinarily be called subjective becomes objective, at least so far as the agent is concerned. A single case of the kind would not be remarkable, but a great many, as I am describing, with a number of different people who hear the same sounds under different circumstances, cease to be credible as subjective phenomena, unless, as Alice says in Wonderland, "We are all part of the same dream."



Jan. 22. I wakened in the night and heard numerous rings on the springs and one sharp rap in my room.

At 3:20 A. M. I tried for a writing.

Helen. Your friend —— no longer doubts.

(When shall I be well?)

Very soon.

I thought of this friend before I tried to get a writing. I have no idea that it's correct. After blowing out the light I had the curious tingling sensations all over my scalp for as much as five minutes.

At 8:20 A. M. I heard some faint but clear gong notes near my stove at intervals of a few seconds. This was in my room. I was trying the so-called psychic breathing at the time. At 8:35 P. M. I heard some bell notes and clinking noises on my stove.

Jan. 22. Mother said she heard several bell sounds to-day. I also heard one at my brother's house in connection with a thought of doing a certain thing.

Jan. 23. Mother said she heard two bell sounds to-day. I heard one this morning while thinking that it was hard to let go of wishes that one had entertained.

Jan. 24. Last night after blowing out light there was a rubbing on the springs and a feeling of movement under the mattress and pillow.

I heard several bell sounds at my brother's this evening.

Jan. 27. Mother told me Sunday the 26th as she was reading a passage in "Life Beyond Death" about the presences about us that she heard three bell sounds.

Jan. 28. Yesterday mother told me that she heard several bell sounds and that one came when Mary S. was there. I asked Miss S—— for a statement concerning it and attach her memorandum herewith:

Jan. 30, 1908.

I was sitting near the stove in Mr. T——'s house, No. 16, 10th St., P——, O——, and heard a sound of a bell or gong, not very loud. It seemed to be somewhere in the vicinity of the stove, rather low down.

MARY S——.

Jan. 28. While talking with mother we heard three bell sounds, two coming at points in the conversation that made us laugh.

At 3 P. M. I was in my room and was thinking of the pathos of mother's inquiry if my health was better than a year ago and of her grief for my long disability since 1883 when there came a ring on the grate in my stove.

Father. You must not grieve. You and Nanny have much ahead of you to enjoy. Go on with courage and hope. You will not regret your troubles and illness when you.....

Jan. 29. There were three writings to-day of a personal nature—too laudatory to quote.

Jan. 30. I was wakeful last night. Once while I was awake I heard a bell sound in my room.

There was a thump on spring at 7 A. M.

Father. You will have good news to-day. You are going away.

Got a pleasant letter with an item of news that was not entirely fresh.

At 10:30 A. M. I was writing a letter and got a rap in my room as I begun a certain subject. I got father's name and the advice not to mention the matter. On reflection I decided that that was wise and tore up the letter. I had been feeling lonely and sick all day and my memory as usual lately had been bringing up the dead past. Just before going to the library at 2:15 P. M. I got a rap.

Father. You are a brave man.

The comment in my diary under this entry is: "The queerness of these writings is beyond description." I heard three bell sounds while sitting and talking with mother.

The next morning I was summoned to my brother's house with the news that my mother was dying. She had fallen to the floor after breakfast and expired instantly from some trouble with her heart. The evening of Feb. 1, I made the following memorandum.



Mother died yesterday morning from heart failure at 9:15 A. M. She expired on the instant without any warning or sign of suffering. Elizabeth and Mary [my cousin] both say that a number of weeks ago Elizabeth got an automatic writing purporting to be from their father [who was a physician] saying that there would be a death in the family. Elizabeth asked if it was her mother, and the reply was,

No, it is auntie.

The writing was preceded by a rap on the window. They did not mention the matter to anyone for obvious reasons.

During the day [yesterday] there were a number of bell sounds. Ezra [my cousin] heard one and said it sounded like the soft gong of a clock. There was no clock in the house. My sister-in-law said that as she sat down to read a letter from her husband [who was in Olympia, Washington], there came a sharp crack on the glass of the window near her. She also said that she heard two bell sounds in the middle of the night [last night] once when she was thinking of me and once when she was thinking of getting Mr. D—— to take a part in the funeral service.

I went to my room and to bed after ten o'clock. I made a prayer that mother might be happy in her new abode and while I was praying for her there came two sharp metallic cracks on the window pane a yard from the side of my bed. There were many raps and cracks in my room during the night. I got a little writing. It claimed to be from my father. It said:

Mother says George is my guardian angel.

To-day I went to the undertaking rooms with Elizabeth and my sister-in-law at 2 P. M. Mother looked very beautiful as she lay on the couch. While we were looking at her I heard a sharp crack on the bell-shaped electric light shade above our heads. The undertaker was attracted and looked up very attentively to see what it was. I made no comment and I doubt if Mary and Elizabeth noticed the sound as they were weeping.

akes his own statement regarding the facts as  
it was written some time earlier than that of his

February 23rd, 1908.

ing in the dining room of the house at ——— on  
1908, in the afternoon, there came a sound appar-  
e wall near the smoke flue, and which sounded to me  
t of a stroke on a violin cord, only with less ringing  
vibration than such a sound would produce. There  
mind no apparent material reason for such a sound  
n such a location.

E. T. S——.

d have asked the undertaker about the noise on the  
ht shade, but I hesitated to do so at the time.  
ard to the writing purporting to be from my father,  
ude on a scrap of paper and copied into my diary  
Feb. 1. I cannot give the hour. The expression  
which mother had used a very few times in the past  
n affectionate and half-joking way.

oom is on the second floor and the cracks on the win-  
e cannot be accounted for by any naturalistic ex-  
n.

Feb. 2. I was in my room and got a brief writing  
to be from my father.

er. I say to you there is no death, only a change.

2 o'clock I had just come into my room and closed  
r behind me but without latching it. It swung open  
gain closed it when it swung open a second time. I  
a writing and my hand wrote:

er. Be of good cheer.  
(are all right?)

only opinion I have about the movement of the door  
it is unusual. An imperceptible draught may have  
t though the second movement is curious.  
evening of Feb. 2 I was at my brother's house and



thinking of some of our last talks and of mother's interest and keen sympathy in my affairs. As I was going over it in detail I heard a faint bell sound, the first I had heard since Jan. 31; also the *phit* sound. The night of Feb. 2 at 9:30 P. M. (I stayed at my brother's house as I did for the following ten days) I was in bed in the room occupied by my mother and was praying for her and the departed members of our family when the tingling sensations came all over my scalp for a minute or two. This last entry was not made at the time, but from memory on Feb. 6.

Feb. 3. In bed in mother's room at about 9:30 P. M. I was feeling much exhausted and my heart behaved in a peculiar way. The thought of the chances of sudden death flashed through my mind and coinciding with a powerful convulsive beat of my heart there came in the room the *phit* sound I have heard frequently of late on the stove. This is not an exact copy of entry in diary but the occurrence made such an impression upon me that I have a vivid recollection of it. After that convulsive beat my heart beat quietly as usual. There is no mention of my heart in the original entry but some weeks later I found a certain synchronism between heart beats and raps and this experience recurred to me.

Feb. 4, 1:45 P. M. The *phit* sound came on the stove at my brother's house where I stayed until the morning or day of the 14th. I tried for a writing.

Mother. No a chance oh George, its so beautiful; no cold; no rain.

After the word "no" I thought my hand was going to write "no chance to say good-bye," so the change to what was actually written was a striking surprise to me.

4 P. M. The *phit* sound on stove.

Moth... don... mourn for me.

At 5:30 P. M. I was quoting to myself Longfellow's lines, "There is no death," etc., when the *phit* sound came on the stove.

At 6 P. M. I was alone in the house and heard a faint

bell sound. A second came in a couple of minutes. I took out my watch and noted that the next one came at 6:05; one at 6:07, clear; one at 6:08 faint.

At 9:30 P. M. The *phit* sound came sharp and clear as I asked my brother if he wanted to go to bed. I am not in the habit of retiring early while my mother and brother and his wife were.

Feb. 6. A sharp *phit* sound came on the stove as my sister-in-law arranged a garment on a chair near the stove. She noticed it and said, "I was thinking how mother put a garment there to dry for me a few days ago."

I tried for a writing.

Father. You must not grieve for your mother. She is happy and we are.

At 8:30 P. M. a very faint bell sound came as I thought of the bells mother had heard during the past ten weeks.

Feb. 7, 1:45 P. M. I was alone in the front part of the house and I heard a soft bell sound as I was thinking how lonely it would be for me without mother to tell of my various efforts and successes and failures. I said aloud, "Won't you repeat that," and the sound came very clear and sweet. Then in thirty seconds came a very faint one. I tried for a writing and got:

Mother. You are not to grieve [bell sound] George [bell sound.]

(I know you are happy.)

Yes [very loud *phit* sound on stove.]

(I am going ahead and do all I can in politics and psychic research. [*phit* sound on stove and then a bell sound.]

This is a remarkable instance of coincidence of sounds with significant words in automatic writing. To one experiencing it it destroys the idea of chance coincidence.

Feb. 8. I wakened early this morning with recollections of a vivid dream of seeing M. G. S. as young as twenty years ago. We had some pleasant words and I thought she spoke of going south somewhere—Virginia. Very curious!



There have been a number of raps to-day and to-night at 8:27 a very sharp and loud one.

At 9:13 P. M. I heard a faint bell sound as I was thinking (here came another and then another very clear and on a different key as I was making the entry) of when I heard from M. G. S. last. It is some sixteen years ago. The young woman in question I wanted to marry when I was quite a young man, but she did not reciprocate.

Feb. 9 at 4 P. M. I was reading "The Shuttle" and on reading the passage where Teresita says to Sir Nigel, "you look old," etc., I thought of myself and then came the thought how often in past fifteen years mother and I had been taken for husband and wife. Just then came a bell sound in the room.

To-night at 7:15 P. M. my sister-in-law was reading how Heney had convicted every man he had prosecuted in Oregon and I said, "now if he gets B——— H———!" Just then there came a bell sound. Mother and I had often discussed this particular case.

At about 8:30 P. M. We were talking about the J. twins and my sister-in-law was describing her method of telling them apart when there came a sharp *phit* sound on the stove. It was so noticeable that we laughed heartily. Only two weeks ago mother and my sister-in-law had agreed on a way of identifying the sisters.

Feb. 10, 9:15 A. M. We were packing mother's things. I asked my sister-in-law if she wanted mother's translation of the Greek testament and said she thought a good bit of it. There came a sharp rap on a small Japanese lacquered box of mother's which was behind me on the table.

This evening I decided to try once more to get a signed statement from my brother and his wife in regard to the bell sounds in their house during the past three months, as they were going away in a few days. I decided to write out a statement and ask them to sign it as they were reluctant to do it. Without saying anything of my purpose I took a sheet of paper (which I make a part of this record) and dated it and wrote three lines, when the bell sounds began to come in

the room. I then told them what I was doing as we stopped to talk about the sounds.

I finished a statement, which will be seen to be in very general terms, and they both signed it. It comes next and is self-explanatory.

The coming of the bell sounds as I was writing the statement does not fit the idea of chance coincidence. The fact that we all heard them does not fit the idea of hallucination except of the collective sort.

16 E. 10th Street, P——, O——, Feb. 10, 1908.

We have heard at irregular intervals during the past ten weeks a curious sound in the dining room at our home (several have come just now). One person who heard it said it sounded like a clock; another called it a bell sound or like that of a soft gong. It is usually very soft and while at times it is very faint at other times it is clear and distinct.

We do not know of any cause for it unless the heat in the stove in some fashion causes the wire supporting the stove pipe to vibrate. There is no other possible explanation that we can imagine.

The sounds come at any time of day or night apparently.

MARY E. T——,

JOSEPH W. T——.

M. asked if this meant after fire was out of stove and said she had heard the sounds when there was no fire and upon her question to J. he admitted that he had.

GEORGE A. T——.

Feb. 11, 3 P. M. Heard the *pht* sound on stove.

7 P. M. I was alone in the house and it seemed desolate. I spoke aloud to mother. Soon after I took a book and began to read. As I read I heard a bell sound. I asked to have it repeated and another bell sound came.

At 8:05 P. M. My brother and his wife returned and as we were chatting there came a loud explosive sound in the next room. It attracted my brother's attention and we talked about it.

Feb. 14, 8:10 A. M. The *pht* sound came on stove as I was waiting for help to pack the household goods. My brother and his wife went away yesterday. This was the last time I heard this sound. I tried for a writing.



Father. You are all right. Go ahead.

Last night in bed I was thinking of an old friend whose death I had heard of a few hours before and of an unfortunate series of happenings which had affected my life most seriously. I finally said aloud, "go in peace." Then I got a distinct touch on my mustache and lips followed by a sharp *pht* sound on the stove in the next room. My door was open.

I got back to my old room after the packing. At 9:15 P. M. there was a rap on the spring and a push under my pillow.

Mother. You are my guardian angel.

(Are you writing?)

No.

(Who is?)

Margaret. Marry a good woman.

Feb. 16. There were several raps when I started a fire at 8 A. M. Just now at 11:15 A. M. I was reading a letter to a relative and when I read of the minister at mother's funeral referring to Whittier's thought about the unseen world being very near us there came a faint bell note in my room. It was not only faint but had a thin metallic sound. It was repeated as I read over the letter. This was the last of the bell notes.

12:15 P. M. I heard some sharp raps while reading in mother's memorandum book an entry made at Long Beach Aug. 4, 1907. I will copy it here as I neglected to do so in connection with the entry in my diary of the same date and will then give automatic writing secured to-day. "Aug. 4, 1907. In camp, Long Beach, Washington. Last night George was sitting on edge of table and I in my chair beside him when there was loud rap on table. It was Father and he wrote through George, 'Nanny is getting well.' This morning I was lying on bed and thinking Father rapped on table when there came three raps on head board. Then I said mentally, 'if that is you Father please rap three times,' and the three raps came." It will be seen by comparison that this agrees fairly well with my account dated Aug. 3 and 4 though mother's memorandum was very brief. It is not ex-

actly like mine, but it shows that the experiences were independent and that the raps she heard confirmed the automatic writing I received. The coincidence between the manifestations seemed remarkable. The writing of Feb. 16, 1908, sixteen days after mother's death is as follows:

Father.

(Can you answer some questions?)

I'll try.

(Did you know mother was going to die when she did?)

No.

(Did you think she was getting well last August?)

Yes. [rap.]

(You are all happy together?)

Yes. [rap.]

Self-suggestion may account for the raps and writing on Aug. 3 and 4 if they proceeded from a subconscious strata of my intelligence and my mother's. On the theory of an external intelligence there was no foreknowledge of my mother's approaching death.

About the last of September, 1906, I had a sitting with a palmist who said I would have a shock soon, though she did not connect it with a death, and that I would go to a funeral soon. I attached no importance to the predictions, but I made a memorandum of them at the time. She described my character with remarkable accuracy and also two persons with whom I have dealings, but she got them mixed. She described their physical and mental characteristics accurately but mixed the combination.

Feb. 17, 10 A. M. Ring on grate in stove.

Father. You are going away.

(Can you tell where?)

No.

(Will it be a successful trip?)

Yes.

(Shall I go soon?)

Yes.

Since mother's death I have thought a good deal of my



camping trip for the summer, which will account for this writing on the theory of self-suggestion.

Last night there were rubbings on springs after I had blown out the light and raps both on the springs and on the stove. A curious thing about the raps, which I have noticed before, was that there came a gentle blow on the spring just as my heart beat. I changed my position slightly and there came a sharp rap on the stove and the blows on the spring ceased.

Feb. 18. There were some rappings on springs last night.

Had been in the public library and read in the New York Independent a critical discussion of George Meredith's books as an attempt to subordinate the material to the spiritual. Had a sharp rap on the stove.

Father. You may do much yourself.

This morning on waking early I heard some raps on the springs.

9 P. M. Rap on stove.

Mother. I am here my darling. You are going to be well. Every one loves you.

Feb. 19. There have been various raps to-day in conjunction [rap] with my thoughts. I have been somewhat annoyed by the attempt of a relative to arrange my affairs and my occupation without consulting me. I had some four months work planned and the new scheme was impossible anyway, but to set it aside involved explanation to outsiders. I was thinking in a vexed way of how to get out of it when I heard a sharp thump on the stove at 7:23 P. M.

Father. You would not do anything unkind.

It made quite an impression on me and half an hour later I said "I'll be kind, but I'll have to make my own plans and carry them out." There came a sharp rap on the wall.

Father. You are right my dear George.

This, like many others, is a very trifling incident, but it shows an intelligence quite separate from and independent of my conscious self. It seems to indicate that it is not an alternating personality so far as the process of thought is concerned. I have had many similar experiences but this is unusually clear cut.

Feb. 20. In the night when I was awake I seemed to be conscious of a presence and I heard a number of loud raps on the floor beside my bed on the right side. I could not see anything but I was reminded of an effort I made a year ago to see my father's apparition by visualizing him and wishing him to appear according to the method suggested in "Letters from Julia."

6:15 P. M. Was reading the story of the genii and the fisherman and reflecting that if I could communicate with discarnate spirits and learn of the nature of their existence and write it out that it would make the most interesting story in the world.

Father. Your idea is all right. I am sure you will be able to put it into effect.

To break my rule of making entries in regular order I'll quote a writing of May 7, 1908 (to-day) which I got after reading this entry of Feb. 20. There came a snap on the spring and my hand wrote:

Father. You are going to.

An hour ago I had been puzzling over the question of independent intelligences in one body in view of my own experiences and the opinions of Mr. Myers, Dr. Boris Sidis, Prof. James and F. C. S. Schiller and others, and I got up and walked about the room and said aloud, "Well, I don't know." As I made the remark I passed the stove in which there is no fire and the iron is cold. There came a sharp crack on the stove. I got my pen and my hand wrote,

Father. You will know some day.



7:45 P. M. While thinking of mother and that to get along without her would be to learn very slowly a difficult and painful lesson the muffled gong sounds began with an occasional sharp blow on the stove. I got down on my knees and put my ear close to the stove and found that the sounds came from the iron in some way. Last night I fancied they might be in the wall. I counted about a dozen. I tried for a writing and got:

Father. You must go out all you can. Mother is happy; you must not be unhappy.

Feb. 25. I wakened at about 5 A. M. After lying still a short time I heard something slide off from the bed. It proved to be an afghan that I had placed on the foot of my bed at 9 P. M. I did not push it off and had lain still after waking. Within fifteen seconds there came a very sharp rap in the room apparently near the ceiling.

Feb. 27, 1 A. M. Raps on the floor. I tried for a writing and got:

Mother. I am with you dear. You are such a dear boy. I am so glad I can tell you so.

(Are you happy?)

More than I can say, much more.

At 4:45 P. M. I was finishing a letter to a friend who had asked me to tell him about the best publications on psychical research when the muffled gong sounds begun near the stove apparently. There were about ten. At 5:37 P. M. I was looking over the letter and one gong sound came. The sound is like what would be produced by holding a finger against a small gong and striking it gently with a metal clapper. This is the third time I have heard it. When it stopped I asked to have it repeated. The only response was a sharp rap on the stove.

Feb. 28. Had a light tingling or brushing on left temple this morning before dressing. At 9:40 A. M. I heard some of the muffled gong sounds again. I was looking over the list of delegates to a convention that I was to attend.

At 11:50 A. M. I was thinking how little there was that I could do when there came a blow on grate in stove.

Father. You are going to do m. . . . .

Feb. 29. About 10 P. M. after I had gone to bed there came three rings on the springs and clicking noises on the stove. I began to talk aloud assuming that I had some unseen auditors. After I finished I asked them to make three of the ringing sounds if they understood. After half a minute there came two raps on the springs.

March 4. I was thinking of a disagreeable letter which I had received. The usual signal for a writing came at 10:35 A. M.

Father. I am here. Z. is unjust. You must not mind.  
(Would you answer the letter?)  
No.

I spent the evening at the home of some friends. Three of us tried to make a chair tip by touching it lightly. It tipped very slightly as the floor was uneven. There was nothing remarkable or even curious about it except that it responded to mental questions of any one of the three sitters.

On my way home I changed cars where mother and I had often changed together. I thought of how much I missed her. As I turned to look in the direction of the river something seemed to clasp my left arm between the elbow and shoulder in very noticeable fashion. I was standing alone. These touchings are curious things. They generally come on my head or face or on my arms or shoulders. There is nothing of the pseudo-hallucination about them. They are very real and have a feeling of outwardness about them that is convincing. This night, according to an entry of March 5, there were raps in my room. While thinking of an acquaintance there came three distinct blows on the springs in the middle of the bed. Once when I wakened there was a loud explosive noise in the room at some distance from me.

At 8:45 P. M. March 5 there was a sharp rap on a box and following that half a dozen of the muffled gong notes. I



could get no writing. Acting on the sudden impression that my mother was present I said aloud, "well mother, I have had a busy day and an interesting one, and that's all there is to have." The muffled gong sounds began again and I counted twenty-five. They came quite regularly about eight or ten seconds apart. I got on my knees by the stove to listen and they seemed to be made inside the oven in some way. After they stopped I wondered how I could describe them in diary and they began again, four or five coming.

To-day I got a letter from a friend who is a medium, non-professional, and she wrote that my father, mother and sister Margaret came to her and gave her a message for me. The message from my mother sounded very much like her. My brother volunteered that remark in response to my letter telling of the message. I made no comment when I wrote to him. When I got this letter from the medium I sat on my trunk to read it and as I read it there came a sharp rap on the trunk.

March 8, 8:40 A. M. There was a rap on the spring and I took my pen. As writing began very slowly, other raps and louder came and a slight tingling on my right temple.

Mother. I am here my darling. You must get married.  
(How can I?)

Money isn't everything [a ring on stove] many people are happy without it.

(You have found Lizzie and the rest?)

Yes.

I apologize for continued reference to the matrimonial affairs of an old bachelor, especially as they don't materialize, but I have an object in giving records in full.

2:05 P. M. I was reading over a letter I had written to an acquaintance on the subject of psychical research when the muffled gong sounds began, lasting ten minutes.

March 9. At 8:38 A. M. there came a thump on the stove. I was feeling mean physically as sometimes happens. I tried for a writing and got this:

Mother. You must not be discouraged.  
(You surprised me when I was feeling bad.)

Yes, mother knows.

visualize an object somewhat easier than I can get an auditory or motor image. The question whether this was purely the product of my imagination has puzzled me for several reasons. It has been my idea that a purely subjective hallucination is symbolic. For instance, a sufferer from acute nostalgia might see a beloved face, which would represent the quintessence of his longings. Again, a man contemplating bigamy might have an hallucination of his wife's face, if he were suffering mentally as the result of his plans. I have never heard, however, of a capacity to see an object or face because one wanted to do so except in a case quoted by Professor James. Ribot says in his "Essay on the Creative Imagination" that the fundamental quality of the creative imagination is thinking by analogy, and that imagination presupposes dissociation and association. He quotes Jevons on inventions: "But it is very rare that the ideas we find are exactly those we are seeking. In order to find, *we must think along other lines.*"

I am assuming, of course, that a subjective hallucination is a product of the creative imagination. So far as my knowledge goes I think that I am right in saying that the hallucination is a symbol and not the thing directly thought about. Professor James says on page 117, Vol. II of his "Principles of Psychology" that unlike pictures of imagination it's almost impossible to produce pseudo-hallucination at will. He quotes on pages 66-67 from Meyer who says: "After long practice I can now call before my eyes almost any object which I please, as a subjective appearance, and this in its own natural color and illumination." He adds: "Even known faces I can see quite sharp, with the true color of hair and cheeks. It is odd that I see these faces in profile." It seems that these experiments were best made with closed eyes and also that they left after-images when the eyes were quickly opened during their presence. The quotation from Meyer closes with the sentence: "The important point in them is to get the image sufficiently intense by the exclusive direction of the attention upon it, and by the removal of all disturbing impressions."

As for my experiments, I make them with my eyes open.



As I have said, I am not an especially good visualizer, and when by painful thought and effort of the will I continually re-grasp in fragmentary fashion the remembered features of a departed friend it is extremely difficult to believe that the imagination-process passes into the sensation-process instantaneously and produces a pseudo-hallucination immediately preceded by sharp raps. It's true that I have only succeeded entirely on one occasion, but the hallucination included three people. I have secured raps at other times and the sensation of a presence and once a luminous form. Of course I am not trying to establish any theory on such a limited number of experiments, but it seems to me that there are some objections to regarding this hallucination as entirely subjective.

Dr. Maxwell says on page 205 of his "*Metapsychical Phenomena*" that "there is therefore a *rapprochement* between these sensory automatisms and dreams and telepathy." That is his conclusion after discussing the nature of visual hallucinations and dreams. Of course he refers to those of an involuntary character, while the one I am discussing was induced by an effort of the will. However, it should be remembered that my effort was preceded by a motor automatism—an automatic writing which in turn was preceded by a snap by some invisible force on a newspaper I was holding in my hands. I think it would be fair to say that I changed by an effort of will through the aid of a mental image a motor automatism into a sensory automatism. In that connection there is a certain interest in some paragraphs of Maxwell's on page 264: "It seems to me to be now quite an established fact, that the impersonal consciousness is capable of perceiving accurate impressions independently of the senses. It translates these impressions in diverse ways in order to transmit them to the personal consciousness, but these translations are concrete and symbolical. It is a hallucination visual, auditory or tactile. The form of subliminal messages, to use one of Myers' expressions, is always the same, be the fact thus transmitted true or false, be it a reminiscence or a premonition. This is already a psychological ascertainment of great importance, for it puts us on the road we must follow, in order to discover the mental process of this psychological

phenomena. But there is something else. The hysteric who automatically simulates a drunkard, a general, a child, offers us a very different spectacle to the one offered us by the sensitive who telepathically sees an event happening afar off, or who predicts the future, or reveals facts unknown to himself and the assistants. There are thousands of examples of these facts; I have given a few which were observed by myself or related to me first-hand.

"Is it possible to consider this extraordinary faculty as a 'disaggregation?' Is it possible to class phenomena of this kind with the commonplace phenomena of somnambulism and incarnation, the only ones Janet has observed? It suffices to put the question to receive the answer immediately. The psychological mechanism of these facts, so unlike one to the other, is probably the same, but the cause of the apparent automatism, motor or sensory, is certainly not the same." He says the sensitive who sees events beforehand presents a phenomena of importance.

"It intimates that time and space are forms of the personal thought and consciousness, but that probably they have not the same signification for the impersonal consciousness. It is a phenomenon, which if it be true, demonstrates experimentally that Kant's theory upon the contingency of these 'categories' necessary to all conscious and personal perception is exact."

March 13. I was sitting in a chair with a wooden back, but I was not leaning back against the chair back. Raps of the gentle sort but perfectly distinct began to come on the back of the chair at the height of my shoulders. I got my father's name and a few words. I said aloud, sometime we'll establish more perfect communication, and there came three distinct raps. I tried again for a writing and got:

You are gaining in wisdom.

March 14. Last night I wakened in the night and soon after heard a loud thump on the door of my room.

On March 15 at 3:25 P. M. I was thinking of message



from mother saying, "Everybody loves you" when I hear one of the muffled gong sounds, very sweet.

March 16. Last night I was in misery with my back and could not sleep. As is generally the case in that condition was thinking of unpleasant things when suddenly there flashed into my mind as if projected into it, "The Lord is my shepherd." That was read as a part of mother's funeral service.

This afternoon in my room there were a number of faint gong sounds.

March 17. There was a muffled gong sound at 7:20 P. M. I asked to have it repeated and a sharp snap came on the stove. I tried for a writing and got my mother's name and an expression of affection.

March 18, 5:55 P. M. There have been a number of soft muffled gong sounds in the last fifteen minutes. At 8 P. M. I heard some soft but distinct raps on the head of my bed.

March 19. I came home to my room at 9:20 P. M. and heard a sharp rap on the stove just after coming into my room. I tried for a writing and got:

Father. You are going to be well. Mother is here.

I tried to visualize my mother and father but got no result, not even a rap.

March 22 at 10 P. M. As I was reading over the record I received light brushings on my head and face.

March 23. I was awake at 2:30 A. M. and heard several of the muffled gong sounds. I asked if I could get a writing and there came a jingling sound from the stove.

Mother. You are [ring] going to... [ring] be well.

(Entirely so?)

Yes. You must not worry.

When I wakened later my first thought was of mother and how I missed her. Immediately soft blows began to come on the springs. A number of times to-day a distinct rap has come at the instant of the clear perception of some fact. It is quite a common occurrence which I have been

disposed to regard as a chance coincidence, but it cannot be that always.

March 24 at 8:10 P. M. I heard sharp snaps on the stove.

Father. You are going to succeed in all you undertake. Go ahead with courage and hope. We watch you with interest and pleasure.

(Are you alone?)

No, mother and Margaret are here.

(Can you make [rap] yourselves [rap] visible?)

No.

(Why doesn't Helen come these days?)

She is away.

(What do you think of my writing to N.?)

You write him and put your good [rap] foot forward.

The last expression, put your good foot forward, was a characteristic one of my father's, though I have not thought of it for a good many years.

March 25. When I wakened this morning between 6 and 7 o'clock there was a gentle drumming on the springs. It was not constant but came occasionally. At 9:37 A. M. I had been reading Mr. Carrington's account of his investigations at Lily Dale and as I laid down the book I heard the soft muffled gong sounds near the stove. I listened carefully and counted thirteen sounds coming from eight to twenty seconds apart. There had been a few raps in my room during the morning.

Last night I slept very soundly. This morning I had a strong impression that an old friend of mine was in the last stages of illness and there was a fancy that I had seen him. Probably it was dream imperfectly remembered. A letter from an acquaintance received a short time before mentioned the fact that my friend's brother, who is a physician, was visiting at my friend's home town. I had not heard from my friend for six months and knowing that he had been ill some time ago the combination of circumstances doubtless suggested my dream, if it was a dream. Five days later I heard that my friend was ill and was hardly expected to recover.

At 11:28 P. M. I was reading record of chair-tipping mentioned in entry of March 4. As I read of a mental ques-



tion about my health I heard a clear, sweet gong sound apparently coming through the wall back of the stove.

March 27. There were a couple of blows on springs as I wakened this morning.

At 6:50 P. M. there was a sharp snap on the stove. I got my mother's name and an expression of affection.

March 28. There was a rap on the wall as I was dressing at about 8 A. M. Got a brief writing from my father.

At 4:38 P. M. I heard two muffled gong sounds as I was looking at some entries in diary.

At 9 A. M. several raps and snaps came on papers lying on the bed. I had a touch on my mustache while reading novel of Meredith's.

In the matter of coincidences, I set my watch by gong this morning and it proved to be within a minute of being correct. In regard to the matter of telepathic sensation, before yesterday I sat in the reference room of the library reading when I was suddenly impelled to turn around. My acquaintance had just come in behind me. This acquaintance almost invariably affects me in this way and I am satisfied that I have the same power to affect her. It seems to make no difference whether I try to or not, and as far as she is concerned I am sure she does not try to affect me. We are not more than acquaintances and have never discussed the subject.

March 29. At 1:35 P. M. I heard a dozen or more of the muffled gong sounds.

March 30. At 11 A. M. I heard a click on the spring followed by a loud ring.

At 10:30 P. M. there was a loud noise in my room which I could think of no explanation. Soon after as I was looking at my memoranda the muffled gong sounds and raps began and lasted ten minutes.

March 31, 10 P. M. I heard single raps at intervals as I tried for writing. I got my sister Lizzie's name but the message was undecipherable.

April 1. I heard some very faint muffled gong sounds at 9:55 A. M.

At 5 P. M. A snap on the spring came. I got:

Margaret. You are going to be well and successful.

(Any advice?)

No.

April 3. At 9:20 A. M. I heard a dozen or more of the muffled gong sounds as I was thinking of my plans for the future.

April 4. At about 8 A. M. after being awake for an hour I was thinking of my plans for camping this summer and decided to make my arrangements and then notify some friends who talked of going with me. Immediately there came a clear, full gong sound under my pillow. I asked to have it repeated and there came a rap on the stove.

It was 9.30 A. M. when I made last entry and as I was making it the muffled gong sounds began near the stove and lasted about ten minutes.

At 11.10 as I went to the stove there was a snap on the iron. There was no fire. That is such a common occurrence that it gives some credibility to the idea suggested by Dr. Maxwell that the medium makes the raps. I have noticed this snapping on the stove irregularly for a year past.

10 P. M. I called on Mrs. F—— to-day. She said that on Jan. 31, when I took her to mother's room to see her body that she saw a gray cloudy appearance between us in the room and that when I left the room she saw mother's face above it. She added, "unless I imagined it." I was much surprised at the number of hours that mother's body retained a life-like warmth and took Mrs. F—— into the room on that account, as she is a doctor. She is a medium without doubt. I do not attach much importance to this, but it is curious.

April 5. After waking I heard at 7.30 A. M., six very distinct raps on the head of my bed. No writing to be had.

At 11.55 A. M. I began to write some newspaper letters on a political question which interests me much, and the muffled gong sounds began, lasting some fifteen minutes.

10 P. M. There was a sharp rap on the wall as I came into my room. I went away at 4 P. M. There was a snap on the stove just before I left my room and I said good-bye;



no, come and go with me. I heard a number of very noticeable thumps on the stove at a relative's, where I ate dinner. They came just after various remarks as I have often heard them at home and at my brother's house.

April 6. I wakened at 4 A. M. from a dream that I had died and was looking back with a curious disappointment.

At 8.30 there was a thump on the stove as I read the entry. I tried for a writing.

I am here George.

(Who?)

Mother.

(I dreamed I was dead, mother.)

You will live [thump] to do what you wish, my dearie.

Then came the assurance that I would never do a certain thing which I used to hope for.

At 5.55 P. M. I heard about a dozen of the muffled gong sounds.

April 7. Some raps on the stove and a loud blow on spring at 9.45 A. M.

Father. I am in great hopes you will not give up your wish of.....

At about 3 P. M. I began writing out this report and the raps and thumps began on the walls and stove. To-night at 6.55 P. M. I was reading the *April Journal*, when the muffled gong sounds began, some fifteen coming.

There were raps on spring under my pillow after going to bed at 11.30 P. M.

April 9. At 11.57 A. M. there was a sharp snap on the stove. I tried for a writing. My pen made different marks and I rather teased the thought that it would write H. Finally my pen wrote Nancy A. T——, beginning the N as my mother always did and as I never do. There was but one sentence advising me to get married.

At 4.10 P. M. in my room I had just said aloud that I needed somebody to be interested in and there came a sharp rap on the floor not a yard, apparently, from where I stood.

Then the muffled gong sounds began, lasting five minutes. They came about ten seconds apart.

April 10. At 7.02 P. M. I was speculating on the chance of all my writings being originated in some subliminal strata. Those purporting to come from Helen stopped on Jan. 31st, at the time of mother's death. Did the shock stop that assumed personality?

The muffled gong sounds began. I tried for a writing and got:

Mother. You need not fear that it is secondary personality. Helen does not come d. ....

April 11. When I wakened this morning after eight hours' sleep I felt that my sleep had been deep. I was lying in such a position that I could not help noticing the beating of my heart. There is a certain debility of my nervous system which makes the beating of my heart produce a pulsating sound in my ear if I happen to lie with my ear on the pillow. As I lay awake and perfectly quiet the raps began on the springs under my pillow. They were quite loud and distinct and they coincided with my heart beats precisely. I have noticed it before on several occasions as I mentioned in an entry on Feb. 17. I had fancied in the case of raps on the springs it might be due to the vibration, however slight, of my body. On this occasion, however, after several raps in succession they came occasionally and then began to come in different parts of the room. One came on the floor and it was quite loud. All I heard were synchronous with the beat of my heart. If that rule is invariable there is evidently some close connection between the energy producing the rap and the force driving the heart. On the supposition that it is the same energy it must be externalized in the case of raps. Dr. Maxwell has come to three conclusions in regard to raps though he does not dogmatize about them. One is that the sounds are produced by the vibrations of the object struck; the second is that the sounds coincide with or follow instantaneously muscular contractions of the medium's body; the third is in the nature of a conclusion from the others, that the



energy comes from the medium's body and acts outside of the physical periphery—is exteriorized in short. He quotes various experiments with Eusapia Paladino and M. Meurice in support of the second conclusion. He thinks that "touchings" have a connection with the same phenomena and in that connection says that touchings in Eusapia's presence were mimicked by her right hand. In regard to the latter phenomena he says, p. 172, "In the three series of experiments, 1895, 1896, 1897, made with Eusapia, I have had occasion of repeatedly verifying the phenomenon of touch. It appeared certain to me in a great number of cases." He also refers, on p. 55, to the fact that rhythm seems to be a helpful condition in experiments and asks, "Why is the production of sonorous rhythmical waves favorable to these phenomena? I have no explanation to offer for this fact, which I am not the only one to have observed."

In regard to telekinetic movements, Maxwell says that they are difficult to obtain where voluntary or involuntary movements are permitted. He adds: "One would think that the energy which determines them can only accomplish them when it cannot find a normal outlet; it has a tendency to expend itself normally in ordinary muscular movements."

That idea fits with the theory or fact that good mediums are persons possessing exceptionally strong vitality.

On page 375 of his "Metapsychical Phenomena," Maxwell, in discussing the phenomena of consciousness, says: "It must not be thought that the activity of the cortical centers is always perceived by the personal consciousness. That of the motor centers, for example, may exist unknown to the personal consciousness. These diverse normal movements do not go beyond the periphery of the body; the nervous influx is diffused along the nerves in the ordinary manner. If the nervous influx, or more correctly speaking, the mode of energy which constitutes it, goes beyond the material limits of the body, we have phenomena designated by de Rachas under the name of *exteriorisation de la motricite*. These are again automatic phenomena for me, since the personal consciousness and the will do not participate in them. But they present a feature which distinguish them from normal automa-

tisms; they are *exosomatic*, if I may use that expression, while the others are *endosomatic*. These two expressions signify for me, the one *exosomatic*, that the movements are produced beyond the limits of the body; the other, *endosomatic*, that they are produced within the limits of the body, that is to say by muscular activity acting physiologically. The first, which are apparently contrary to the ordinary data of experience, are paranormal phenomena, that is to say outside the usual rule; the second, on the contrary, are normal."

Maxwell thinks there are no veritable sensory automatisms, but he divides them into normal (produced under physiological conditions) and paranormal, "that is to say, phenomena which imply the existence of modes of perception to which the normal personality is foreign—clairvoyance, telepathy, exteriorisation of motor power."

"I have already indicated that these perceptions appear to depend upon the impersonal consciousness, and that the impressions thus perceived are transmitted to the personal consciousness in a given form analagous to that of dream perceptions—that is to say in a dramatic form, with a concrete and symbolised setting. The impersonal consciousness seems, therefore, to be affected in a vague, general manner; the perceptions only assume an appearance of precision in those strata of the consciousness where the notion of personality is determined. Hence the following conclusions, which I only give as probabilities: (1) That the notion of personality is susceptible of diverse degrees; (2) that the impressions perceived by the general consciousness are agreeable or disagreeable—that is to say, only impart to the personal consciousness a very vague message, moral comfort or indefinable discomfort; that, in rarer cases, the transmitted message is more precise, and takes the form of a detailed hallucination; (3) that, if telepathy exists, the general consciousness is capable of being affected by channels other than those of the ordinary senses, which have only a value in ratio to the personal consciousness of which they are, perhaps, the condition."

On page 212 Maxwell tells how Madame Agullana in a deep hypnotic trance showed sensitiveness localised three feet



behind and twenty-one inches above her head to one in *rapport* with her. He adds that afterwards she went to a distance and correctly reported incidents (or that her intelligence did.)

The idea of an exteriorisation of the medium's faculties seems to be well sustained by evidence. Seeing one's own phantom, as I have done once, and as I have heard on what I considered good testimony of others doing, seems to confirm the theory. As for raps and other sounds being a sort of unconscious motor automatism resulting from such an exteriorisation, while there is no absolute proof it seems to be a reasonable hypothesis. They certainly have a close connection in my case with both sensory and motor automatisms. There is no question but what they are objective. They are also in a great many cases apparently as meaningless as the "breaking loose" of some element of the personality which is described by Mr. Myers as "psychorrhagic." As to the question whether sounds so produced are synchronous with muscular contractions, that is a matter of evidence. Maxwell believes it and thinks that it indicates that "we are in the presence of one of the first laws governing the production of these paranormal phenomena." I do not know that my own experience conflicts with Maxwell's experiments. I have never got raps or sounds but once, so far as I have observed, coinciding with movements of my limbs, but I have got them a number of times when they coincided with the beats of my heart. It is without question a fact that I am not so good a medium by a good deal as those with whom Dr. Maxwell has experimented; but yet in this matter, to the small extent of my observations, our results agree, except that the muscular contractions accompanying sounds are involuntary in my case and are voluntary in the cases he reports. Given a medium unusually fertile for telekinetic phenomena, and he would be very apt to produce by voluntary effort what a poorer medium might produce occasionally involuntarily.

In my own case I have noticed that iron, wood, glass and paper in the order named are the substances on which the sounds are made. Explosions in the air, or explosive cracks

as I call them, are rare but occur occasionally. My records would seem to indicate, too, that my own thoughts seem very often to be accompanied by these various sounds, of which the bell type is the highest, if I may use the expression. I suppose that it is a question of the rapidity or intensity of vibration in the substance struck which determines the kind of sound which reaches the ear as an objective fact.

To go back to my diary after a lengthy excursion I find that on April 12 at 9 A. M. the muffled gong sounds began. I put the tip of my finger on my pulse and found that for eight sounds, with intervals of from seven to thirty beats apart, the beat of the pulse coincided with the sound.

On April 13 and 14 there were various raps.

On the 14th there was a brief writing of too personal a nature to quote. One at 7.10 A. M. purported to be from my sister Lizzie.

On the evening of the 14th I called on Mrs. M. I was talking of the theory of hallucinations when Mrs. M. said to me, "I have been fighting off a very nervous influence. Is it your mother?" I said, "Why? because I am nervous?" "No," she said, "but I see a woman with a black shawl around her shoulders; her cheeks are much lined and wrinkled and her complexion indicates a bilious temperament." Mrs. M. concluded with, "I don't want a materialization for it would control me." The description was an accurate one of my mother so far as it went. Mrs. M. had never seen my mother and they had no mutual acquaintances. My mother, to my regret, had not had a photograph taken for twenty-five years before her death. My chief reliance in the genuineness of phenomena with Mrs. M., aside from my good opinion of her, is the extreme reluctance she shows in telling of her experiences.

I had a sitting with her some weeks before and made a careful record of it at the time. I will copy the record here both because it illustrates my own connection with the phenomena and because it shows the connection between raps and apparitions and raises, perhaps, the question of the objectivity of apparitions.

I sat with Mr. M. at a little bamboo table to see if we



could get any raps, Mrs. M. sitting some five feet away. After possibly five minutes distinct raps began to come on the under side of the table. I asked mentally if father was present and there came three raps about two seconds apart. I then said mentally, I am a little at a loss how to proceed here, but I wish you could make yourself visible to Mrs. M. I repeated the wish mentally several times. The raps continued to come irregularly and some of them were plainly audible all over the room. Mrs. M. said she heard them. I asked Mr. M. when the first one came if he made it and he said, no, I thought you did. Finally Mr. M. turned to his wife and said, come and sit with us. She complied and the raps stopped. Then after a few minutes they began again and I asked mentally if father was present and immediately three quick raps come apparently on the arm of Mr. M.'s chair. I repeated my wish mentally several times that he appear to Mrs. M. I said nothing aloud however, nor had I done so during the evening concerning my wish. Within three or four minutes Mrs. M. said, I see a man who has sandy hair but quite gray. His face is long and rather narrow between the temples. His eyes are a light blue. His nose is something of the Roman type but has a little flat place on the bridge. She said his nose was narrow across the wings of the nostrils. I asked if she could give any further particulars. She described his beard incorrectly, but gave other details correctly. She added that he was not so large a man as I am and also that his eyes were keen. She said he appeared and disappeared in flashes and that she had never seen him before.

My father died in 1885 and there is no reason to suppose that this medium ever saw him or his photograph. There is just one bit of real evidence which seems to save the whole. I could not remember whether my father had a slight flatness on the bridge of his nose or not. My mother and brother were a little uncertain but thought he had. His late photographs were not full faced and gave no idea. There were two photographs, however, taken nearly forty-five years ago which gave a front view. My brother, who is a newspaper artist, had planned this winter to make a pen portrait and had the last named photograph to work from. He got a solar

print of it enlarging the original several times. That solar print shows a marked shadow on the bridge of the nose showing that the camera recorded a slight flatness on the bridge. The inaccuracy about the beard is a decided defect in the description by the medium, but the balance seems impossible on the theory of guessing, especially as I am of a different type physically from my father. That leaves two theories: one of telepathic impression from me; the other an impression from a discarnate spirit, assuming the honesty of the medium, which personally I do not doubt under all the circumstances.

It would be interesting to photograph a phantasm of this sort, or to attempt to do so, in order to determine whether it does, as Mr. Myers suggests, actually make an "alteration in space." A phantasm which is visible to several people, as in some of the cases reported by Dr. Maxwell, tends to support Mr. Myers' theory.

April 15. At 9.19 P. M. I was thinking that in my situation I could accomplish as much in somewhat desultory fashion as I could by more regular efforts. There came a loud rap on the spring which made me lose my chain of thought. I don't know that there is any importance in the fact, but I have often noticed that while some raps seem to come as an echo, others distract my attention and I am unable for a number of seconds to tell what I was thinking of. If a lower mental strata is responsible for the rap that occasional confusion of thought might indicate a connection between the two processes.

April 16. Last night when I was awake for a short time there came a very loud blow on the spring right under me. I was so sleepy that I did not rouse myself to make a memorandum at the time.

At 8.42 A. M. I was thinking of the desirability of being independent in my arrangements when the muffled gong sounds began. I asked to have one louder. At the end of ten pulse beats one came a good deal louder and coincident with the beat. I watched while about ten came. The heart beats and gong sounds were synchronous and the intervals between varied from eight to thirty-two beats.

3.16 P. M. While writing out an account of mother's hear-



ing raps in her tent at Long Beach and getting Lizzie's name the muffled gong sounds began in or near stove apparently. I placed tip of finger on pulse and for eight or nine times they came synchronously with beat. One came a shade after beat. Intervals ranged from nine to thirteen beats.

April 18. At 10.35 P. M. I was writing a letter to a friend of mother's who had been instrumental in directing our attention to the possibility of communication with the other world. I spoke of the interest mother had taken in the question before her own departure and had then gone on with other subjects. There came a very sharp metallic ring best described by the word "ping" on the stove where there had been no fire for several hours. I tried for an automatic writing and got:

Mother. Give my love to Mrs. P——. Now I know and you will I gu.....

(Who is writing?)

Margaret.

I have no objection to the theory that this writing is what Ribot says of Flournoy's account of H  l  ne Smith—"an example of the subliminal creative imagination;" but on that theory the sound preceding it must also be a product of the subliminal strata. Dr. Boris Sidis in his "Multiple Personality" specifically refer to the various automatisms as messages describing the experiences of the subliminal consciousness. On the assumption that the subliminal consciousness possesses the wonderful powers accredited to it and even assuming that it is in a continuous state of at least dream-like activity, as Mr. Myers suggests, it certainly seems remarkable that it should come to the surface with such pat and significant messages immediately following such a sentiment as I had experienced in my letter. The notion that the imagination process passes into the sensation process just in time to comment on a remark of the primary consciousness is almost more difficult to believe than the theory that the idea is an external impression.

Schiller says on page 238 of "Riddles of the Sphinx," in regard to the indefinite possibilities of secondary selves and

of dream powers: "It is not merely that we may remember in dreams what we had forgotten in waking life, but that the dream-self possesses the power of clothing its ideas with all the vividness and wealth of sensuous perception; its fancy is creative of its objects, and while the dream lasts they are real."

If my experiences are to be accounted for on this "naturalistic" hypothesis, then I have succeeded in co-ordinating my dream-self and my primary consciousness so that my dream-self takes part intelligibly in a conversation with my waking-self by means of automatisms; not only that, my dream-self produces sounds as signals outside of the periphery of my body indicating that an automatic message is waiting the convenience of my conscious personality.

There is nothing new in this idea, of course, but it is a somewhat interesting fact to be able to verify the theory. Maxwell says on page 374 that different personalities appear to be concomitant in the same individual, notably in hysteria and epilepsy. Dr. Boris Sidis and Dr. Prince agree as to that, though the different personalities are always the result of some actual psychic cleavage in the cases they report. That always involves an alternation of personality, however, but it is interesting to note that the secondary personalities sometimes have a knowledge of the primary self and a good memory of its acts. On pages 424 and 425 of "Multiple Personality," the personality known as No. three claimed to have sat on the edge of a box at a concert and watched the primary personality enjoy the concert through or in the body tenanted by the three. A similar sort of bilocation involving travelling clairvoyance has been noted in the hypnotic trance, but that does not co-ordinate with the primary self, though Boris and Sidis quote a case where in hypnosis tactual impressions on an anaesthetic hand behind a screen are transformed into visual hallucinations and even auditory ones. Assuming my experiences to have been accurately observed and reported and also that the automatisms described real experiences of the subliminal self (which is generally conceded) then I sometimes get communications between the different strata of personality, and without any alternations



such as Prof. Flournoy claimed that he always saw in Hélène Smith.

That bilocation and co-ordination would seem to offer an explanation for the mode of telepathy, clairvoyance and phantasms and raps and other sounds. Mr. Myers says on page 250, Vol. 1, of *Human Personality*: "If we have once got a man's thought operating apart from his body—if my fixation of attention on the two of diamonds does somehow so modify another man's brain a few yards off that he seems to see the two of diamonds floating before him—there is no obvious halting place on his side till we come to "possession" by a departed spirit, and there is no obvious halting place on my side till we come to "travelling clairvoyance" with a corresponding visibility of my own phantasm to other persons in the scenes which I spiritually visit. No obvious halting place I say; for the point which at first seems abruptly transitional has been already shown to be only the critical point of a continuous curve. I mean, of course, the point where consciousness is duplicated—where each segment of the personality begins to possess a separate and definite but contemporaneous stream of memory and perception. That these can exist concurrently in the same organism our study of hypnotism has already shown, and our study of motor automatisms will still further prove to us." On pages 263-4 of the same volume, in speaking of there being something objective about phantasms, he says: "Assuming, then, that this is so—that these bilocations do occur without any appreciable stimulus from without, and in moments of apparent calm and indifference—in what way will this fact tend to modify our previous conceptions?

"It suggests that the continuous dream life which we must suppose to run concurrently with our waking life is potent enough to effect from time to time enough of dissociation to enable some elements of the personality to be perceived at a distance from the organism." I have quoted at some length from various investigators in order to suggest the probability (in connection with my record of experiences) that raps and sounds are a kind of motor automatism; also that there may be two branches of the stream of co

sciousness in one individual which have a quasi independence and can act concurrently. The dissociation seems to be a normal one and not due to any shock. The lower strata seems to have a close connection with and knowledge of the upper one and to co-ordinate with it under some circumstances. Its separateness in the case of various automatisms would seem to be better described by the term "bilocation" than "dissociation." To describe what is really a co-ordination as a dissociation seems to be not only inaccurate but as laying the foundation for continuous misunderstandings. At any rate the term dissociation as used by Dr. Prince and Dr. Boris Sidis means a different thing from the action of a lower strata of consciousness in a co-ordination with the primary one. There is all the difference that there is between the idea of disintegration and integration. The following entry appears in my diary under date of April 22. Last night I went to bed soon after 7 o'clock I was so exhausted from lack of sleep the two previous nights. The raps came irregularly on the springs, but they were not sharp. They seemd to be synchronous with heart beats, but I was so tired I did not try to verify fact.

4 P. M. I had just read a passage from Maxwell on the correspondence he had observed between "touches" and muscular contractions of the medium and was thinking that his experiments coincided in many particulars with my own experiences when there came a clear distinct rap on the wall some eight or nine feet to my left. In quoting this I am not asserting that it was anything more than a chance coincidence, but it's a very common occurrence and I do not often make a note of it. That same evening there was a similar occurrence and I got a brief automatic writing concerning the subject of my thought, but it's too personal to quote.

The next day I got a writing which was absolutely untrue though it concerns an event which I expect. Suggestion!

April 25. I heard a ringing blow on spring under my knee and just as I moved my leg. This was shortly after waking.



There were various raps and rings during the next four days but no writing.

April 30. I took dinner at the home of a relative to-night. I heard a distinct rap and was touched on my left shoulder blade. After dinner one of my cousins and I heard a very sharp rap on the small mirror in the hat rack apparently. Mother has been much in my mind to-night. As I inhaled the fragrance of the lilacs the thought of her and our old home came most vividly to mind. I sat down to play a game of cards at 9:20 P. M. and got a single brushing on the back of my left hand. There have been several raps in my room since coming home.

May 1. About 6 A. M. I was awake and was thinking how a story was spoiled at dinner last night by the narrator trying to make it too complete in detail. I said to myself, it spoils a thing to try to make it too good. Instantly there came a ringing blow on spring.

May 2. I had a loud ring on spring right under me soon after waking this morning.

2 P. M. There was a thump on stove and I got this:

Father. You are all right.

(Will you go with me to Mrs. M's to-day?)

Yes.

I was disappointed in my visit to Mrs. M. and it looked very unpromising for any future sittings. As I came into my room at 10:40 P. M. there was a snap on the stove. I took my pen and got:

Mother. You must not be discouraged at anything.

(Do you think me easily discouraged?)

No. You are very courageous.

(Is it any use to try to experiment with Mrs. M.?)

No.

(Are you alone?)

No.

(Who is with you?)

Margaret.

(Is she writing?)

Yes.

(Am going to try to see you.)

No, you cant.

8:15 P. M. There have been numerous raps on the stove and I have been trying to see if raps were synchronous with my heart beats. It seems to me that they are. I have counted thirty that seemed to be. The intervals between raps were from six to ten seconds. I had my finger on my pulse at the wrist. The loudest raps seemed to come just a shade before the pulsation. I appreciate the difficulty in marking the exact coincidence of a sound with the feeling of pulsation at the tip of my finger when there is less than a second between the pulsations. My pulse generally beats at the rate of seventy-two to the minute.

May 4. I heard some raps on the springs in the night when I was awake that seemed to coincide with heart beats.

May 5. Some raps and rings on the springs. At 9:06 A. M. I said to myself, I don't think Mrs. M. cares. There came a ring on the spring and I got the writing:

Father. You are wrong; she cares.

May 7. This morning I was lying quietly after waking and I heard less than a dozen gentle raps corresponding with heart beats. I wondered if physical relaxation has anything to do with the production of raps. They often come after sleep and after the day's occupation is ended as well as in the passiveness of the séance. After finishing this entry at 11:10 A. M. and turning to Myers' discussion of sensory automatisms I heard a gong sound apparently on the stove where I had just kindled a fire. I asked to have it repeated and it came very clear and coinciding with heart beat. These two sounds were not muffled but did not have the clearness of bell sounds.

At 11:49 A. M. I was thinking that I would like to go onto the mountains to camp when there came a ring on the spring. I got a few words in writing:

Father. You go.

At 2:12 P. M. there was a sharp crack on stove as I said, "Well, I don't know." The writing secured was:



Father. You will know some day.

At 3:35 P. M. there was a snap on the spring as I read an entry of Feb. 20 at 6:15 P. M. and the writing secured was:

Father. You are going to.

The last two I quoted with entries of Feb. 20, as will be seen by referring to them. I quote them again because they are of precisely the same character as the other received this day at 11:49 A. M. The three came directly in response to my thoughts, unspoken in two instances.

May 8. A snap on the spring same as I spoke aloud of an intimately personal matter, and then as I added a word a rap came on the stove.

May 10. I had been thinking last night and to-day of the possibility that I should never be well again. I got this writing:

Father. You are going to get well, man.

2 P. M. A number of gentle thumps came on the stove. These sounds are in the doubtful class because there was a fire. I observe them carefully but I have never felt certain but once that they were not produced by natural causes. That instance was mentioned in entry of Jan. 2. Of these sounds to-day several did not coincide with heart beats. A few raps at 5 P. M. did coincide exactly with heart beats.

At 5:30 P. M. I was thinking that I had verified some of Mr. Myers' statements when there came a ring on the spring. I got this:

Father. You will verify many.

May 11. Last night I was ill. At 1 A. M. there was a sharp "ping" on the stove.

9 A. M. Loud ring on spring under pillow. I got the writing:

Father. You are not going to be ill. Ma you will get well.

May 12. At 2.30 P. M. I took up some work I had been occupied with all the forenoon. I got this writing:

Father. You ought not to work any more to-day.  
(Are you alone?)  
Yes.

There were raps on headboard of bed at 7.53 P. M.

Mother. You must go out and see your friends.  
(Are you alone?)  
No.  
(Who is with you?)  
Margaret.

I tried to visualize my mother and sister and got some raps but nothing more. About ten minutes before the first raps I had been talking to myself about missing mother.

May 13. At 10.22 A. M. there was a ring on the spring as I was thinking of my sittings with Mrs. M. and of the possible chance of trying to photograph some of the phantasms which she describes as seeing. She does not want to assist in such experiments as she professes not to believe in the scientific way of demonstration. She is a Christian Scientist and thinks every person can secure the phenomena by an effort of will. I got this writing:

Father. You will get what you seek. You are on the right track.  
(Are you alone?)  
[No reply.]

At 11 A. M. I was thinking of some aggravating experiences when there came a ring on the spring. I got this:

Father. You must forgive as you hope to be forgiven. There is no other way. You do well, only do better. Life is short, and eternity is here to grow in if you will.

May 16. At 11.30 A. M. I heard a few muffled gong sounds which were very faint. I asked to have them louder and two came which were louder.

Last night there were a few raps on springs which seemed



to coincide with my heart beats. I said to myself, its twenty five years since I saw H. Three raps came. The thought came, shall I ever have another such experience. There was one rap.

May 17. At 10 A. M. there was a loud ring on the spring

Father. You ought to go [some illegible word and then after a little] to Olympia.

May 19. At 10.40 there was a snap on spring.

Father. You are going to do what you wish after all.

I was writing a political letter but as it was opposed to the policy of the paper I subscribe for I was considering where to send it. However, that very evening on the strength of a momentary impulse I saw the editor and he said he would print a letter if I would bring it in. I did not realize for several days that there was any coincidence in the matter.

At 9.44 P. M. I got up from where I was writing and went near the stove. There came two sharp snaps on it. The iron was perfectly cold. I got this writing:

Father. You are all right in your ideas.

May 20. There was a loud ring on the springs at 4. A. M. and a light one at 9.06 A. M.

May 21. There was a hard blow on the springs in the night when I was awake. The wires hummed afterwards.

May 22. This morning I pictured myself in the dentist's chair. Its a performance I must go through with soon and have had it in mind for several weeks. Immediately there came a loud rap on the springs. I thought, that's my dream self producing a sort of visualization and a rap in response to a thought.

1.16 P. M.

Helen. I am here again.  
(It's months since I got a word from you.)  
I know you are going to be well.  
(I hope so.)  
Ma.....

May 25. Last evening as the thought passed through my mind that I am not inclined to be optimistic there came a rap in the room. Then I thought that perhaps the future had more in store for me than I anticipated. Immediately there came a loud ring on the spring.

May 28, 2.45 A. M. I wakened after dreaming that mother was with me. I heard a ringing blow on the spring after thinking that we could not know which one would go next. A little later there was a very loud ring as I thought that my back was comfortable enough to permit me to go to sleep. At 7 A. M. I heard another as I was thinking of my summer plans. During the day I got by automatic writing my mother's name and an expression of affection. I called at my cousin's home and heard three musical sounds on the stove similar to the highest notes of a piano. On getting back to my room at 10.55 P. M. I heard a rap on the spring.

The night of May 30 I had a dream of mother and thought that we went on the trip we had planned for the summer but only stayed five weeks. On waking I heard raps on the springs responding to my thoughts apparently.

At 8.20 A. M., as I got up and went to the stove there came a sharp snap on it.

The night of May 31 I had a dream that *The Independent* printed my article but that my portrait was a poor one. The next day, to my amusement, I saw a copy of *Independent* of ——— as soon as it arrived and found the article and a very good portrait of myself. The matter had been in mind somewhat so I doubt if the dream could be called anything but a chance coincidence.

June 1, 8.40 A. M. There was a ring on the spring as I was thinking of my analysis of the testimony about the bells in connection with mother's death. I took my pen and got:

Father. I am glad you appreciate what we have done. You will make good use of it I am sure.

7.45 P. M. While writing out the list of groups of witnesses who heard the bells, muffled sounds like the notes of a piano with the soft pedal on, began to come near the stove. There were nearly a dozen a minute or more apart.



tention to the matter in a letter. The sounds were synchronous with my heart beats.

June 13, 2:15 P. M. I had been at work all day writing an article on the election at the request of the editor of *The Independent* and was just writing the closing sentences when there came a snap on the manuscript beside me. I tried for an automatic writing and got this:

Father. You are going to win.

It has sometimes been suggested that automatic writing is the product of day dreaming habits. In this instance I had been working steadily and with my thoughts closely concentrated on my subject. The interruption came from outside my conscious intelligence.

June 14. When I wakened about daylight gentle raps came on the springs coinciding with heart beats. I counted over thirty.

At 7 A. M. A loud rap came in room. I asked if intelligence could write and soon (I had placed my finger on my pulse) I heard one clear rap on the spring which coincided with heart beat.

June 15. Last night while in bed the raps began to come on springs. I watched them as attentively as possible and without trying to count them. They coincided with heart beats. A rap would come with every beat for a number of beats and then there would be silence for a number of beats. The double raps came a number of times, the first one coinciding with beat. This morning on waking the raps began on wood but whether on side of bedstead or on small stand by bed I can't say. I was lying with my back towards that side of the bed and did not change my position as I wanted to see if raps coincided with heart beats. They did exactly.

June 16. Last night I wakened in the night and the raps began to come fast on the springs. They did not last long. The third rap coincided with heart beat as long as they lasted. It's unusual to have raps come that way, though by referring to record of October 21 it will be seen that a great many raps came as fast as I could count comfortably. That's

about the speed noted in this memorandum. It's evident that raps do not always come synchronously with the heart beat, but nearly all, since I have been observing carefully, do come exactly with the beat of heart. As a matter of memory and from the records they come generally at intervals corresponding with pulse. Those of Oct. 21 were rapid and the few in the last memorandum were, but they did not lose the rhythm of the beat though there were raps between.

June 19, 3:30 P. M. As I was reading Mr. Myers' "Scheme of vitality" musical sounds began to come on stove apparently. They were something like a gong. I watched them carefully and found they were synchronous with heart beats, coming at intervals of from six to thirty beats and continuing between five and ten minutes.

June 20. When I wakened this morning it was raining and there was regular drip on my window sill. I watched it to see how it compared with heart beats. There was not the slightest difficulty in noticing that the sounds came between beats, occasionally agreeing with one. That increases my confidence in my observations of raps as coinciding almost invariably with heart beats. I have almost doubted my own conclusions at times because of the short interval between beats—less than a second. This morning's observation satisfies me that there is no difficulty in telling if raps are synchronous with beats. Of course the association does not prove that I make the raps, but in view of the connection between raps and automatic writing, and also between raps and visual hallucinations, and between raps and vivid dreams, it seems likely that they are the product of a subliminal strata and may be made by an external intelligence or without any such impression from the outside. If the faculty is a subliminal one, then any subliminal activity, however initiated, may conceivably start it into action.

These records for a year have been kept as carefully as I am capable of attending to any matter of the kind. There are a good many entries that are unlike anything I have ever read about. I almost hesitate to put them in this report for they must appear to be illusions or instances of bad observation. However, as I have taken great pains to be accurate



I won't shirk any of the story. The unusual things may weaken the whole account or they may offer some clues. It will be noticed, of course, that the most curious of the phenomena came in little groups as if the conditions were occasionally especially favorable at certain times. There have been a number of such periods during the year. It's all a question of accurate observation and careful statement. I refer of course to the credibility of this account. We give people credit, and rightly, for seeing, hearing and remembering the things that have for them a special interest. Other things being equal we trust such observers. They develop a sixth sense, as we say, where their interest is absorbing. I do not desire to make any special plea for myself in that connection, but merely to call attention to a general fact. I know people whose statement about a landscape, some social matter or some question of the sort I value more highly than my own recollection. On the other hand I know that I can trust my own impressions and memory concerning any printed statement, article or book, any contract or bargain or legal paper, better than I can trust anyone else's.

Dr. Maxwell thinks that sight is most liable to imaginary impressions, and touch coming next, but that hearing is the most trustworthy. He does not give reasons for his belief. The other evening I was out on the piazza smoking at a few minutes before 10 o'clock in the evening when a man came running by with practically no clothing on. There's no ordinary explanation for that lack of costume on a city street and while I was certain that I saw him I made no reference to the fact to an acquaintance, who stopped a few minutes later, until we heard some cries and blows in the house where the man had disappeared. The explanation belonged in a category similar to Balzac's "Droll Stories." A husband had returned unexpectedly and his wife's guest had departed hastily in unconventional attire, returning later to get his garments.

It struck me as an absurd illustration of the fact that we don't want to admit an impression on the senses unless we know the explanation.

I have been narrating impressions made on my sight,

hearing and feeling during a year and I can't give an explanation of a single one. I can't help wanting to explain them in some way. It seems to me that they demonstrate that I have two branches of the stream of consciousness and that the subliminal branch communicates with the primary branch through various automatisms and hallucinations. Dr. Boris Sidis in the cases he reports in "Multiple Personality" don't hesitate to say that similar communications are the accounts of actual subliminal experiences. Of course they would say of this case that the content of many of the messages is due to suggestion and the balance probably is an example of what Ribot calls the subliminal creative imagination. Maxwell quotes Ochorowicz: "There is no doubt but that the assistants can suggest the desired act to the medium; neither is it doubtful that the manifestations bear the stamp of surrounding beliefs. In a society of materialists I have seen 'John' [with Eusapia] become dissolved into an impersonal force, which the medium simply called 'questa forza,' while in intimate spiritistic circles it took the form of deceased persons more or less clumsily." Maxwell thinks that Ochorowicz's idea comes close to the truth and yet Maxwell, who is not a spiritist, tells in his volume of seeing the face of a deceased friend and other faces in the presence of a certain medium. Maxwell's own statement concerning the medium, Meurice, is this: "Mediums, as a rule, possess parasitic personalities which act in the same way as the normal personality; this feature of hallucinatory phenomena is difficult to analyze, and introduces into the problem a number of unknown factors. In the case of the medium in question, the secondary personalities are weak. They are always felt and objectified by the normal personality, which is never expelled from the scene—a circumstance which is precious for the observer as the visions are sometimes vivid to a degree. With M. Meurice the unknown factors, though existing, are reduced to a sort of minimum, and the psychological analysis is perhaps less difficult than in the generality of cases. In this fact lies the value of his intellectual phenomena, though it is a drawback indeed from another point of view, the persistency of the



normal consciousness, of the normal will, and even of the normal powers of attention, being probably the cause of the impurities which so frequently stain his intellectual phenomena."

I dislike Maxwell's use of the term "parasitic personalities." The subliminal strata is in no sense a parasite. Prof. James puts it better in his "Varieties of Religious Experiences" on page 388. He states one of his conclusions as the result of experiments with stimulants. "It is that our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness, as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the flimsiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different." My own experiences, which I have recorded carefully for nearly three years, incline me to include these "potential forms" in one and to call it for convenience sake my "dream self." I am also very much inclined to believe that, as Mr. Myers suggests, there is a more or less constant activity of that dream self. I believe as the result of my interest and study and strong desire to know about its capacities, I have even got an indirect grip on it with my will.

This dream self of mine seems to show a remarkable independence of my conscious self though at times it works out suggestions in an amazing fashion and presents them as original opinions. It has a wonderful memory; it is conscious of my physical needs and cravings; it frequently offers good advice and seems to know all that is going on in my primary consciousness, and is generally hopeful and serene though consciously I may be in a bad temper. I think these facts are self-evident in my record.

There are some facts not so evident, but which seem to me to be fairly well sustained. This dream self seems able at times to forecast events in general terms; it seems able to ignore physical space sometimes in doing that and act outside of my physical body. I am practically convinced that it produces raps as a sort of unconscious automatism, and other sounds in the same fashion; it claims to report communication with discarnate spirits. Speculation about the last is useless unless there is good proof of identity offered, and my

record offers none whatever. And yet some of my experiences have such curious features that it would not be difficult to imagine that some external intelligence was directing my dream self in the matter of rappings and automatisms, both motor and sensory. The periods, July 25, 27; September 9 to 13; October 21 to 25; December 21, 22; February 2 to 14, 1908; March 8 to 12, as well as some others, indicate what I mean. If the change of a motor automatism to a visual hallucination (March 12, 1908) is entirely the work of my will and a strong subliminal creative imagination, then I might secure in time quite a wonderful control of my dream self.

I have quoted memoranda just as I got them, but I did not mean by that that I am satisfied that the sources of automatic writings were what they claimed to be. In fact I feel quite confident that they were not in a majority of instances, and I have no convictions as to the balance.

The incidents of the eleven weeks preceding my mother's death and the few weeks after it I think are very remarkable. I am sure that all who accept them feel that they had some connection with that event. That there could be such manifestations in connection with the departing life of a human being who had no more existence after death than is described by Professor Muensterberg in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for the month of April of 1905 I consider it unreasonable to believe. The incidents have at least the value of establishing, for all who believe the testimony, that the passing of a life is of interest and significance to intelligences unseen. I think it resolves itself into a question of denying the evidence or admitting my statement. If unseen intelligences watch us with interest and can manifest the fact to our senses it is certainly a most important discovery. To people who deny the evidence on *a priori* grounds, there is nothing to be said of course. For those who are disposed to consider the evidence of seven intelligent people and weigh the probabilities of its being mistaken I am going to make a summary of the facts.

First, no one of the six people imagined for an instant that the musical sounds portended death or evil. I say six.



for one of the seven witnesses did not hear the sound until after my mother's death.

Second, there is no one of the seven who is a spiritualist, and two of the number were rather unwilling witnesses.

Third, the occurrences were noted at the times of happenings with the attendant circumstances. I say that with regard to all incidents noted by myself. I have perfect confidence in the witnesses whose statements I give. The statements of Mrs. B—— and Miss S—— in regard to the bell sounds were written before my mother's death. The statements by Miss S—— and Mr. S—— about a bell sound on Jan. 31 were written later.

Fourth, the incidents were spread over a period extending from November 10, 1907, to February 16, 1908, the number of incidents being 115. I did not always note the exact number of sounds coming at one time nor did my mother in telling me of those she heard, but allowing three for each time "several" or a "number" are mentioned the total foots up to 279.

It will be noticed also that the record does not show the number of persons present each time that the sounds came. However, it does mention incidentally those who were present on many occasions. The number in different groups made up of the seven witnesses was undoubtedly larger on some occasions than is mentioned, but taking the record as it stands, there is nearly every possible combination. For instance, my mother, my brother and I and my brother's wife heard the bell sounds on three occasions, five sounds in all. On November 14 my mother was staying with her sister in another part of the city, at least four miles away, and that evening while chatting with my brother and his wife in their house I heard the bell sound twice. My sister heard it and probably my brother did. The entry on November 24 shows that my brother was one of a group of five that heard the sound. My sister and I heard two sounds on one occasion. My mother, my sister and I heard the bells on four occasions, nine sounds in all. My mother and sister heard the bells on four occasions, seven sounds in all. My mother, brother and sister heard six bell sounds on November 19. My mother,

brother and I heard the bell once. My mother and Miss S—— heard the bell sound once. My mother and I heard the bells on eight occasions, twenty-eight sounds in all. My mother told me of hearing the bells on forty-three occasions, one hundred and seven sounds in all, allowing three for each time a number or several was given. I heard the sounds on sixteen occasions at my brother's house, when from the records I was alone. There were twenty-nine sounds in all. I heard the bells in my own room on sixteen occasions, forty-two sounds in all. I was in one room until January and then moved. The sounds came in both rooms. My sister mentioned hearing the sounds on four occasions when she was alone. My brother admitted hearing the sounds on several occasions when he was alone. That covers the period up to my mother's death. After that time I heard the bells on nine occasions, twenty-four sounds in all. Eight of the nine times I was in my brother's house and the last time in my own room three blocks away. My sister and I heard the bell once. Mr. S——, Miss S—— and I heard it once. My sister, brother and I heard a number of sounds on one occasion. My sister said she heard several when she was alone.

I think that disposes very effectually of the idea that the sounds were subjective, that is "centrally initiated" by any one member of the various groups.

There is another occurrence that I have learned of just four months after my mother's death. I regret that I did not get a statement of it at the time. Miss S—— says she mentioned it the day of my mother's death but that I did not seem to notice it. I have no recollection of it whatever, but I had a good deal to think of that day as my brother was out of the city and I was especially troubled because of my uncertainty as to whether mother was really dead as her body remained warm for many hours.

Miss S. wrote the following account of the experience date as indicated, and will explain itself:

May 31st, 1908.

On Jan. 29, 1908, I was lying down, not feeling well, about 11 A. M., when I heard music. It sounded like a voice singing an



seemed to have some kind of an accompaniment, and was quite a beautiful sound. I could not distinguish the words, but the song seemed somewhat similar to "The Holy City." It seemed to come from a distance and from above somewhere. There was nothing in the house to cause the music, and it could hardly have been at any of the homes in the immediate neighborhood. If it had been at any house near by, I don't think I could have heard it at all. There were other people in the house and considerable noise from carpenter work going on at the time, and this noise interfered with the music somewhat, but I listened to the singing at intervals for ten or fifteen minutes. I wondered very much what it could be, but I did not speak of it to any one at the time. The following night, I awoke in the middle of the night when it was perfectly quiet everywhere, and heard much the same music. It sounded part of the time like one voice, then like a chorus of voices. It lasted for some time, perhaps fifteen minutes. I told my mother of it the next morning, and said I feared something was going to happen. My aunt, who lived four miles from us passed away Jan. 31. I have never heard any music of that kind before that time or since.

MARY S——.

There is a case mentioned in Vol. III of the *Proceedings*, on page 92, of a woman hearing voices singing several times during the day before she died. The phenomena is not unusual though I have seen no account of music being heard by a relative before the death of another. This same cousin told me in February of hearing someone singing or "humming" a favorite piece of my mother's as she was playing the piano. I asked her for a statement concerning it and she made it in writing on Feb. 23, 1908. It is a very different case from the one she reports as having occurred on Jan. 29. The notes of the piano almost seemed to have formed a basis for the auditory hallucination of a voice "humming" the tunes. The statement follows:

Feb. 23, 1908.

While playing the piano Feb. 22, in the evening, I heard (as I supposed) some one humming parts of the music. I turned to my mother, who was sitting near, and said, "Don't hum it, Mother, or I can't play it." She replied in surprise, "Why I was not humming at all!" I went on playing, and heard the sound again. I said, "Now you *are* humming, aren't you?" She said,

"No, indeed, I am not." No one else was in the room. I heard the same sound once more faintly before I finished the piece of music. We then heard two loud raps on the wall.

MARY S——.

As I am closing this report I confess to a feeling of amazement that the testimony about the musical sounds seems to be so conclusive in favor of the idea that they proceeded in some fashion from unseen intelligences. I had not appreciated the weight of the evidence until I came to analyze it.

I have no trustworthy evidence concerning the character of these unseen intelligences. They may not be human, but the nature of the occurrences certainly opens the door to the thought that they *may* be human. It also suggests that the idea of the ultimate identification of these unseen intelligences (if they are human) is a really hopeful and practicable quest.

Of course in this report the really difficult thing will be to accept the testimony as proving the fact. As for me, I know the witnesses and realize the promptness and care with which I made memoranda. Then, too, I observed the occurrences myself on a great many occasions from Nov. 10 to Feb. 16. Of course if one adopts the idea that such a thing is impossible, the evidences will not be considered. That's the beauty of *a priori* reasoning. If the musical sounds had ceased with my mother's death the hypothesis (a strained one) that the hallucinations were "centrally initiated" with her and telepathically impressed upon all of the rest of the witnesses at various times regardless of whether they were with her or not, and also regardless of whether she happened to hear the sounds or not, might be weighed. The fact of their continuance after her death for two weeks and their being heard and noted by five witnesses and on fourteen occasions makes it impossible to even consider that theory. I have not alluded to the theory that the whole series of events in connection with my mother's death was a chance coincidence of an utterly inexplicable nature, but there are too many cases of a closely allied nature reported in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* and "*Phantasms*



of the Living " to make that tenable. I can come to no other conclusion than that this is a solid lot of testimony in favor of the idea of " sounds of welcome " to a departing soul which Mr. Myers refers to on page 69 of the second volume of " Human Personality."

GEORGE A. T——.

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### Notes.

1. Sept. 9. The writing referred to was unusual. My hand wrote in broken way the first and last name in full of one of my best friends. I always addressed him and spoke of him by his first two initials. I asked if he was in land of spirits, the answer was "no." As my hand wrote "no" there came one rap [signal for no] and then afterwards there came three raps [yes.]. Then my hand wrote slowly, "write." I asked, "write to him?" and the answer was "yes." The thing was so curious that I did not think to ask who was communicating. [Sept. 9th, 1907.]

This friend and I had often discussed religious questions. He was a free-thinker and materialist. I had told him of my study of psychic phenomena. On Sept. 12, I again got his name but no completed sentence. I wrote to him on Sept. 23 and he responded on Sept. 26 on receipt of my letter. [He lived 2,000 miles away.] He said he had had a pain in his stomach for a month, but was better. On Oct. 2 when experimenting I asked a question about my friend in a writing purporting to be from my father. The writing said that he would not live a year. On Oct. 22 I was sitting with an acquaintance and we had our hands on a planchette and were chatting about different things. After the planchette had scrawled a line I noticed that my brother Ralph's [deceased] name was written. The first word was illegible, but the surname of my friend was clear and then the words "Ralph meet." I asked who was communicating and got my sister Margaret's name. The first word was written again at my request and proved to be my friend's given name. Of course by this time suggestion might be easily responsible, but the

assertion was that my brother would meet my friend when he came. My friend was a rugged healthy man of about 64 and came of a long-lived family and I had no thought of his death. He died in the last week or ten days of June, 1908. of atrophy of the liver. To make this complete, either as a story of communication or as an account of an active subliminal creative imagination, on Oct. 30, 1908. at 9:05 A. M. in response to usual signal I got in labored fashion my friend's initials with the greeting, "how are you, George." I said, "how do you find it?" The answer was, "good." I asked who met him and naturally? my hand wrote after one illegible word "Ralph." Then came, "you were right. Make it known." Note in my diary says that an hour before this last writing I had been thinking of my friend and how I bothered him with my ideas.

2. Nov. 7, 1908. I have just read proofs of foregoing report and will mention some occurrences of the summer. I have been on a long camping trip, part of the time in the woods where I had never been before. Rappings were rare and writings brief but of the same general character. I was reading books on abstract subjects and my thoughts were in a different channel from the usual one. I fancy that accounts for the diminished action of my "dream self."

On July 15 my attention was brought back to psychical research by a letter on the subject and while thinking about it I heard a few musical sounds apparently on my camp stove. There were several vivid dreams during July about personal matters and one visual hallucination. The hallucination and one of the dreams have received a sort of realization since. but as I cannot give details I certainly cannot claim any importance for them. I mention them merely as an indication of the continuance of the activity of the dream self.

On Aug. 3 and 15 I got brief writings warning me against worry. They were preceded by the usual signals. On Nov. 5 I got a writing approving an action which went against my inclinations. I mentioned it to a sceptical acquaintance and asked for his explanation. He replied, "that's simple. You satisfied your inclinations by planning to do what you wanted



to do and then by doing what seemed wisest and your pen spelled approval." I asked "how about the signal for writing," and he responded, "I don't know anything about that." I don't either, except that it's either an hallucination or objective sound, and ordinarily I can get no writing without it. The writings referred to claimed to be from discarnate intelligences.

On Aug. 10 at 9:20 P. M. a sound came on spring of cot in my tent followed by the rubbing sound described in entries of July 13, July 17, Sept. 2, 1907, and at other times. I tried for a writing.

Helen.

(Is it possible?)

You know it is.

(It's a long time since you came.)

I am unusually busy. You are going to do all you want to.

(Are you happy?)

Yes.

(Can you make yourself visible?)

I can't.

A note in my diary states that I had been thinking of luminous form which I saw in 1907 and which is described in previous record under date of April 9. I had tried to get an apparition of Helen at that time. An entry in this report of April 10, 1908, 7:02 P. M. shows how thoughts about Helen's communications apparently stopping at date of my mother's death brought a message claiming to be from my mother. There is a communication on May 22 from Helen and on looking over diary I find one on June 10 and June 19 which were omitted from this report partly for personal reasons and partly because report is unduly long. The writing of June 10 came several hours after thinking of Helen and the one of June 19 came while thinking of her. It was "Helen. You need not grieve. I am glad you thought of me. Yes [I] understand." These entries are interesting merely because they came often before my mother's death and rarely since then. Are they results of suggestions to the dream self?

On Aug. 23 I wakened at 5 A. M. with the feeling that I

would do a certain thing in a matter that had been worrying me and about which I thought most intently before going to sleep. The conclusion gave me a most pleasant feeling at the time. The gentle rubbing began on the wire springs and after watching it carefully I lit the candle in my tent and got a writing from my father saying "you are wise in deciding."

About September first I returned to the city and camped in a suburb. On the 3rd I called to see my brother and his wife, who had returned, and whom I had not seen since the middle of February. As J—— and I chatted I heard distinctly the percussive sounds on the wall described as raps. They came in such a way as to indicate approval of some remarks made. About the middle of the month the manifestations increased in frequency and have continued, especially since moving back into my quarters of last winter. On Sept. 20 there was apparently a movement of a piece of wrapping paper without contact. I was feeling vexed with myself for what seemed a piece of folly and was thinking with perhaps unnecessary intensity that I was a fool. I took my pen and my hand wrote, "Father. You are a" and then stopped. Pen began to write again but there was nothing coherent. Suggestion ought to have secured completion of that sentence surely.

I have noticed that there seems to be a decided increase of instances where a thought of a departed friend comes to mind with great vividness and without warning. The rappings and occasional musical sounds come much as usual. On Sept. 23 and Oct. 21 they answered several questions by signals for yes and no. In the night of Oct. 31 I had the sensation of a tingling brushing on the left side of my head and face lasting for several minutes. I also felt a blow on my left foot. I seemed to see my mother very plainly but probably I dropped into a doze before I saw her. Seeing her roused me. I began to wonder if sensation of blow was real when there came a single loud rap on the floor. I made record at the time.

On Nov. 2 at 10:55 P. M. I noted gentle blows on spring under pillow corresponding with about every fifth beat of my heart. They came with inhalation of breath. That would



suggest vibration from my body but I tried to place left hand on pulse at right wrist which was on pillow, but I could not move my left hand to pillow without stopping the blows. It was by my side and I tried to move it up to pillow an inch at a time, but I could not get it higher than right nipple (I was on my right side) without stopping the blows. I experimented for perhaps ten minutes keeping perfectly still except my left hand and arm. Blows finally began to grow weaker and to come less often and finally stopped. I made notes of the occurrence at the time.

These incidents show that the curious activities of the dream self continue and are stimulated by attention to the subject and inhibited one-half or more by attention to other matters. It is in an essay of Mr. Bradley's, I believe, that the remark is made that according to the psychical research point of view there is more than enough in each one of us for one and not enough for two. Perhaps that indicates that the individual personality is a larger and more important entity than we have been in the habit of thinking. At any rate if one wants to have an intelligent opinion on the subject he ought to study some mediumistic people and refrain from making a decision on *a priori* grounds. I have been reading Prof. Münsterberg's "On the Witness Stand" and found it absorbingly interesting both in the experiments he reports and in the thoughtful suggestions he makes. He certainly demonstrates the need of psychologists as court officers in all criminal cases at least.

He makes one very significant remark about himself on page 156. "I have never in my life had a dream. When I talk of dreams in my university courses of psychology, I speak of them just as a blind man might speak of colors." He adds on the same page "the remainder of mankind is, indeed, rather to be pitied for its dreams, which may bring a confusion of themselves with the real past." I almost think he is right, but unfortunately that is not the question. We do have dreams and the mediumistic have dreams in the form of waking hallucinations, so when Prof. Münsterberg speaks of the "depressing literature of modern mysticism" and discusses Mrs. Piper, without, I believe, personal investigation.

we must remember that he says of himself, "when I talk of dreams I speak of them just as a blind man might speak of colors." It is not safe to say that as the unknown has no meaning for us it don't exist, even if Berkely did lay down the principle. Probably we are fortunate in a large sense in knowing a few details about many unknown things, for there is always hope of learning more and even a possibility of finding ultimate realities.

Prof. Münsterberg's book suggests a legitimate criticism of my account of bell sounds. It was brought forcibly to mind by the question of an acquaintance recently. He asked if the room where the sounds were heard by several witnesses, was papered. I told him it was. He then said that a broken spot in the paper might have vibrated in a draught and made the bell sounds. I asked him if he thought it was possible that a loose piece of papering could under any circumstances make that kind of a sound. He said, yes he thought it could. I made no response for I did not see what I could say. That was proposing a hypothetical illusion gratuitously and then assuming as a matter of course that it was a complete explanation. I used to hear the saying, "it's no sign of a crow's nest because you see a duck's foot-print in the mud." Language fails when you try to estimate the probabilities on the theory that there *might* have been a duck's foot in the mud.

The question of illusion is a legitimate one, however, in regard to these bell notes. I believed that I had stronger reasons for searching for an illusion than anyone else could have, and even now I'll accept any reasonable naturalistic explanation. I have already said that I don't object to the idea of hallucination. On pages 24 and 25 in Münsterberg's "On the Witness Stand" there is given an experiment where one hundred students tried to describe an unexpected sound. The professor struck a tuning fork below his desk and out of sight of the students. Two out of the hundred recognized it as a tuning fork. Others took it for a bell, an organ pipe, a muffled gong, a horn, a 'cello string, a violin. Some compared it with such different noises as the growl of a lion, a steam whistle, a foghorn, a fly-wheel, human song. Description



called it soft, mellow, humming, deep, dull, solemn, resonant, penetrating, full, rumbling, clear, low, but again as rough, sharp, whistling and so forth. The class was told a sound would be made on a signal. Prof. Münsterberg adds, "how much more would the judgments have differed if the tone had come in unexpectedly.

This is a peculiarly fit illustration of the dangers of illusion or bad observation in the case I have recorded. These sounds began on Nov. 10. My mother described them as bell-like. I expressed the same opinion. On Nov. 14 my sister-in-law said it did not sound like a bell to her. On Nov. 16 my mother said it might be like a harp possibly. I said it was more like a soft gong than a bell. My brother decided it was the wire around the pipe. Mrs. B—— who heard it once on Nov. 24 said it was a bell. Miss S——, who heard it twice said it was a bell. Mr. S——, who heard it once on Jan. 31, said it was like the gong in a clock. Three weeks later in his statement he said it was like a violin string only with less of the continuing vibration. It will be seen that the opinions varied though not as widely as among Prof. Münsterberg's students. The sounds came unexpectedly too, which increased the difficulties of observing accurately. So much for the similarity of the cases. The difference consists in two particulars: first, the sounds came on one hundred and fifteen occasions, often several sounds succeeding each other and sometimes on distinctly different keys; second, the mystery of the sounds aroused our interest and led us to observe as closely as possible. We discussed the sounds and their apparent location and compared our impressions and ended by agreeing approximately as to the correct description. The sounds were soft and very sweet and were such as might have been produced by a small bell or gong. My brother's theory of the wire was the most reasonable of the naturalistic ones, but it lacked the vital element of a cause. Something must have made the wire vibrate. If it vibrated and made sweet sounds without a cause, then I must conclude that the next time I want to hear sweet, musical sounds it will be sensible for me to go to a hardware store instead of a concert. As for the hallucinations of bell

sounds that I heard in my two different rooms several blocks from my brother's house, it seems hardly reasonable to put them in a different class from those heard by the other six witnesses. If they were hallucinations suggested by the vibrations of a piece of wall paper (which may not have been loose after all) then I may be progressing towards the position of the Idealist philosopher. "But the mind neither is external to its object nor exists in it. From that object it can wholly withdraw, detach, distinguish itself. It stands to that object, not as a thing outside another in space, but as that for which that object is. When it is itself made object, it becomes such through conceptions which not only are incapable, like that of life, of being expressed in relations of time and space, but are different from all those which belong to the externality of nature." [Haldome's Gifford Lecture, 1902-3, p. 263.]

G. A. T.



### A CORRECTION.

In Mr. Carrington's Report on Lily Dale he attributed the authorship of "Revelations of a Spirit Medium" to a Mr. Donovan, on the authority of Dr. Richard Hodgson. Since the publication of that Report information came from Dr. George B. Warne, President of the National Spiritualists' Association, pointing out a probable error in that statement. We publish extracts from two of his letters which show what information had come to him in regard to that authorship.—Editor.

Chicago, March 19th, 1908.

My dear Mr. Carrington:—I believe the author of the old work "Revelations of a Spirit Medium" was Chas. F. Pidgeon. Moses Hull so told me some years ago, and later, this was confirmed by an intimate of the Fakirs, who advised me that Pidgeon had the assistance of Frank N. Foster, the Spirit Photographer, in revising his manuscript for publication. Foster is one of the best educated men among the tricksters, and the latter refer to him familiarly as "Dad." The same source says that Pidgeon, through his mediumship worked a wealthy couple of St. Louis, Mo., (whom Mr. Francis, of the *Progressive Thinker*, knew personally) for money enough to buy a large farm; one report says 240, and another 640 acres; which is said to be in Minnesota opposite La Crosse, Wis. A few years ago I tried to locate him without definite success.

Cordially yours,

GEO. B. WARNE.

In a letter written five days later, after an interview with Mr. Harrison D. Barrett, his predecessor in office, Dr. Warne reports similar testimony from Mr. Barrett, and adds that the sources of the story told him that, "in carrying out his scheme, Pidgeon actually concealed in the home of those aged people for a week a young woman confederate, who materialized on tap as their spirit daughter."

### BOOK REVIEW.

*The Major Symptoms of Hysteria.* By PIERRE JANET, M. D., Professor of Psychology in the College de France; Director of the Psychological Laboratory in the Clinic of the Salpêtrière. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1907.

This work consists of a course of Lectures delivered at the Medical School of Harvard University. Some of them were also delivered at the Johns Hopkins University and at Columbia University. They do not represent a scientific treatise on the subject, but are none the less scientific discussions in the best vein of Professor Janet's powers. They are especially readable by the layman and were couched in untechnical terms to meet that need.

It was the characteristic of the late James Martineau when he wrote on a subject never to repeat himself in a formal manner. Every discussion of a topic seemed a new one. One reading his essay on Spinoza in his *Types of Ethical Theory* would hardly realize that it was by the same author as that of the Monogram on Spinoza, so different is the outline and treatment, and yet not different in view. Mr. Martineau had a rare capacity for flexibility of thought and treatment. Professor Janet is hardly his inferior in this respect. One would hardly think that the author of the *Major Symptoms of Hysteria* was the same as the author of "*L'Automatisme Psychologique*" or "*Névroses et Idées Fixes*" and other similar works. It is not the changed point of view that makes the difference, but it is his versatility of mind, and that gives ever new interest. Besides there is the fascination of his powers of interpretation and exposition. The book reads with no less attraction than Dr. Prince's "*A Dissociation of a Personality.*"

The first thing that will strike the reader is the comprehensive, and one might almost say, new conception of hysteria maintained in the lectures. The old traditional conception of it is that of an excitable, nervous woman going into some



kind of a fit for no discoverable reason but temper. In common parlance this conception still prevails. But in psychopathology this conception has been abandoned for a much wider one, and the work of Dr. Janet has done much or everything to so widen it. It is not as comprehensive as somnambulic phenomena and secondary personality. Indeed it seems to define the area of subliminal mental processes in all its forms. This changed conception will carry with it a wide and deep influence on the theoretical views of men who have collated material and speculated about somnambulism and secondary personality. It may be long before the popular mind gets away from its rather bazarre conception of the subject, and in the meantime there will be many a misunderstanding between the scientist and the layman as to what is meant by the term hysteria. But one need not lament that difficulty when scientific affinities have been established by the wider conception.

It was Professor Janet, I believe, that first called attention to an interesting relation between anaesthesia and amnesia in at least some of the cases discussed in the "*Automatisme Psychologique*." These phenomena are under review in the present course of lectures and I do not know that any solution of the problems suggested has been made. It will perhaps be hard to offer any clear solution, since what seems to be normal anaesthesia or amnesia may be accompanied by subliminal aesthesia, or even hyperaesthesia, and definite memory. But the study of their relation and of various unusual phenomena of the abnormal type has indicated to the psychologist an analysis of mental functions which no introspective study of the normal consciousness would ever have effected. That is one of the most important contributions to psychology which Professor Janet and his school has made, to say nothing of what has been done for abnormal psychology.

It is impossible here to give any clear idea of the contents of this book. It consists of cases after case in illustration of the various phases of hysteria, and readers must go to the book itself for these. But I may call attention to the spirit which dictates its tendencies. It is one of warning to physicians who cannot distinguish between organic and functional

diseases. That distinction may not yet be very clear and may not be absolute at all. But it certainly does draw a line between manifestly bodily lesions and troubles that do not manifest them to the eye or the microscope. There are two types of disease that simulate each other's symptoms. The philanthropic motive lying at the basis of the work is a lesson to physicians who resort so readily to the knife when they have only functional troubles to diagnose. Not less important is the author's allusion to the religious movements that have originated in hysterical types, their phenomena not being understood as the effect of some kind of disease and so taken for inspiration or the supernormal. Thus we find the author restricting two types of minds, the scientific and the religious. One he would curb in its credulity and the other in its practice.

The work treats of the following various topics in as many chapters. The first is the "Problem of Hysteria." This is occupied with a brief history of the men and facts which gave rise to it. Then follows "Monoideic Somnambulisms." This represents the general type of fixed ideas with limitation of the normal consciousness. For instance, a person may be seized with the idea of being attacked by an animal when this impression is simply brought on by fright. The next chapter deals with "Fugues and Polyideic Somnambulisms," the term "Fugue" being borrowed for analogy with that type of music, and with "polyideic" associated with it denotes rather the opposite of monoideism, and is connected with a wandering type of consciousness and perhaps motor action to suit. Then come chapters on "Double Personalities," "Artificial Somnambulisms," "Motor Agitations and Contractions," "Paralyses," "Psychological Conception of Paralyses and Anaesthesias," "The Troubles of Vision," "The Disturbance of Alimentation," "The Tics of Respiration and Alimentation" and "Hysterical Stigmata."

The student of psychology may well imagine the rich field of investigation for unusual mental phenomena and their analysis. Intelligent psychologists cannot do without the book.



## ERRATA.

- Page 211, line 3, insert *the* before "mysterious."  
 Page 211, line 30, for "removed" read *moved*.  
 Page 211, line 37, for "thrown" read *shown*.  
 Page 213, line 7, insert *comma* after "hitches."  
 Page 213, line 20, supply *G* before "The words used," etc. Paragraphs *id G* are merged in *F*.  
 Page 213, line 34, insert *comma* after "given."  
 Page 214, line 2, insert *or* after *omitted*.  
 Page 214, line 16, for "questions" read *quotations*.  
 Page 215, line 2, insert *with* after "while."  
 Page 215, line 5, for "vibration!" read *vibrations*.  
 Page 215, line 6, after "easily" erase *become*.  
 Page 215, line 7, erase *comma* after "thoughts."  
 Page 216, line 26, for "tell her" read *Tell her*.  
 Page 217, line 25, for "H" read *A*.  
 Page 218, line 5, read *together only when you are in doubt*.  
 Page 219, lines 23, 24, 28, for "L" read *Z*.  
 Page 220, line 15, for "bring" read *bringing*.  
 Page 221, line 19, for "experience" read *experienced*.  
 Page 222, line 20, insert *on* after "ourselves," and *apparent* after "such."  
 Page 223, line 18, for "figures" read *days*, and add quotation marks "same."  
 Page 247, line 3 and 4, read "Mayberry! she exclaimed," etc.  
 Page 247, line 29, for "unsatisfactory" read *satisfactory*.  
 Page 247, line 34, for "train" read *brain*.  
 Page 247, line 35, for "intentions" read *intuitions*.  
 Page 248, line 22, for "ran" read *run*.  
 Page 249, line 5, for "were" read *was*.  
 Page 249, line 14, read *W-a-a-l-l-d-o-r-f-f-e*.  
 Page 253, line 27, for "you" read *now*.  
 Page 254, line 3, for "sometime" read *sometimes*.  
 Page 254, line 5, insert *two* before "children."  
 Page 254, line 31, for "did" read *would*.  
 Page 255, line 15, for "advised" read *advice*, and insert *I* after "which."  
 Page 256, line 13, insert *who* after "and."  
 Page 258, line 14, for "also" read *who*.  
 Page 258, line 15, insert *also* after "alluding."  
 Page 260, line 31, for "sitters" read *sisters*.  
 Page 260, line 37, insert *comma* after "homestead."  
 Page 260, line 39, insert *comma* after "them."  
 Page 261, line 2, erase *which* before "spirit."  
 Page 261, line 24, insert *own* before "minds."  
 Transfer "Note by Mr. M." on page 300 to page 293, just preceding the word for Nov. 12th, 1872.  
 Transfer "Note by Mr. M." on page 297 to page 300 in substitution of *e* transferred to page 293.  
 Page 314, line 16, for "or" read *for*.

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